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LEGAL NEUTRALITY *VERSUS* MORAL NEUTRALITY

BY PAUL FULLER

I

NEUTRALITY is not in itself a virtue; it is not a condition to be proud of; rather does it require explanation, not to say apology. It is at best a counsel of prudence, never a counsel of perfection.

Iago was strictly neutral when he mused on the coming encounter of Cassio and Roderigo: 'Whether he kill Cassio or Cassio him, either way makes my gain.' They were neutrals of whom St. John wrote: 'Because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth.'

The better instinct of man urges him to give utterance to his condemnation of any wanton or unworthy act and to his sympathy with its victim. If actual interference to save the victim involves peril to others, he is justified in calling caution to his aid, and this is the origin of the rules governing international neutrality. In the gradual formulation of those rules the restriction and localization of international conflicts has been the object, and to this end any direct aid to the belligerents in the war they are waging is prohibited under pain of the loss of neutrality and consequent exposure to the penalties of actual belligerency. Beyond this the rules of neutrality

have not ventured. To silence private or public conscience is not within the province of either municipal or international law.

Vattel defines neutrality as strict impartiality toward the belligerents in what 'relates solely to war,' with the obligation to give no assistance nor furnish 'anything of direct use in war.' Hübner defines it as complete inaction with reference to the war and exact impartiality with regard to the means of carrying it on.

Hautefeuille defines the neutral nation as that which abstains from taking part in the conflict, and from any act of hostility, direct or indirect.

Bluntschli defines neutral states as those who take no part in military operations in favor of or to the detriment of either of the belligerents, and neutrality, he adds, consists in maintaining peace on one's own territory, and taking no part in the war between third parties. To this he adds that neutrals may well have sympathies for one or other of the belligerents, and that 'neutrality is not the synonym of indifference.' A state, he says, 'may have lively sympathy for one of the belligerents, and give frank expression of its dissatisfaction with the actions of the other, and yet remain neutral. To have and to express an opinion

upon the justice or injustice of a cause or of a line of political conduct is not to take part in the war, and this expression of sympathy for one or the other of the belligerents, and an expression of an opinion upon the justice or injustice of conduct, is not an infraction of the duties of neutrals.'

The requirements of neutrality do not go beyond abstention from any participation in hostilities, and cannot include suppression of sympathies for one of the combatants, or suppression of blame for the actions of another. Bluntschli then calls attention to the Proclamation of Neutrality issued by President Grant on the occasion of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 and to the clause in which he states that the 'free and full expression of sympathies is not forbidden by any law of the United States.'

The same rule is laid down by De Martens and by Lawrence; and Hall tells us that the maintenance of neutrality has gradually been 'transformed into a duty, by the jealousy of belligerents, whose anxiety to deprive their enemy of advantages which the preference of the neutrals might give to him has been helped by the equal anxiety of neutrals to continue their habits of trade and intercourse'; and he adds, 'Merely to show less friendship to one than to another . . . to mark out one as an object for greater friendship than another . . . are not violations of neutrality.' 'The neutral State is bound not to commit any act favoring one of two belligerents in matters affecting their war, and it is in turn incumbent upon belligerents to respect the sovereignty of the neutral.'

Jefferson, writing to the American minister in Paris in 1793, lays down the same rule, that 'No succor should be given to either in men, arms, or anything else directly serving for the war.'

Hall, writing in 1895, states that this

policy of the United States represented what were in 1793 by far the most advanced existing opinions as to neutral obligations, and that in some points it even went further than authoritative international custom had up to that time advanced; though, in the main, it was identical with the standards of conduct at that time adopted by the community of nations, and sustained by the general principles theretofore stated by Bynkershoek, Vattel, and De Martens.

During the Napoleonic wars, when neutrality was so vital to England, Lord Howick, formulating his objection to neutral navigation carrying on the coast trade of the enemy, made no stronger claim as to neutrality than that which is embodied in all the foregoing extracts. Writing to Mr. Rist, he insisted that 'a strict and honest impartiality, so as not to afford advantage in the war to either, and so as not to render assistance to one belligerent in escaping the effect of the other's hostilities' is what honest neutrality consists of.

During the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 the government of the North German Confederation complained to Great Britain that the shipment of arms to France indicated that its neutrality was not 'benevolent.' We quote from Count Bernstorff's memorandum of the first of September, 1870, to Lord Granville, in which he admits that Great Britain's neutrality is 'strict in form,' but appeals for a favorable public opinion.

'In the first instance, there is no question that France has wantonly made war on Germany. The verdict of the world and especially the verdict of the statesmen as well as of the public of England has unanimously pronounced the Emperor of the French guilty of a most flagitious breach of the peace. Germany on the other hand

entered into the contest with the consciousness of a good cause. She was therefore led to expect that the neutrality of Great Britain — her former ally — against Napoleonic aggression, however strict in form, would at least be benevolent in spirit to Germany, for it is impossible for the human mind not to side with one or the other party in a conflict like the present one. What is the use of being right or wrong in the eyes of the world, if the public remains insensible to the merits of a cause? Those who deny the necessity of such a distinction forego the appeal to public opinion which we are daily taught to consider as the foremost of the great powers.'

II

It is precisely this appeal to public opinion, — 'the foremost of the great powers,' — which Germany made to England in 1870, which we, observing the same strictness of neutrality with which England was then credited by Count Bernstorff, desire to have made in the United States and by the United States on behalf of the violated and mutilated territory of inoffensive Belgium. We can subscribe without demur, if not without hesitation, to holding in abeyance our judgment upon innumerable questions of inhuman warfare which are still subject to question and require proper investigation and appraisal, such as the devastation of Belgium; the harvesting and impounding of its crops; the destruction of French vinelands for the impoverishment of another generation; the mutilation, and, in some instances, the cruel sterilization, of male children; military executions preceding the declarations of war; the reckless placing of floating mines insuring the destruction of neutral property and passengers; the wanton destruction with which the

names Rheims, Louvain, and Malines will forever be associated; the orders from headquarters for the killing of prisoners. All of these may require present silence and future investigation; but the very act by which war was openly begun — the deliberate, premeditated invasion of a neutral country, which the international law as established for more than a century, regardless of special conventions, made safe from attack by any civilized country — needs no investigation, admits of no doubt, and has not even elicited a denial from the culprit which is the main belligerent in the wars of to-day in Europe.

Let us read again the statement made to the Reichstag on the 4th of August, by the Chancellor of the German Empire: —

'Necessity knows no law. Our troops have occupied Luxemburg, and perhaps are already on Belgian soil. Gentlemen, that is contrary to the dictates of international law. . . . The wrong, I speak openly, that we are committing, we will endeavor to make good as soon as our military goal is reached. Anybody who is threatened as we are threatened, and is fighting for his highest possessions, can have but one thought, — how to carve his way through.'

Apart from the treaties of 1831 and 1839, to which Prussia and the North German Confederation were parties; apart from the Convention of The Hague in 1907, which merely converted into a written law such existing usages as were of general acceptance regarding the rights as well as the duties of neutrals; there can be no question that among the accepted canons of international law was the rule that the territory of neutral powers was inviolable. When Grotius, three centuries ago, laid down the rules generally imposed at that time by the powers that

made war, Might still appropriated to itself the Right to make use of whatever things might serve its purpose; and among these, according to Grotius, in cases of 'extreme necessity,' was the passage of its armies over neutral territory, and then only upon payment of a proper indemnity. Practically, this law of necessity placed every weak neutral nation at the mercy of its more warlike and powerful neighbors, as this supposed right, born of necessity, condoned the destruction of neutral fortifications and the seizure of whatever material necessity called for.

All the publicists whose statements of what constitute international law are accepted as authoritative, unite, and have united for more than a century past, as to the inviolability of neutral territory; and although, as Lawrence observes, this 'elementary duty' has been frequently violated, and the obligation has sat lightly upon belligerent powers, De Martens says that these too frequent violations of the doctrine cannot create a custom; that they invariably have given rise to complaints, and that the only excuse presented has been 'necessity.'

Not only was the inviolability of neutral territory a thoroughly established doctrine, but it was equally well settled that the neutral state was bound not to permit such violation, and was bound to take all necessary measures to compel respect for its territory, even by recourse to arms; and that such recourse to arms could not even be considered as destructive of the country's neutrality as between the belligerents. But the case of Belgium was particularly flagrant, and involved a willful and insolent disregard of the highest principles of international law to which the enlightenment of nations had yet attained. It was a deliberate advantage taken of a condition of helplessness which Ger-

many herself had helped to impose upon Belgium. With the assent and connivance of Prussia and of the North German Confederation, and by the subsequent adoption of the *status quo* by the German Empire, Belgium had been put into what is known as a position of neutralization, which, while it supposedly protected the country from the possibility of being victimized by the armies of contending belligerents, imposed upon it, in return for this protection, the duty of peace and the obligation not to make war itself. This was effected by the treaties of 1831, immediately after the recognition of the independent existence of Belgium, and again in 1839, when, after eight years of resistance, the King of the Netherlands acquiesced in Belgium's separate existence, and the compact bound France, Great Britain, Russia, Austria, and Prussia to the perpetual neutralization of Belgium. This conjoint neutralization imposed upon the powers guaranteeing it the joint obligation to take common action for prevention and redress in case of any attempted violation of such neutrality; but in the view of many nations there was some doubt, — as Lord Derby expressed it in 1867, referring to Luxemburg, — whether in case of failure to agree upon collective action, any single power was called upon, as Bluntschli maintained, to take upon itself the duty of armed intervention. During the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, there seemed reason to fear that this neutrality would not be respected, and England, by way of caution and remonstrance, showed her willingness to undertake, without the coöperation of all the other guaranteeing powers, the protection of Belgian neutrality during that war. England accordingly summoned France and Germany to make a special treaty with her, pledging continued neutrality until the end

of the war, with the additional condition that, if neutrality were infringed by Germany, England should take part with France and Belgium in protecting it, and if it were violated by France, England should take part with Germany and Belgium to the same end.

It is these treaties, which apply solely to the continuance of the War of 1870, which some petty apologists, lacking the rude frankness of the German Chancellor, have endeavored to use as a screen against the violent breach of neutrality so bluntly admitted. Lastly, in addition to this specific neutralization, we have the Convention of The Hague, in 1907, which, as we have already said, crystallized into a written code the recognized obligations of international law, and received the supposedly additional sanction of the signatures of the powers. This code added no obligation to that which international law so clearly imposed, yet emphasized strongly the importance of the duty toward neutral nations.

Even then, it would seem, there was some lurking doubt as to whether all the powers represented at The Hague would assent to, or abide by, the stipulation to respect neutral territory, and the particular convention containing this clause was held not to be binding upon any belligerent unless all the other belligerents in the war had assented to the convention. On this plea it is claimed that, because Serbia, although her representative signed the convention, did not, by some further parliamentary action, ratify it, Germany is exempt from its provisions. It would seem a sufficient answer that Germany, and all other nations claiming to be civilized, were bound by the obligation to respect neutral territory, without reference to the stipulations in the Hague Conven-

tion. But it seems further evident that this precautionary clause inserted in the Hague Convention was meant to liberate any of its signers from the obligation *quoad* the belligerent who refused assent to it, and who should himself disregard it. To defend an assault made upon the integrity and upon the life of an innocent non-participant in the war by the statement that Serbia — at the very end of the European continent, where it was absolutely impossible for her to make any pretense toward invading neutral territory — had not given a parliamentary ratification to the convention which her authorized representative had signed, was to present too petty an excuse. We have, then, the notorious and uncontroverted fact that the greatest war of modern times was begun by the invasion of a neutral, unoffending, and unprotected country, by the most powerful military organization in the universe, armed with the most destructive weapons that malevolence and science could invent or perfect; an invasion which, of necessity, if Belgium performed her international duty of resistance, involved the devastation and desolation of her land and the wholesale destruction of her population, civil as well as military.

Under these circumstances, however loudly they appealed to every element of chivalry for immediate and effective aid, the universal peace of nations called upon us for self-restraint, and the accepted rules of international law required us to take no active part in the conflict of arms thus brutally inaugurated between all-powerful Germany and the little land of Belgium.

Accordingly the President of the United States issued his various proclamations of neutrality, calling upon all citizens of the United States to take no 'part directly or indirectly in the wars'; but this command was coupled

with a notice that this neutrality should not interfere 'with the free expression of sympathy' and that 'a free and full expression of sympathies in public and private is not restricted by the laws of the United States.'

As the war clouds gathered thicker, proclamations succeeded each other, announcing that 'a state of war unhappily existed' between Austria and Serbia, then between Germany and Russia, then between Germany and France, and on the 5th of August between Germany and Great Britain. Whereas the war between these great powers had been declared in due and solemn form, the war pressed upon Belgium had been inaugurated by simple invasion, and the President's proclamation issued with reference to this war on the 18th of August recognizes this important difference in the phrase, 'Whereas the United States is in fact aware of the existence of a state of war between Belgium and Germany.'

Unnecessary criticism of the acts of those who control our international affairs is to be avoided, but this singular circumstance merits attention. It was on the 5th of August, — after several days of effort to secure respect for the Belgian territory, after having procured from France an absolute pledge to respect such neutrality, and having received from Germany a refusal of such a pledge, with the statement that she must 'disregard Belgian neutrality, it being for her a question of life or death,' — that the Prime Minister of England announced to the House of Commons that the British Ambassador at Berlin had received his passports at 7 o'clock the preceding evening, and that 'since 11 o'clock last night (August 4) a state of war has existed between Germany and ourselves.' Already on the 4th of August the German Chancellor had announced the imperious necessity for sending

armies into Belgium. The state of war between England and Germany was recognized by our proclamation of the 5th of August, yet it was not until the 18th of August, when Belgium had been overrun by German armies, that we awoke to the fact and became 'aware of the existence of a state of war between Belgium and Germany.'

III

Can the American people under these circumstances translate neutrality into indifference? While strictly conforming to the International Code, which does not permit them to assist in the prosecution of the war, can they divest themselves of all moral sense and give even the tacit approval of silence to the massacre of Belgium?

The President, in addition to his constitutional function, with which he is charged as the servant of the people, — to wit the enforcement of their laws, — has so impressed himself upon the country by the wisdom of the public policies which he has recommended, and the devotion and ability with which he has labored to carry them out, that he is accepted as a political leader and given willing recognition as the mouthpiece of the people, rightfully entitled to speak in their name. This exalted position makes it strictly incumbent upon him to proclaim no policy to which he has not procured their assent, at the grave peril of losing the privilege of leadership by misrepresenting the policy of the American people. At an early stage of the present gigantic conflict, impressed by the widespread desolation which it portended, and remembering his privilege as representative of one of the powers signatory to the Hague Convention, he offered his mediation whenever it should be acceptable, and in the same spirit, in the futile hope of arresting the

formation of hostile opinion, he appealed to his fellow countrymen to 'act and speak in the true spirit of friendliness to all concerned.' He begged them to be 'impartial in thought as well as action' and to put a curb upon their sentiments. The earnest and honest endeavor to comply with this hard requisite attests the respect which the Chief Magistrate has earned from his fellow citizens; but the difficulty, not to say the impossibility, of the task which he thus put upon them, is a severe test of the preservation of the influence which he has heretofore gained. Every day shows compliance with his request to be an impossibility. Every day of repression simply concentrates the unexpressed sentiment and forbodes an explosion.

We appeal to the President to look over the field again, to consider anew the baleful influence upon the cause of peace, upon the enlightenment of nations, upon the mitigation of the horrors of war, of such a proceeding as the invasion and the subsequent devastation and desolation of an unoffending country. We beg him to look over this America which he loves so well and to take heed of the strong and universal sentiment which prevails throughout the land, of protest against this latest and most flagrant disregard of international justice. He will find that it overshadows all other considerations concerning this war. There still may be differences of opinion as to whether universal civilization and political advancement are best to be served by the European hegemony of a vast military organization which has cast into the shadow all the spiritual and intellectual elements of its own race, or by the unimpeded progress of such democracy and representative government as rules in England or in France; but he will find throughout the breadth of the land no apology, no

tolerance for the initial act of tyrannical assault by which the war was initiated, and the territory of Belgium made the unwilling field of the most devastating conflict of all time.

As the President has found it possible up to this time to voice the feelings and aspirations of the people over whom he presides, we appeal to him to consult that public opinion which he has hitherto faithfully represented, to find some way, which his acumen, his large experience, and his humanitarian spirit can devise, without infringing upon the international rights which we are all anxious to respect and recognize, in which to speak in the name of the American people some word of dissent from, if not of reprobation of, the violation of international law for which Germany has no other plea than that 'necessity knows no law.' That reprobation is already made manifest from one end of the country to the other, and already acute political opponents are endeavoring to mould it into a weapon of political opposition. The country must not be silent, cannot be silent with honor, — in fact, it has already spoken; but it would be glad to have its scattered voices concentrated in the voice of its Chief Magistrate, that the world may know unmistakably, and not by the mouth of 'rumor with its thousand tongues,' how America stands with reference to respect for the noblest dictates of international justice.

Let us conclude with a repetition of Count Bernstorff's words to Lord Granville, in 1870, — a German authority against which Germany cannot complain: —

'It is impossible for the human mind not to side with one or the other party in a conflict like the present one. What is the use of being right or wrong in the eyes of the world, if the public remains insensible to the merits of a cause?

Those who deny the necessity of such a distinction forego the appeal to public opinion, which we are daily taught to consider as the foremost of the great powers.'

If any one harbors the delusion that closing our eyes to admitted repudiations of international law will enhance our influence with the contestants in the day when peace will follow exhaustion, let him study anew the parleys that closed the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 and be convinced that the un-

rebuted violator of neutral Belgium will admit of no outside counsels as to the distribution of his spoils. On the other hand, what right have we to expect that the Allies will in the day of their blood-bought triumph turn for an impartial judgment and for a wise balancing of the arguments regarding the compensation due to Belgium, to the great democratic republic which paralyzed its own conscience and looked with dumb indifference upon the unexcused violation of her soil?

LETTERS ON AN ELK HUNT¹

BY ELINORE RUPERT STEWART

BURNT FORK, WYO.
July 8, 1914.

DEAR MRS. CONEY, —

Your letter of the 4th just to hand. How glad your letters make me; how glad I am to have you to tell little things to.

I intended to write you as soon as I came back from Green River, to tell you of a girl I saw there; but there was a heap to do and I kept putting it off. I have described the desert so often that I am afraid I will tire you, so I will leave that out and tell you that we arrived in town rather late. The help at the hotel were having their supper in the regular dining-room, as all the guests were out. They cheerfully left their own meal to place ours on the table.

¹ Readers of the 'Letters of a Woman Homesteader,' published in the *Atlantic* last year, will remember that when the series ended, the author was about to start on an elk hunt.

One of them interested me especially. She was a small person; I could n't decide whether she was a child or a woman. I kept thinking her homely, and then when she spoke I forgot everything but the music of her voice, — it was so restful, so rich and mellow in tone, and she seemed so small for such a splendid voice. Somehow I kept expecting her to squeak like a mouse, but every word she spoke charmed me. Before the meal was over it came out that she was the dish-washer. All the rest of the help had finished their work for the day, but she, of course, had to wash what dishes we had been using.

The rest went their ways; and as our own tardiness had belated her, I offered to help her to carry out the dishes. It was the work of only a moment to dry them, so I did that. She was so small that she had to stand on a box in order to be comfortable while she washed the cups and plates.

'The sink and drain-board were made for real folks. I have to use this box to stand on, or else the water runs back down my sleeves,' she told me.

My room was upstairs; she helped me up with the children. She said her name was Connie Willis, that she was the only one of her 'ma's first man's' children; but ma married again after pa died and there were a lot of the second batch. When the mother died she left a baby only a few hours old. As Connie was older than the other children she took charge of the household and of the tiny little baby.

I just wish you could have seen her face light up when she spoke of little Lennie.

'Lennie is eight years old now, and she is just as smart as the smartest and as pretty as a doll. All the Ford children are pretty, and smart, too. I am the only homely child ma had. It would do you good just to look at any of the rest, 'specially Lennie.'

It certainly did me good to listen to Connie, — her brave patience was so inspiring. As long as I was in town she came every day when her work was finished to talk to me about Lennie. For herself she had no ambition. Her clothes were clean, but they were odds and ends that had served their day for other possessors; her shoes were not mates, and one was larger than the other. She said, 'I thought it was a streak of luck when I found the cook always wore out her right shoe first and the dining-room girl the left, because, you see, I could have their old ones and that would save two dollars toward what I am saving up for. But it was n't so very lucky after all except for the fun, because the cook wears low heels and has a much larger foot than the dining-room girl, who wears high heels. But I chopped the long heel off with the cleaver and these shoes have saved me enough to buy Lennie

a pair of patent-leather slippers to wear on the Fourth of July.'

I thought that a foolish ambition, but succeeding conversations made me ashamed of the thought.

I asked her if Lennie's father could n't take care of her. 'Oh,' she said, 'Pa Ford is a good man. He has a good heart, but there's so many of them that it is all he can do to rustle what must be had. Why,' she told me in a burst of confidence, 'I've been saving up for a tombstone for ma for twelve years, but I have to help pa once in a while, and I sometimes think I never will get enough money saved. It is kind of hard on three dollars a week, and then I'm kind of extravagant at times. I have wanted a doll, a beautiful one, all my days. Last Christmas I got it — for Lennie. And then I like to carry out other folks' wishes sometimes. That is what I am fixing to do now. Ma always wanted to see me dressed up real pretty just once, but we were always too poor, and now I'm too old. But I can fix Lennie, and this Fourth of July I am going to put all the beauty on her that ma would have liked to see on me. They always celebrate that day at Manila, Utah, where pa lives. I'll go out and take the things. Then if ma is where she can see, she'll see *one* of her girls dressed for once.'

'But are n't you mistaken when you say you have been saving for your mother's tombstone for twelve years? She's only been dead eight.'

She said, 'Why no, I'm not. You see, at first it was n't a tombstone but a marble-top dresser. Ma had always wanted one so badly; for she always thought that housekeeping would be so much easier if she had just one pretty thing to keep house toward. If I had not been so selfish, she could have had the dresser before she died. I had fifteen dollars, — enough to buy it, —

but when I came to look in the catalogue to choose one I found that for fifteen dollars more I could get a whole set. I thought how proud ma would be of a new bedstead and wash-stand, so I set in to earn that much more. But before I could get that saved up ma just got tired of living, waiting, and doing without. She never caused any trouble while she lived, and she died the same way.

'They sent for me to come home from the place where I was at work. I had just got home, and I was standing by the bed holding ma's hand, when she smiled up at me; she handed me Lennie and then turned over and sighed so contented. That was all there was to it. She was done with hard times.

'Pa Ford wanted to buy her coffin on credit, — to go in debt for it, — but I hated for ma to have to go on that way even after she was dead; so I persuaded him to use what money he had to buy the coffin, and I put in all I had, too. So the coffin she lies in is her own. We don't owe for *that*. Then I stayed at home and kept house and cared for Lennie until she was four years old. I have been washing dishes in this hotel ever since.'

That is Connie's story. After she told me I went to the landlady and suggested that we help a little with Lennie's finery; but she told me to 'keep out.' 'I doubt if Connie would accept any help from us, and if she did, every cent we put in would take that much from her pleasure. There have not been many happy days in her life, but the Fourth of July will be one if we keep out.' So I kept out.

I was delighted when Mrs. Pearson invited me to accompany her to Manila to witness the bucking contest on the Fourth. Manila is a pretty little town, situated in Lucern valley. All the houses in town are the homes of ranchers, whose farms may be seen

from any doorstep in Manila. The valley lies between a high wall of red sandstone and the 'hogback,' — that is what the foothills are called. The wall of sandstone is many miles in length. The valley presents a beautiful picture as you go eastward; at this time of the year the alfalfa is so green. Each farm joins another. Each has a cabin in which the rancher lives while they irrigate and make hay. When that is finished they move into their houses in 'town.' Beyond the hogback rise huge mountains, rugged cañons, and noisy mountain streams; great forests of pine help to make up the picture. Looking toward the east we could see where mighty Green River cuts its way through walls of granite. The road lies close up against the sandstone and cedar hills and along the canal that carries the water to all the farms in the valley. I enjoyed every moment. It was all so beautiful, — the red rock, the green fields, the warm brown sand of the road and bare places, the mighty mountains, the rugged cedars and sage-brush spicing the warm air, the blue distance and the fleecy clouds. Oh, I wish I could paint it for you! In the foreground there should be some cows being driven home by a barefooted boy with a gun on his shoulder and a limp brown rabbit in his hand. But I shall have to leave that to your imagination and move on to the Fourth.

On that day every one turns out; even from the very farthest outlying ranches they come, every one dressed in his best. No matter what privation is suffered all the rest of the time, on this day every one is dressed to kill. Every one has a little money with which to buy gaudy boxes of candy; every girl has a chew of gum. Among the children friendship is proved by invitations to share lemons. They cordially invite each other to 'come get

a suck o' my lemon.' I just *love* to watch them. Old and young are alike; whatever may trouble them at other times is forgotten, and every one dances, eats candy, sucks lemons, laughs, and makes merry on the Fourth.

I did n't care much for their contests. I was busy watching the faces. Soon I saw one I knew. Connie was making her way toward me. I wondered how I could ever have thought her plain. Pride lighted every feature. She led by the hand the most beautiful child I have ever seen. She is a few weeks younger than Jerrine¹ but much smaller. She had such an elusive beauty that I cannot describe it. One not acquainted with her story might have thought her dress out of taste out among the sand dunes and sage-brush in the hot sun, but I knew, and I felt the thrill of sheer blue silk, dainty patent-leather slippers, and big blue hat just loaded with pink rose-buds.

'This is my Lennie,' said Connie proudly.

I saw all the Ford family before I left, — the weak-faced, discouraged-looking father and the really beautiful girls. Connie was neat in a pretty little dress, cheap but becoming, and her shoes were mates. Lennie was the centre of family pride. She represented all their longings.

Before I left, Connie whispered to me that she would very soon have money enough to pay for her mother's tombstone. 'Then I will have had everything I ever wanted. I guess I won't have anything else to live for then; I guess I will have to get to wanting something for Lennie.'

On our way home even the mosquito bites did n't annoy me; I was too full of Connie's happiness. All my happiness lacked was your presence. If I had had you beside me to share the joy and

beauty, I could have asked for nothing more. I kept saying, 'How Mrs. Coney would enjoy this!' All I can do is to kind of hash it over for you. I hope you like hash.

With much love to you,

ELINORE.

IN CAMP ON THE DESERT,
Aug. 24, 1914.

DEAR MRS. CONEY, —

At last we are off. I am powerfully glad. I shall have to enjoy this trip for us both. You see how greedy I am for new experiences! I have never been on a prolonged hunt before, so I am looking forward to a heap of fun. I hardly know what to do about writing, but shall try to write every two days. I want you to have as much of this trip as I can put on paper, so we will begin at the start.

To begin with we were all to meet at Green River, to start the twentieth; but a professor coming from somewhere in the East delayed us a day, and also some of the party changed their plans; that reduced our number but not our enthusiasm.

A few days before we left the ranch I telephoned Mrs. Louderer and tried to persuade her to go along, but she replied, 'For why should I go? Vat? Iss it to freeze? I can sleep out on some rocks here and with a stick I can beat the sage-bush, which will give me the smell you will smell of the outside. And for the game I can have a beef kill which iss better to eat as elk.'

I love Mrs. Louderer dearly, but she is absolutely devoid of imagination, and her matter-of-factness is mighty trying sometimes. However, she sent me a bottle of goose-grease to ward off colds from the 'kinder.'

I tried Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, but she was plumb aggravating and non-committal, and it seemed when we got to Green River that I would be the only

¹ The author's daughter, aged eight. — THE EDITORS.

woman in the party. Besides, all the others were strangers to me except young Mr. Haynes, who was organizing the hunt. Really the prospect did n't seem so joyous.

The afternoon before we were to start I went with Mr. Stewart and Mr. Haynes to meet the train. We were expecting the professor. But the only passenger who got off was a slight, gray-eyed girl. She looked about her uncertainly for a moment and then went into the depot while we returned to the hotel. Just as I started up the steps my eyes were gladdened by the sight of Mrs. O'Shaughnessy in her buckboard trotting merrily up the street. She waved her hand to us and drove up. Clyde took her team to the livery barn and she came up to my room with me.

'It's going with you I am,' she began. 'Ye'll need somebody to keep yez straight and to sew up the holes ye'll be shooting into each other.'

After she had 'tidied up a bit' we went down to supper. We were all seated at one table, and there was yet an empty place; but soon the girl we had seen get off the train came and seated herself in it.

'Can any of you tell me how to get to Kendall, Wyoming?' she asked.

I did n't know nor did Clyde, but Mrs. O'Shaughnessy knew, so she answered, 'Kendall is in the forest reserve up north. It is two hundred miles from here and half of the distance is across desert, but they have an automobile route as far as Pinedale; you could get that far on the auto stage. After that I suppose you could get some one to take you on.'

'Thank you,' said the girl. 'My name is Elizabeth Hull. I am alone in the world, and I am not expected at Kendall, so I am obliged to ask and to take care of myself.'

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy at once men-

tioned her own name and introduced the rest of us. After supper Miss Hull and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy had a long talk. I was not much surprised when Mrs. O'Shaughnessy came in to tell me that she was going to take the girl along. 'Because,' she said, 'Kendall is on our way and it's glad I am to help a lone girl. Did you notice the freckles of her? Sure, her forbears hailed from Killarney.'

So early next morning we were astir. We had outfitted in Green River, so the wagons were already loaded. I had rather dreaded the professor. I had pictured to myself a very dignified, bespectacled person, and I mentally stood in awe of his great learning. Imagine my surprise when a boyish, laughing young man introduced himself as Professor Glenholdt. He was so jolly, so unaffected, and so altogether likable, that my fear vanished and I enjoyed the prospect of his company. Mr. Haynes and his friend Mr. Struble on their wagon led the way, then we followed, and after us came Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, and Miss Hull brought up the rear, with the professor riding horseback beside first one wagon and then another.

So we set out. There was a great jangling and banging, for our tin campstoves kept the noise going. Neither the children nor I can ride under cover on a wagon, we get so sick; so there we were, perched high up on great rolls of bedding and a tent. I reckon we looked funny to the 'onlookers looking on' as we clattered down the street; but we were off and that meant a heap.

All the morning our way lay up the beautiful river, past the great red cliffs and through tiny green parks, but just before noon the road wound itself up on to the mesa, which is really the beginning of the desert. We crowded in the shadow of the wagons to eat our midday meal; but we could not stop

long, because it was twenty-eight miles to where we could get water for the horses when we should camp that night. So we wasted no time.

Shortly after noon we could see white clouds of alkali dust ahead. By and by we came up with the dust-raisers. The children and I had got into the buckboard with Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and Miss Hull, so as to ride easier and be able to gossip, and we had driven ahead of the wagons, so as to avoid the stinging dust. The sun was just scorching when we overtook the funniest layout I have seen since Cora Belle¹ drove up to our door the first time. In a wobbly old buckboard sat a young couple completely engrossed with each other. That he was a Westerner we knew by his cowboy hat and boots; that she was an Easterner, by her not knowing how to dress for the ride across the desert. She wore a foolish little chiffon hat which the alkali dust had ruined, and all the rest of her clothes matched. But over them the enterprising young man had raised one of those big old sunshades that had lettering on them. It kept wobbling about in the socket he had improvised; one minute we could see 'Tea'; then a rut in the road would swing 'Coffee' around. Their sunshade kept revolving about that way, and sometimes their heads revolved a little bit, too. We could hear a word occasionally and knew they were having a great deal of fun at our expense; but we were amused ourselves, so we did n't care. They would drive along slowly until we almost reached them; then they would whip up and raise such a dust that we were almost choked.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy determined to drive ahead; so she trotted up alongside, but she could not get ahead. The young people were giggling. Mrs.

¹ The story of Cora Belle was told in the *Atlantic* for December, 1913. — THE EDITORS.

O'Shaughnessy does n't like to be the joke all the time. Suddenly she leaned over toward them and said, 'Will ye tell me something?' Oh, yes, they would. 'Then,' she said, 'which of you are Tea and which Coffee?'

Their answer was to drive up faster and stir up a powerful lot of dust. They kept pretty well ahead after that, but at sundown we came up with them at the well where we were to camp. This well had been sunk by the county for the convenience of travelers, and we were mighty thankful to find it. It came out that our young couple were bride and groom. They had never seen each other until the night before, having met through a matrimonial paper. They had met in Green River and were married that morning, and the young husband was taking her away up to Pinedale to his ranch.

They must have been ideally happy, for they had forgotten their mess-box, and had only a light lunch. They had only their lap-robe for bedding. They were in a predicament; but the girl's chief concern was lest 'Honey-bug' should let the wolves get her. Though it is scorching hot on the desert by day, the nights are keenly cool, and I was wondering how they would manage with only their lap-robe, when Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, who cannot hold malice, made a round of the camp, getting a blanket here and a coat there, until she had enough to make them comfortable. Then she invited them to take their meals with us until they could get to where they could help themselves.

I think we all enjoyed camp that night, for we were all tired. We were in a shallow little cañon, — not a tree, not even a bush except sage-brush. Luckily, there was plenty of that, so we had roaring fires. We sat around the fire talking as the blue shadows faded into gray dusk and the big stars

came out. The newly-weds were, as the bride put it, 'so full of happiness they had nothing to put it in.' Certainly their spirits overflowed. They were eager to talk of themselves and we did n't mind listening.

They are Mr. and Mrs. Tom Burney. She is the oldest of a large family of children and has had to 'work out ever since she was big enough to get a job.' The people she had worked for rather frowned upon any matrimonial ventures, and as no provision was made for 'help' entertaining company, she had never had a 'beau.' One day she got hold of a matrimonial paper and saw Mr. Burney's ad. She answered and they corresponded for several months. We were just in time to 'catch it,' as Mr. Haynes — who is a confirmed bachelor — disgustingly remarked. Personally, I am glad; I like them much better than I thought I should when they were raising so much dust so unnecessarily.

I must close this letter, as I see the men are about ready to start. The children are standing the trip well, except that Robert is a little sun-blistered. Did I tell you we left Junior with his grandmother? Even though I have the other three, my heart is hungry for my 'big boy,' who is only a baby, too. He is such a precious little man. I wish you could see him!

With a heart very full of love for you,

E. R. S.

IN CAMP, Aug. 28.

DEAR MRS. CONEY, —

We are almost across the desert, and I am really becoming interested. The difficulties some folks work under is enough to make many of us ashamed. In the very centre of the desert is a little settlement called Eden Valley. Imagination must have had a heap to do with its name, but one thing is certain: the serpent will find the crawling

rather bad if he attempts to enter *this* Eden, for the sand is hot; the alkali and the cactus are there, so it must be a serpentless Eden. The settlers have made a long canal and bring their water many miles. They say the soil is splendid, and they don't have much stone; but it is such a flat place! I wonder how they get the water to run when they irrigate.

We saw many deserted homes. Hope's skeletons they are, with their yawning doors and windows like eyeless sockets. Some of the houses, which looked as if they were deserted, held families. We camped near one such. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and I went up to the house to buy some eggs. A hopeless-looking woman came to the door. The hot winds and the alkali dust had tanned her skin and bleached her hair; both were a gray-brown. Her eyes were blue, but were so tired-looking that I could hardly see for the tears.

'No,' she said, 'we ain't got no eggs. We ain't got no chickens. You see this ground is sandy, and last year the wind blowed awful hard and all the grain blowed out, so we did n't have no chance to raise chickens. We had no feed and no money to buy feed, so we had to kill our chickens to save their lives. We et 'em. They would have starved anyway.'

Then we tried for some vegetables. 'Well,' she said, 'they ain't much to look at; maybe you'll not want 'em. Our garden ain't much this year. Pa has had to work out all the time. The kids and me put in some seed — all we had — with a hoe. We ain't got no horse; our team died last winter. We did n't have much feed and it was shore a hard winter. We hated to see old Nick and Fanny die. They was just like ones of the family. We drove 'em clean from Missouri, too. But they died, and what hurt me most was, pa 'lowed it would be a turrible waste not to skin

'em. I begged him not to. Land knows the pore old things was entitled to their hides, they got so little else; but pa said it did n't make no difference to them whether they had any hide or not, and that the skins would sell for enough to get the kids some shoes. And they did. A Jew junk man came through and give pa three dollars for the two hides, and that paid for a pair each for Johnny and Eller.

'Pa hated as bad as we did to lose our faithful old friends, and all the winter long we grieved, the kids and me. Every time the coyotes yelped we knew they were gathering to gnaw pore old Nick and Fan's bones. And pa, to keep from crying himself when the kids and me would be sobbin', would scold us. "My goodness," he would say, "the horses are dead and they don't know nothin' about cold and hunger. They don't know nothin' about sore shoulders and hard pulls now, so why don't you shut up and let them and me rest in peace?" But that was only pa's way of hidin' the tears.

'When spring came the kids and me gathered all the bones and hair we could find of our good old team, and buried 'em where you see that green spot. That's grass. We scooped all the trash out of the mangers, and spread it over the grave, and the timothy and the red-top seed in the trash came up and growed. I'd like to have put some flowers there, but we had no seed.'

She wiped her face on her apron, and gathered up an armful of cabbage that had not headed but was the best she had. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy seemed possessed; she bought stuff she knew she would have to throw away, but she did n't offer one word of sympathy. I felt plumb out of patience with her, for usually she can say the most comforting things.

'Why don't you leave this place?

Why not go away somewhere else, where it will not be so hard to start?' I asked.

'Oh, 'cause pa's heart is just set on making a go of it here, and we would be just as pore anywhere else. We have tried a heap of times to start a home, and we've worked hard, but we were never so pore before. We have been here three years and we can prove up soon; then maybe we can go away and work somewhere, enough to get a team anyway. Pa has already worked out his water-right, — he's got water for all his land paid for, if we only had a team to plough with. But we'll get it. Pa's been workin' all summer in the hay, and he ought to have a little stake saved. Then the sheep-men will be bringin' in their herds soon's frost comes and pa 'lows to get a job herdin'. Anyway, we *got* to stick. We ain't got no way to get away and all we got is right here. Every last dollar we had has went into improvin' this place. If pore old hard-worked pa can stand it, the kids and me can. We ain't seen pa for two months, not sence hayin' began, but we work all we can to shorten the days; and we sure do miss pore old Nick and Fan.'

We gathered up as much of the vegetables as we could carry. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy paid, and we started homeward, promising to send for the rest of the beets and potatoes. On the way we met two children, and knew them at once for 'Johnny and Eller.' They had pails, and were carrying water from the stream and pouring it on the green spot that covered Nick and Fan. We promised them each a dime if they would bring the vegetables we had left. Their little faces shone, and we had to hurry all we could to get supper ready before they came; for we were determined they should eat supper with us.

We told the men before the little

tykes came. So Mr. Struble let Johnny shoot his gun and both youngsters rode Chub and Antifat to water. They were bright little folks and their outlook upon life is not so flat and colorless as their mother's is. A day holds a world of chance for them. They were saving their money, they told us, 'to buy some house plants for ma.' Johnny had a dollar which a sheep-man had given him for taking care of a sore-footed dog. Ella had a dime which a man had given her for filling his water-bag. They both hoped to pull wool off of dead sheep and make some more money that way. They had quite made up their minds about what they wanted to get: it must be house plants for ma; but still they both wished they could get some little thing for pa. They were not pert or forward in any way, but they answered readily and we all drew them out, even the newly-weds.

After supper the men took their guns and went out to shoot sage-hens. Johnny went with Mr. Haynes and Mr. Struble. Miss Hull walked back with Ella, and we sent Mrs. Sanders a few cans of fruit. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and I washed the dishes. We were talking of the Sanders family. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy was disgusted with me because I wept.

'You think it is a soft heart you have, but it is only your head that is soft. Of course they are having a hard time. What of it? The very root of independence is hard times. That's the way America was founded; that is why it stands so firmly. Hard times is what makes sound characters. And them "kids" are getting a new hold on character that was very near run to seed in the parents. Johnny will be tax-assessor yet, I'll bet you, and you just watch that Eller. It won't surprise

me a bit to see her county superintendent of schools. The parents most likely never would make anything; but having just only a pa and a ma and getting the very hard licks them kids are getting now, is what is going to make them something more than a pa and a ma.'

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy is very wise, but sometimes she seems absolutely heartless.

The men did n't bring back much game; each had left a share with Mrs. Sanders.

Next morning we were astir early. We pulled out of camp just as the first level rays of the sun shot across the desolate, flat country. We crossed the flat little stream with its soft, sandy banks. A willow here and there along the bank and the blue, distant mountains and some lonesome buttes were all there was to break the monotony. Yet we saw some prosperous-looking places with many haystacks. I looked back once toward the Sanders cabin. The blue smoke was just beginning to curl upward from the stove pipe. The green spot looked vividly green against the dim prospect. Poor pa and poor ma! Even if they could be *nothing* more, I wish at least that they need not have given up Nick and Fan!

Mr. Haynes told us at breakfast that we would camp only one more night on the desert. I am so glad of that. The newly-weds will leave us in two more days. I'm rather sorry; they are much nicer than I thought they would be. They have invited us to stay with them on our way back. Well, I must stop. I wish I could put some of this clean morning air inside your apartments.

With much love,

E. R. S.

(To be continued.)

SOCIAL SERVICE AND THE CHURCHES

BY BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

THE most significant thing about the religious development of the last generation or two has been the revolt of the Protestant world from Protestantism. Protestantism to-day is not Protestant at all. If it may not be called anti-Protestant, it at least deserves the name of neo-Protestant. The religion believed and practiced in those churches which were founded by such men as Calvin, Luther, Knox, Wesley, and Campbell is fast becoming more different from anything those worthies would have espoused than their religion was different from Catholic Christianity.

The difference between a Catholic and an old-time Protestant was that the former sought to transform human souls by making them members of a super-worldly society which was at one with God, while the latter sought to make them over by bringing them individually, through private acts of faith, to be atune with Him. The fundamental aim of both was the same, — the saving of human souls out of the world. Both looked upon things earthly as things transitory. Both found their real values beyond the grave. Both looked forward to the coming of Christ in judgment upon the earth. When they prayed, 'Thy Kingdom come on earth as it is in Heaven,' both thought of the Christ suddenly arriving to revolutionize the cosmos in a great day of readjustment. Neither of them had the faintest thought of the world's being gradually improved bit by bit, until it should become Christ's King-

dom. They differed in method; but, Catholic and Protestant alike, from Christ's time until very lately indeed, Christians agreed in being supernaturalists and millenarians.

Neo-Protestantism, however, repudiates these universal Christian agreements. Any one who is at all familiar with the popular theology of the day knows that people of this sort have no desire to save any one from the clutches of the world, because they think that the clutches of the world are really Nature's motherly embraces; that they despise 'other-worldliness' above all things; that they quite ignore, or else allegorically explain away, the sudden coming of Christ, 'as a thief in the night'; that they expect the Kingdom of Heaven to come upon the earth by process of evolution. Millenarianism in any real sense they repudiate, and supernaturalism is, at best, suspect.

The development of this neo-Protestantism is yet in process. Only clear-headed men like ex-President Eliot of Harvard, Professor Foster of the University of Chicago, and a few others, have carried the metamorphosis to its logical conclusions. The great mass of Protestants are in all probability still unaware that their churches have largely repudiated, or even drifted away from, the religion of their fathers. The fact that this drifting is going on, going on rapidly, and going on among Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Campbellites, Congregationalists, in fact every Protestant denomination, including the 'broad-church' wing of

the Anglican communion, is perfectly plain to those who, as Catholics, look upon the Protestant world from the outside. It tends to make these Catholics even more chary than they used to be of fraternally associating with their Protestant fellow Christians.

Church unity among the various fast-becoming neo-Protestant denominations is doubtless much nearer than it used to be; but the union of Catholics on the one hand with members of the various Protestant denominations on the other, is becoming every day an increasingly impossible thing. The ignoring of this plain fact is the pathetic thing about most of the common talk one hears from the enthusiasts on Christian unity. 'How can two walk together unless they be agreed?' queried the prophet in old time. There were — are, indeed — many things which tended to unite a Catholic and a Protestant, many common hopes, many common beliefs. But what can ever unite Catholicism and neo-Protestantism, — the one, supernatural, millenarian, other-worldly; the other, naturalistic, evolutionary, this-worldly?

The great difference in the religious world of to-day, then, is not between Catholicism and Protestantism. The quarrel that counts is between supernatural religion, both Catholic and Protestant, on the one hand, and natural religion, neo-Protestantism, on the other. It is a quarrel between religion based upon the revolutionary conversion of human souls and religion based upon the evolutionary transformation of human society.

There seems to be a quite general assumption on the part of neo-Protestants that all of science, all of history, is on their side. They wax not only indignant but often contemptuous at the nonsensical mummery of those who go on celebrating spiritual mysteries, when, so they say, it is as plain as a

pike-staff that the world is drawing nearer to heaven by natural evolution, aided now and then by a little benevolent legislation, and is quite independent of any supernatural aid. If this were indeed true, all that supernaturalists could do would be to acknowledge themselves beaten by the facts, and retire, more or less gracefully, from public view. Unfortunately for this simple solution of the difficulty, however, the facts are by no means all on the side of the 'new religion.' The wide-awake lay-student of human affairs is apt often to agree with the late Alfred Russel Wallace that this is one of the worst, and not the best, of all the ages. After all our evolution, we of the twentieth century have not attained to the beauty which characterized Grecian culture, or to the administrative efficiency which marked Rome, or to the political justice of the ancient Asiatic states, or to the spiritual fervor of either the classic Egyptians or the Hebrews.

Even our material achievements are very little, if any, in advance of those of many a folk of long ago. To many people it is not at all plain that the fourteenth century, when men lived short and violent lives and had a glorious good time doing it, was any worse than the twentieth century, when men live longer, and possibly in greater physical comfort, but are largely bored by having to live at all. It is anything but sure, so many a careful observer of life to-day thinks, that the world of men as a whole is any further along toward the making of a perfect humanity than it was three or four thousand years ago. The supernaturalist need not yet hide his head. The evidence does not utterly overwhelm him. That man needs supernatural grace ever to develop to the heights of personality, the perfection of humanity, is still, to say the least, a debatable position.

When we come to look at those church activities whereby neo-Protestantism is seeking self-expression, we find that the greater part of them may be grouped under the name of 'Social Service.' Time was when the success of any church was estimated according to the number of souls who humbled themselves before the Heavenly Father and became citizens of that Kingdom which is eternal. Nowadays, however, when churches seek to justify their existence they tell of the number of social clubs, penny lunches for working girls, gymnasium classes, men's clubs, kindergartens, penny savings banks, children's story hours, sewing schools, manual-training classes for little boys, and so forth, housed under their roofs, managed by their clergy and lay workers, and financed by their people. Instead of sermons dealing with eternal verities we are apt to hear from the pulpits of the really 'advanced' churches continual treatments of local politics, the vice question, prison reform, and so on. It used to be thought that a guild-house was an excellent adjunct to a church. Now it is quite commonly assumed that possibly a church is a right pretty thing to have attached to a guild house.

To a neo-Protestant these ameliorative social activities seem eminently the church's business. Indeed to many of them, if one may judge from their writings, these seem to be the church's only legitimate business. This attitude is the natural outgrowth of their non-supernatural beliefs. If the universe is going on evolving for countless millions of years, if the human race is to go on approaching perfection, little by little, with the passing centuries, then the way to do the will of God, the way to assist in the perfection of humanity, is by exactly the sort of activity in which neo-Protestantism is so greatly enthusiastic. As long as one be-

lieves that man is by nature good, that things are constantly growing better, and that if we only keep on following the natural course of development all will be well, then one will look upon the activities of social service as the acme of religious devotions.

Now, none of these things that have just been mentioned are in themselves anything but good. Every one surely would like to see all the little children fed and taught and given a place to play in. Working girls need cheap lunches, and social activities for every one are things much to be commended. To the Catholic, however, or to the old-time Protestant, it seems that in furthering none of these good things lies the church's real business.

In the opinion of the believer in supernatural religion, the imparting of spiritual assistance to man, whereby he may be transformed from a creature merely of environment, a mere product of the world, into a creature of spirituality, who shares with that Christ who overcame the world, is the true function of the church. As a cure for the sordid selfishness of man, which is the cause of all of those social festering which 'social service' seeks to mollify, supernaturalism holds aloft a crucified Christ, despised by the world but glorified by God, murdered by the world but raised to eternal life and alive for evermore. It bids man touch his radiant personality, in prayer, in sacrament, and from Him derive strength to go out into the world and defy it, battle with it, master it, revolutionize it. It says to him, 'Here you touch perfect humanity and manifest divinity. Go forth, and in God's name let your lives show it, in your fearlessness, in transcendental fire, in burning love that brooks neither cant nor injustice, in revolutionary zeal.'

To a supernaturalist it seems a thing not to admire, but rather to wax wrath-

ful about, that many churches, whose real purpose is thus to sow spiritual dynamite and to encourage men to explode it, should be found substituting for this a combination of inexpert sociological teaching and usually inefficient social-settlement activity. One might as well admire the spectacle of Joan of Arc forsaking her place at the head of France's armies while she devoted her time to mending her soldiers' hosiery.

As a matter of fact, however, many churches are abandoning their work of inspiring men with a sublime vision and of imparting to them that supernatural power which will enable them to regard the vision as of such supreme importance that the world's inducements toward selfishness will be as nothing. Many of them are substituting for it mere ameliorative and reformatory social service. And already, so it seems to some who look on, they are beginning to pay the penalty. When the churches completely metamorphose themselves from supernatural agencies into natural agencies, at that instant they sign their own death-warrants. They deny the only reason they have for being. There is not — the writer thinks he speaks advisedly — a single bit of so-called social-service work now being attempted by the churches which is not being done more efficiently by someone else. Work for the bodies of boys, for instance, is far better done by the Y.M.C.A. Work for their general culture, and for that of girls, too, for that matter, is more efficiently handled in the public schools. Club work, both for children and for adults, is better carried on in the small parks and in the social settlements. Lunch clubs and other similar ventures are now furnished, where there is

real need for them, by private enterprise. So one might go through the whole list. There is none of this work which could not be done as well, and in many instances far better, by other agencies, even though all the churches were to cease to exist to-morrow.

In this situation any thinking man is bound to ask himself, 'If this sort of philanthropic endeavor is all the churches are good for, and if it all can be done as well or better by other existing agencies, where is the usefulness of the churches and their religion at all?' It is really somewhat hard to see how neo-Protestant churches can justify their own perpetuation. If, however, there is a great vision of perfected humanity, as shown forth in the person of Christ, to be held aloft before the world, if there is a supernatural store of help to be furnished to struggling men, then indeed the churches may claim an adequate excuse for their existence.

There are many quite intelligent churchmen to-day who believe that the contempt in which the churches are held nowadays is largely due to their failure to rise to their real duty. The demand that the churches dabble in social service is not nearly so general as many of the neo-Protestant ecclesiologists suppose. There is among us to-day a great soul-hunger. Let the churches cease their dilettante concern with sociological minutiae, and, as did the prophets, as did the Christ, let them once more lift their mighty voice in a cry for spiritual regeneration and revolution. Let them reason once more of 'righteousness and temperance and judgment to come,' and it is just possible that the world, like Felix of old, will cease to yawn and begin to tremble.

THE SOCIAL MISSION OF THE CHURCH

BY JOHN HOWARD MELISH

THE most revolutionary idea of modern times is the theory of evolution. Charles Darwin planted intellectual dynamite under every church, university, and library; and it went off, more or less simultaneously, in all places when the new generation touched it. Textbooks, thumb-marked and dog-eared by the fathers, were thrown into the fire by their sons and daughters. The Church rallied its leading minds and ecclesiastical courts for defense against the theory, only to see every champion ignominiously fall before the sling-stone of this modern David. In the short space of one generation every university in Christendom had assumed, as the regulative idea in all departments of science, history, and philosophy, the theory of evolution and development. A revolution had taken place in the intellectual life of the world, the magnitude and far-reaching consequences of which we can scarcely yet conjecture.

For two thousand years the Christian Church, Catholic and Protestant alike, had thought of a speedy ending of the world. And it had abundant scriptural authority for so thinking. Had not Christ himself told the High Priest and the Sanhedrin, in one of the solemn moments of his life, that they should 'see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of the Almighty and coming in the clouds of heaven'? To be sure, they died in their beds without any such vision, but the second coming had only been delayed. Paul taught it to every community of Christians that

he established, and every other apostle believed it. The early Church universally accepted it and put into its first formula of faith, 'We believe that He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.' From those days until our own, all Christians of every name have believed that it was possible that in their lifetime the heavens might open and that upon the clouds might appear in power and great glory the Christ in judgment. That expectation, like some solemn strain in sacred oratorio, runs through all the liturgies of Christendom. And multitudes of pious souls have prayed either that the great day might come or that it might not come while they were alive. Periodically some man or woman, sincere and ignorant, has arisen to announce the date of the end of the world.

Whether the Founder of the Christian Church believed in any such mistaken notion about the world as this which his Church has believed for nineteen centuries, is a much debated question among New Testament scholars at the present moment. On one side we have authorities who maintain that Jesus went to the cross in the firm belief that God would interfere at the last moment, and that He died in despair because God forsook Him. On the other hand are men of no less learning and insight who hold that the apocalyptic element in the Gospels has been put into the mouth of the Lord by his apostles who did not understand Him. But whether on strictly scholarly grounds or not, the

majority of Christian students to-day minimize the apocalyptic element in the Gospels and magnify those elements which the Church has heretofore slightly stressed. No passages of scripture are so frequently preached upon to-day, in all the churches, as those which speak of development, of a leavening process at work in society, of the growth of the followers of Christ into all truth under the enlightening Spirit. The Church is shifting its basis from the Christ of tradition and heaven to the Christ of science and social redemption.

In making this revolutionary change from millenarianism to evolution the church is likely to lose in our generation the spiritual value of apocalypics, just as for centuries it has failed to appreciate the value of the evolutionary elements in the teaching of Jesus. That there is basis of fact for apocalypics must be apparent to every student of history. The race has gone forward by means of revolution as well as by evolution; the leavening process results in an uplifting as by volcanic eruption; the silent growth of years bursts into fruition; gestation eventuates in birth. In Church and in State the law, as revealed in European history, is — Renaissance, Reformation, Revolution. Evolution and revolution are complementary; revolution crowns evolution and in turn inaugurates a new evolution.

Now the apocalyptic parables of the Day of the Lord are symbols of revolution, as the parables of the seed and the leaven represent evolution. In the history of our race there have been advents of Christ, times of tribulation, deliverance, and advance. In the experience of the individual there have been sudden conversions and transformations when the Lord has come to men 'as a thief in the night,' and robbed them of their pride and self-suf-

ficiency and left them rich before God. Christendom has frequently 'seen the Son of Man sitting at the right hand of the Almighty and coming in the clouds of heaven.'

The belief in the near ending of the world, or the apocalyptic faith, as universally held by the Church, Catholic and Protestant alike, has done untold harm. It has also done some good. Were we to believe the end of all things to be at hand, in this year of our Lord 1915, as a neighboring minister firmly holds, would not that belief change our perspective and give us a different sense of proportion? Would not little things be small, and big things large?

The generation which has really believed in the Day of the Lord as imminent, under the preaching of some John the Baptist, has been brought up standing before the things that count. But, from a social point of view, such teaching, whatever revolutions it may have brought to the individual, has destroyed human society. If it had destroyed some system of society and compelled the race to inaugurate a new system of justice and equality, we should have no quarrel with it. As a matter of record, however, it has entrenched the children of this world and rendered foolish the children of light. The spectacle of multitudes of earnest but silly people selling all that they had, clothing themselves in white garments, and waiting on some high hill for the archangel's trumpet, is one to make demons laugh and angels weep.

It has frequently happened that a 'revival' has been preached in a community just at the time when it began to think about community ownership of its water or light plant, with the result that those social problems lost all significance, and 'salvation' monopolized the serious thought of all

earnest people. What good to society upon this earth can a belief bring which holds that any and every society here, coöperative or competitive, democratic or monopolistic, industrial or military, is as dust in the balance? Supernaturalism, the expectation of something or other which is to come down from the stars, should be consigned by all socially minded men and women to the museum of ecclesiastical and theological antiquities.

The modern world is beginning to take up in dead earnest the splendid task of building upon this earth an ideal society. It is singing unto the Lord a new song — the song of brotherhood; it is seeing a new vision — the vision of a community in which no one is overworked and no one is underpaid and every man has his chance to do and be his best. When men and women whose hearts beat to the new tunes of social aspiration and effort hear their faith derided from the pulpit and their religion called unchristian, what must they think of the Church? Professor Peabody has said that the growth of the religion of socialism is due to the failure of the Church to obey the social teachings of Jesus. Without doubt the repudiation of the Church on the part of multitudes in both Catholic and Protestant countries is the penalty which the Church is paying for its unreal faith. There are those who believe that the Church is even antichrist. The unreality of the religion of the Church is responsible for this situation, and the decay of this unreal faith is one of the hopeful signs of the times.

In every church to-day there is a growing number of men and women who have drunk anew at the spring of their religion and have found there water of life. With minds trained in scientific method and with hearts open to their own day, they have once again searched the scriptures if haply they

might find God. And they believe that they have found Him, and with Him, have found his will and purpose for the world.

Further back than Protestantism, and before the world had ever heard of Catholicism, there existed in the cities of Asia and Southern Europe communities of Christian men and women. Little societies they were, each complete in itself, yet united with one another by ties of mutual service and sympathy. Composed of working people almost entirely, they were primarily engaged in meeting the needs of the workers, when oppressed, hungry, sick, imprisoned, enslaved. Harnack is right in calling them the first labor unions. They were also the first charity organization society, children's aid society, employment bureau, social settlement, socialist local. Those little communities were formed around the faith that God had spoken to men in Jesus the crucified carpenter, and that Christ was about to come again. In that faith and hope those men and women lived such lives of service and courage as the world had never seen before.

When two or three generations of such communities had lived and died, with the growth of numbers and power, they developed — as all societies do — organization, rituals, and traditions. This huge accumulation of several centuries is known as Catholicism, and, when it is reformed in certain particulars, is called Protestantism. Both the Catholic and Protestant churches resemble the Primitive Church about as the Steel Trust resembles a college fraternity.

The modern parish more closely resembles the Christian Church which braved the Roman Empire and conquered the world, than any form of religion which the world has seen for many centuries. At its heart is a great

faith in a living and present Christ. Unlike the early church it is unable to confine the expressions of that faith to its immediate community, but finds outlet and effectiveness in innumerable organizations distinct from its own. Among its members are many types of mind, radical and conservative, and they express their faith in different ways. In the socialist local some find an outlet as others find it in boys' clubs. There are those for whom Socialism is too conservative and who are found dreaming the Syndicalist dream and pleading for liberty of speech for the I.W.W. The constructive policy of the Women's Trade Union movement appeals to one, while the ameliorative work of the Girls' Friendly Society commands the loyalty of another.

There are those who believe in woman suffrage and those who oppose the giving of votes to women. Playgrounds and politics, business and family, charity and social justice, individual relief and social revolution, parish-house activities and community effort are 'outward and visible signs of the inward and spiritual grace' of a many-sided modern Church. What it calls 'social service' is a new expression of religious life, an attempt to relate many different types of minds to the larger community of city, nation, and world. It believes in a better world and sets out, inspired by its faith in a present Christ, efficient though unseen, to produce it, by evolution or by revolution.

Professor Harnack says that historical Protestantism was the restoration of the Gospel which Catholicism had lost among alien accretions, such as holy water, the Pope on his throne, St. Anne. The Church of the Reformation under the leading of the Spirit restored as much of the Gospel as it could appreciate in the light of the

needs and the knowledge which it had. In the light of our needs and new knowledge of the gospels, Protestants and Modernist Catholics are restoring a part of the Gospel which was hidden from our fathers. A little phrase, long overlooked in scripture, stands forth with new meaning like a window on which the setting sun shines. It is '*The Gospel of the Kingdom.*' What is the good news? The end of the world, in the first century; the creatorhood of God, in the Nicene age; the Church, in mediæval times; salvation by faith only, in the sixteenth century; forgiveness of sins, in recent times. Each of these in its time and place has been the Gospel.

Our modern age is about to give a new answer. The Kingdom of God is that social order which it is the will of God to have prevail upon the earth. It is a society of individual wills, knit into one corporate will, which resembles more and more the Will of the Father. It is an organization of humanity which is according to the plan of the Creator. The scene of its triumph is not the clouds but this earth. 'Thy Kingdom come on earth.' As the ideal social order, it is always here in part and yet is always coming. In so far as the ideal has been partially realized, in the family and in the political democracy, the kingdom is here; in so far as it has yet to be worked out, in industrial life and elsewhere, it is still to come. John the Baptist announced that the Kingdom of God was imminent. Jesus declared that it was here among men, growing up as a seed, at work in society like leaven, destined in time to fill the whole earth.

When the church universal awakes from its mediæval and sixteenth-century dreams to the realization of the Gospel of the Kingdom, and consecrates itself to preaching it, there will be such a Day of the Lord as super-

naturalists never expected nor hath it entered into the heads of Catholics and Protestants to conceive. Men and women are groping for it, hungry and thirsty for something, they know not just what; expecting the Church to give it and cursing the Church because it disappoints them; turning to panaceas which promise more abundant life and yet leave them unfed. Verily Christ is again moved to compassion because of the multitude who are as sheep without a shepherd; and because those who in his name claim to be pastors are unable to discern the signs of the times.

What the Church needs to-day is a restoration of the Gospel of the *King-*

dom, with the same revolutionary vigor and life with which the Protestant Reformation witnessed the rediscovery of the Gospel of the individual soul. It is in the will and purpose of God, as manifested in the teaching and the life of Jesus, that humanity is to find the abundant life. In the midst of life, speaking like thunder in the discontent of the age, illuminating like the sun in the science and scholarship of to-day, going before and behind, as a pillar of fire by night and cloud by day, is God. To make his voice articulate and his way plain for every man and woman, is the high calling and the supreme mission of the Church.

THE CHURCH FOR HONEST SINNERS

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

THE young man who greeted me cheerfully in the lobby of the hotel in Warburton, my native town, and who handed me a card setting forth the hours of service at St. John's Church, evidently assumed that I was a commercial traveler. I was in no wise offended by his mistake, as I sincerely admire the heralds of prosperity and sit with them at meat whenever possible. I am a neurologist by profession, but write occasionally, and was engaged just then in gathering material for a magazine article on occupational diseases. A friend in the Department of Labor had suggested Warburton as a likely hunting ground, as children employed there in a match-factory were constantly being poisoned, and a paint-

factory also was working dire injury to its employees.

'I'm afraid,' I replied to the engaging young representative of St. John's Men's League, 'that my religious views would n't be tolerated at St. John's. But I thank you, just the same.'

I had been baptized in St. John's and remembered it well from my youth. On my way uptown from the station I had noted its handsome new edifice of impeccable Gothic.

'We have the best music in town, and our minister is a live wire. He knows how to preach to men, — he's cut big slices out of the other churches.'

'Gives the anxious sinner a clean bill of health, does he?'

'Well, most of the leading citizens

go there now,' he answered, politely ignoring my uncalled-for irony. 'Men who never went to church before: the men who do things in Warburton. Our minister's the best preacher in the diocese. His subject this morning is "The Prodigal Son."' "

I felt guiltily that the topic might have been chosen providentially to mark my return; and it occurred to me that this might be a good chance to see Warburton in its best bib and tucker. However, having planned to spend the morning in the slum which the town had acquired with its prosperity, — and the slum of the small city has little to learn from Whitechapel, — I hardened my heart against the young solicitor, in spite of his unobtrusive and courteous manner of extending the invitation.

'You represent a saint's church,' I remarked, glancing at the card. 'I travel a good deal and I have n't found a church specially designed for sinners like me. I'm uncomfortable among the saints. I'm not quarreling with your church or its name, but I've long had a feeling that our church nomenclature needs revision. Still, that's a personal matter. You've done your duty by me; and I'd be glad to come if I had n't another engagement.'

The pages of a Chicago morning newspaper that lay across my knees probably persuaded him that I was lying. However, after a moment's hesitation he sat down beside me on the long leathern bench.

'That's funny, what you said about a church for sinners, — but we have one right here in Warburton; odd you never heard of it! It was written up in the newspapers a good deal. It's just across the street from St. John's on Water Street.'

I recalled now that I had seen a strange church in my walk to the hotel, but the new St. John's had so

absorbed my attention that I had passed it with only a glance. It came back to me indistinctly that it was a white wooden structure, and that boards were nailed across its pillared portico as though to shut out the public while repairs were making.

'Saints excluded, sinners only need apply?'

He nodded, and looked at me queerly, as though, now that I had broached the matter, he meditated telling me more. It was ten o'clock and half a dozen church bells clanged importunately as a background for *Adeste Fideles* from St. John's chimes.

"'The Church for Honest Sinners'" might suit you, only it's closed — closed for good, I guess,' he remarked, again scrutinizing me closely.

He played nervously with a pack of cards like the one with which he had introduced himself. Other men, quite as indubitably transients as I, were lounging down from breakfast, hugging their newspapers, or seeking the barber-shop with large leisure-enforcing cigars clenched in their teeth. Something in my attitude toward the church for which he was seeking worshippers seemed to arrest him. He was a handsome, clear-eyed, wholesome-looking young fellow, whose life had doubtless been well sheltered from evil; there was something refreshingly naïve about him. I liked his straightforward way of appealing to strangers; a bank-teller, perhaps, or maybe a clerk in the office of one of the manufacturing companies whose indifference to the welfare of their laborers I had come to investigate. Not the most grateful of tasks, this of passing church advertisements about in hotel lobbies on Sunday mornings. It requires courage, true manliness. My heart warmed to him as I saw a number of men eyeing us from the cigar-stand, evidently amused that the

young fellow had cornered me. A member of the group — a stout gentleman in checks who represented a distillery — held one of the cards in his hand and covertly pointed with it in our direction.

‘If there’s a story about the sinners’ church I’d like to hear it,’ I remarked encouragingly. ‘It seemed to be closed — I suppose they’re enlarging it to accommodate the rush.’

‘Well, no; hardly that,’ he replied soberly. ‘It was built as an independent scheme — none of the denominations would stand for it of course.’

‘Why the “of course”?’

‘Well,’ he smiled, ‘the idea of sin is n’t exactly popular, is it? And besides everybody is n’t wicked; we can’t assume that; there are plenty of good people. There’s good in all men,’ he added, as though quoting.

‘I can’t quarrel with that. But how about this Church for Honest Sinners? Tell me the story.’

‘Well, it’s a queer sort of story, and as you’re a stranger and I’m not likely to meet you again, I’ll tell you all I know. It was built by a woman.’ He crossed his legs and looked at the clock. ‘She was rich as riches go in a town like this. And she was different from other people. She was left a widow with about a hundred thousand dollars, and she set apart half of it to use in helping other people. She would n’t do it through societies or churches; she did it all herself. She was n’t very religious, — not the way we use the word, — not the usual sort of religious woman that works on guilds and gets up oyster suppers. She was n’t above asking the factory hands to her house now and then, and was always helping the under dog. She was splendid, — the finest woman that ever lived; but of course people thought her queer.’

‘Such people are generally considered eccentric,’ I commented.

‘The business men disliked her because they said she was spoiling the poor people and putting bad notions into their heads.’

‘I dare say they did! I can see that a woman like that would be criticized.’

‘Then when they tore down old St. John’s and began building the new church, she said she’d build a church after her own ideas. She spent twenty-five thousand dollars building that church you noticed in Water Street and called it the Church for Honest Sinners. She meant to put a minister in who had some of her ideas about religion, but right there came her first blow. As her church was n’t tied up to any of the denominations she could n’t find a man willing to take the job; but I suppose the real trouble was that nobody wanted to mix up with a scheme like that; it was too radical — did n’t seem exactly respectable. It’s easy, I suppose, when there’s a big whooping crowd — Billy Sunday and that sort of thing — and the air is full of emotionalism, to get people to the mourners’ bench to confess that they’re miserable sinners. But you can see for yourself that it takes nerve to walk into the door of a church that’s for sinners only — seems sort o’ foolish!’

‘I should n’t be telling you about this if I hadn’t seen that you had the same idea the builder of that church had: that there’s too much of the saint business and general smugness about our churches, and that one that frankly set out to welcome sinners would play, so to speak, to capacity. You might think that all the Cains, Judases, and Magdalens would feel that here at last was a door of Christian hope flung open for them. But it won’t work that way — at least it did n’t in this case. I suppose there are people in this town right now, all dressed up to go to church, who’ve broken all the ten commandments without feel-

ing they were sinners; and of course the churches can't go after sin the way they used to, with hell and brimstone; the people won't have it. You've been thinking that a church set apart for sinners would appeal to people who've done wrong and are sorry about it, but it does n't; and that's why that church on Water Street's boarded up, — not for repairs as you imagined, but because only one person has ever crossed the threshold. It was the idea of the woman who built it that the door should stand open all the time, night and day; and the minister, if she could have found one to take the job, would have been on the lookout to help the people who went there.'

This was rather staggering. Perhaps, I reflected, it is better after all to suffer the goats to pasture, with such demureness as they can command, among the sheep.

'I suppose,' I remarked, 'that the founder of the church was satisfied with her experiment — she had n't wholly wasted her money, for she had found the answers to interesting questions as to human nature — the vanity of rectitude, the pride of virtue, the consolations of hypocrisy.'

He looked at me questioningly, with his frank innocent eyes, as though estimating the extent to which he might carry his confidences.

'Let me say again that I should n't be telling you all this if you did n't

have her ideas — and without ever knowing her! She lived on the corner below the church, where she could watch the door. She watched it for about two years, day and night, without ever seeing a soul go in, and people thought that she'd lost her mind. And then, one Sunday morning when the whole town — all her old friends and neighbors — were bound for church, she came out of her house alone and walked straight down to that church for sinners she had built, and in at the door.

'You see,' he said, rising quickly, as though recalling his obligations to St. John's Men's League, 'she was the finest woman in town, — the best and noblest woman that ever lived! They found her at noon lying dead in the church. The failure of her plan broke her heart; and that made it pretty hard — for her family — everybody.'

He was fingering his cards nervously; and I did not question the sincerity of the emotion his face betrayed.

'It is possible,' I suggested, 'that she had grown morbid over some sin of her own, and had been hoping that others would avail themselves of the hospitality of a church that was frankly open to sinners. It might have made it easier for *her*.'

He smiled with his childlike innocence and faith.

'Not only not possible,' he caught me up, with quick dignity; 'but incredible! She was my mother.'

THE FAMILY AND THE INDIVIDUAL: A FRENCH VIEW

BY HENRY BORDEAUX

I

It is always interesting to know what our passing guests think of us. Undoubtedly Americans have made a point of reading with keen interest — if only for the sake of disputing them — the observations which M. Paul Bourget published in *Outre-Mer* on his return from the United States. Among the distinguished Americans whom France has had the honor of receiving within the past few years, two have formulated their opinions, one in poetic form, the other in a book of travel. Both were particularly well qualified as observers: having come in an official capacity to lecture at the Sorbonne, they had spent considerable time in France, and had penetrated within the French society so charmed to welcome them. They were Dr. Henry van Dyke and Professor Barrett Wendell.

Dr. van Dyke, professor at Princeton University and minister at The Hague, turned poet once more on the boat which took him back to his native land. He paid homage to old Europe, thanking her for her hospitality and extolling her ancient and exquisite civilization, her thousand graces and charms, and her artistic treasures; but at the same time his tone was critical, as if the air which he breathed there had been a little close; France seemed to him too much attached to the past, too dependent upon it. According to his notion, life demands that one look ahead, not behind. And he added, with

glowing eloquence, 'The glory of the present is to make the future free,' — a bold formula which contradicts absolutely the famous declaration of Auguste Comte, 'Humanity is composed more of the dead than of the living,' and which slurs at one and the same time historical tradition, racial continuity, and the interdependence of the generations of man.

Professor Barrett Wendell, less lyrical, spent his sojourn in France in listening, watching, studying; and, after having stored up facts and faces and conversations, and having mentally photographed the life of the time, he gave us the result of his observations in a pleasantly readable book entitled *The France of To-day*. Now what perhaps struck him most in this France of to-day, whose general characteristics he describes, is the firm foundation of the family. He confides to us his surprise, his amazement even, when he saw what united and permanent little societies the families are; he expresses his gratitude for the courtesy with which they welcomed him as a friend, and sets down the reflections, the comparisons, even the social lessons which he deduced from them. The Englishman and the American, he says, have their home, of course; but the Frenchman has his *foyer*, which strangers do not know as they should.

'It is the chimney, the hearthstone, — the core of domestic life, where the family gathers, complete in itself, distinct from any other group in this confused and bustling world, at one with

each other, free for a while from all the rest of humanity.' The foyer is the symbol of all the vigorous, profound, complex power of the family spirit which amongst this people is the strongest of all individual and national emotions. Putting together little significant facts, Professor Wendell shows that in France the family spirit is the most spontaneous of all instincts. Elsewhere the strongest tie is the bond between husband and wife; here it is that which unites parents and children. This assured fact gives him the key to many social customs for which he used to have no explanation. The insistence upon the *dot*, for instance, no longer implies to him a vulgar and despicable selfishness, but rather an affectionate prudence which makes careful provision for the new home to be established. The French marriage, which used to strike him as an exceedingly complicated affair, with its rites, its ceremonies, its authorizations, he looks at no longer as a purely individual question, but as one which affects the entire family.

For the same reason, a man's choice of career is a matter of concern to the family, since its effect will be either to consolidate or to weaken the family. The domestic duties — those of direction, of administration, and of the father's position in the household — are considered to be at least as important as the duties of husband and wife. An inheritance is guaranteed to the children. All these facts are the mark of an advanced civilization which has bowed to natural exigencies and has laid emphasis on the family rather than on the individual.

And to cap this chapter upon the French family, Professor Wendell concludes: 'In brief, as one grows familiar with the French, one realizes with growing amazement how their whole conception of the family, with all the con-

secrated emotional sanction of the foyer, makes them look upon themselves primarily, not as individuals, but rather as members each of his own little society. The family is a partnership, if you will, — a corporation, or a clan. It is something more than the sum of the individuals whom it comprises in all their human and fallible complexity; it has a dominant, supreme claim to devotion for its own sake. The human beings who compose it, like those who at any given time may compose a nation, must pass into oblivion; but the family itself can outlive them perennially. The first of human duties thus becomes not individual but rather self-abnegating and social. To this ideal of duty the French are deeply loyal. If they had not followed it throughout the generations with eager, unselfish, persistent fidelity, their society could not exist in the form which it has inherited from their past and is transmitting to their future.'

In the last analysis, Professor Wendell, like Dr. van Dyke, emphasizes the force of the past in the construction of French society. But instead of denouncing it in the name of liberty, Professor Wendell justly recognizes it as the fruit of the experience of the ages, — experience which has tried various forms of society and has retained but one, as that at once most likely to endure and best qualified for the development of the nation. Nevertheless, neither of the two distinguished travelers has seen — or could see during his attentive and judicious but limited visit — the profound changes which, drawing their inspiration from the Revolution, have manifested themselves during the past thirty years in this compact French family. Both gentlemen spent most of their time in middle-class circles in which respect for family life has been longer maintained; whereas, among the rich bour-

geoisie and laboring classes, it has already vastly diminished. The truth is that, since the Revolution, a veritable battle has been going on in France between the old form of society, wherein the family occupied the foreground, and the new, where the individual claims precedence. This battle is what I want my American readers to understand. By its results they shall judge of the importance of its cause, and perhaps these results will invite them to some personal reflections.

II

Speaking of marriage, M. Demolombe, the well-known jurist, has said: 'This contract, the most ancient and most universal of all, was not invented by human legislators. Its origin goes back to God himself. . . . Among all peoples, marriage has been a religious act placed under the tutelage of the Divinity.' Marriage is not created by law, like other contracts. The law, finding it already in existence, recognizes it, establishes it, strengthens it. In all the ancient forms of society, this sacred origin of marriage was so clearly understood that it was placed under the protection of religion. Such was its position in the social systems of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, as Fustel de Coulanges shows in his admirable *Cité antique*. Christianity, which in its turn inherited the institution of marriage, made it a sacrament, so as to put upon it clearly the stamp of religion; this sacrament the husband and wife administered to each other as they exchanged their eternal promises in the presence of the priest, God's witness and representative. Its sacramental character made it clearly indissoluble. Its aim was not the happiness of the contracting parties, but the creation of a new family from which the union of heart and of flesh, of will

and of deed, would allow no turning back.

The family was in itself a society, a little hierarchy, with its responsible chief and its obligations. Somebody had to be the leader of the group; this direction was entrusted to the husband and father. His marital and paternal power arose to complete the order established by the marriage.

This order established in the family was about to have its effect on the early national life of France. In the dark ages, when the barbarian tempest swept down from the north and the Saracens came from the south, the family was the only institution already organized and prepared to come to the rescue. To save themselves from extermination, these little societies — the families — sought out one another and united together. The first combination, the *mésnie*, was merely the family enlarged. The *mésnie* became the fief. And from the authority exercised by the father of the family, grew, like a flower blossoming upon its stem, the white lily of royal authority. 'The king,' said Hugues de Fleuri in the eleventh century, 'represents in the kingdom the idea of the father.' And later, in the sixteenth century, when the legists wished to define the State, the *jurisconsult*, Jean Bodin, contented himself with this comparison: 'All the households taken together form what we call the people. It is only by the succession of families that the people is rendered immortal. . . . The republic cannot possibly stand fast if the families which are its pillars have weak foundations.'

The family is thus considered as the foundation of society and the symbol of government itself. And this is not merely a theory for philosophers to wag their heads over, but a fact proved by experience in the course of those many perilous and glorious centuries through-

out which the might of France was revealed.

How did the economic development of the family come about? The family settled permanently in one place, taking root there through inheritance. Its wealth consisted only of real estate. The land conquered by the labor of one generation was transmitted to the next, the father appointing an heir. This heir varied according to the different provinces and their customs: sometimes the eldest son was chosen, this being the prevailing plan; sometimes the head of the family was allowed to select his heir from among his sons; sometimes, as in the Basque province, even the eldest daughter was made heir. In certain districts the written law allowed a partition of the estate, but then the brothers and sisters agreed to keep it intact. Thus the property was handed down with the name, and became the visible image of the family's continuity, sometimes even to the point of becoming confused with it. A whole series of circumstances, economic and social, were favorable to this condition of things: custom, law, the peace and quiet of life on the farms, and the difficulty of communication. The right of inheritance brought with it heavy burdens, too. It implied the subordination of the individual's life to the existence and continuance of the family; and it imposed upon the heir the maintenance of the parents, of the unmarried sisters, of the unsuccessful or infirm or invalid brothers; the continuation of the works of mercy and charity (for a congeries of duties clusters about every family of any importance); and the administration of the property, — not merely to enjoy it, but, at the very least, to maintain it, and, if possible, to increase it. Under this system, the brothers who were, so to speak, disinherited, had the advantage of liberty and could embark upon

any careers they pleased — in the army, the navy, the colonies, or what not — with the certainty of being succored in case of need.

The family of ancient France has left the written evidence of its vitality in the *livres de raison*. These *livres de raison* were originally simple account books wherein were enumerated the details of the division of the property. Little by little, the habit grew of writing in them the dates which were of importance to the family, — dates of marriages, of births, of deaths. Later these dates were accompanied by commentaries. With the aid of these commentaries alone, it has been possible to reconstruct the past existence of the family. Moreover, we find in them evidence of a double creed, — which perhaps can be considered as but a single one, — faith in God and faith in life. The fathers, bowed down though they be with burdens, invariably hail with joy the arrival of a new-born child, even if they already have nine or ten or more. A birth is always regarded as a blessing. They thank God, who will know how to help them feed this full nest of children. They exert every energy for the future of the house and of their race, for its name and honor.

There are shadows in this picture of the French family. Indeed, the history of nations, as of individuals, offers very few examples of powers which, if put to the test, have not been abused. The husband and father, with the double authority, marital and paternal, has not always had the sense to use it justly. Cases arose where the wife and children were reduced to slavery, and where their most legitimate aspirations were throttled. Although the family is not composed of a series of individual happinesses, still it cannot, without danger to itself, rob its members of those rights which the human conscience holds most sacred; and the

right to the pursuit of happiness is one of these. Compulsory vocations and forced marriages are the result of a wrong attitude toward the individual.

The church came to the rescue of the victims. Not that she ranged herself against the family — she was herself a hierarchy standing for authority. But she condemned the encroachments which destroyed human liberty in its intangible foundations.

The family retained this established form practically without change until the Revolution. Rétif de la Bretonne, in his *Life of my Father*, draws a picture of it which would have been as true in the eleventh or twelfth century as it was in the eighteenth. He calls his father his 'visible God,' and no one could underline more distinctly the almost sacred character which the children attributed to the paternal power. This *dieu visible* himself obeys a preceding god (his own father). And Rétif's narrative takes us to the wedding of his father, who was coerced by *his* father into a marriage repugnant to every natural inclination of his heart. For these founders of dynasties, these responsible leaders, love does not count or individual happiness, — nothing counts but their race. This is where they make their mistake; for intimate happiness and legitimate affection play their part in sustaining the family. And to reduce marriage to a mere social form, and do without the consent of the contracting parties, is to alter its character. In those days, children did not oppose their father's commands; hence Edmé obeyed, and married a good housewife instead of the woman of his choice. At the end of his life, we see him like a patriarch, surrounded by his fourteen children and all the servants of his household; after they have taken supper together, he reads from the Holy Scriptures, adding some brief observations of his own. It takes

one back to Biblical times, except that this family, instead of being nomadic, is bound to the soil.

III

The Revolution did not come like a bolt from the blue, but like a bolt from a sky gradually overcast by clouds. The first cloud on the family horizon was caused by the Reformation, which opened the door of the home to individualism. Wiping out the eternal promises, it substituted the possibility of divorce for the principle of indissoluble union. Here was the first alteration of marriage. Until the Reformation there was no doubt of its permanence; now there came a new doctrine, which struck at marriage in its essential principle as a definitive engagement entered into in the presence of God. It is true that after a stubborn struggle, the Reformation was rejected in France and Catholicism triumphed. But the very foundations of the family had become a subject of argument; and the idea of impermanence was destined to gain ground. It gained ground throughout the whole of the eighteenth century and became involved with a more general doctrine, that of the rights of the individual. According to the theories of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, the individual was to be unshackled. Then how could he bear the burdens of the family, which were the oldest and heaviest burdens? He was to be born with rights, not with duties. He was to be dependent on neither his father nor his mother; the State was there to receive him. It was to the State that the famous theorist assigned the paternal power. As for marriage, how could two persons pledge themselves for the future when they were not sure of their own hearts? Feelings may change; liberty alone does not change. Meanwhile, Voltaire and the Encyclopædists placed the so-

cial problems on a secular basis, claiming to set them apart from all thought of religion.

Economic conditions and customs were beginning to accelerate the march of ideas. The family lived on its estate and set the neighborhood the example of its character and its continuity. The higher the source of this example, the more it provoked imitation. But now, in the seventeenth century, the great landed families began their exodus to present their petitions at Versailles. As the lords of the soil became courtiers, their local influence diminished. The close bond between the family and the soil was broken. Another blow was dealt at the hitherto sacred rights of the family, on the day when Louis XIV compelled Parliament to legitimize his bastards. Lastly, from the time of the Regency, high society made fashionable the estrangement of husband and wife. 'For heaven's sake, leave me alone!' said a wife to her husband, when he asked her to descend to the familiar *thee* and *thou*. Another, who claimed a separation because her husband had given her a box on the ear, *en tête-à-tête*, and who was not able to obtain her divorce, went back to the brute in his study, and slapping him in turn, exclaimed by way of explanation, 'There, monsieur! there's your box on the ear back again; it's of no use to me!'¹ What had become of the respect for the head of the family? Marriage was no longer a constraining force; it was nothing but a worldly association of selfishness and caprice. Thus the anarchy of manners played its part in spreading an anarchy of ideas.

Economic conditions, freedom of manners, and new ideas — coming in this order — paved the way, then, for the Revolution, which is to be consid-

ered here only as it altered the constitution of the family. Neither these new ideas, nor these manners, nor these economic conditions touched the majority of the French people, those vast masses which are the reservoir of the national strength and life. This is the reason why the Revolution, in making family institutions over from top to bottom, did not really reach beyond the cities. The country districts escaped it; and after the storm was over, life began again, hardly different from the life of former days. The overthrow of the family in 1792 was merely the work of doctrinaires and theorists, disciples of Jean-Jacques and of the Encyclopædists, who were persuaded that they were unshackling the individual. This overthrow did not produce its complete results until many years later.

Hitherto, marriage, since it was a sacrament, had been bound up with religion. That bond was snapped by the Revolution. The law of September 20, 1792, made of marriage a purely civil contract, which the institution of divorce terminated. This law established three kinds of divorce: divorce by mutual consent, divorce pronounced at the demand of one of the conjoined, — merely on account of incompatibility of temper or of character, — and divorce for fixed causes. The effects made themselves felt immediately, but only in Paris and in some large cities. In the first three months of 1794, the number of divorces in Paris matched the number of marriages. The proclamation equalizing the rights in inheritance of the legitimate child and the natural child, and the suppression of marital authority and paternal power, completed this new legislation about the family. 'At Paris in the year IX,' said the tribune, Carion-Nisas, a short time afterwards, 'there were about four thousand marriages and seven

¹ Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, *La Femme au 18^e siècle*.

hundred divorces; in the year X, there were only about three thousand marriages, but nine hundred divorces. Both the decrease in marriages and the increase in divorces are terrifying; and they prove that divorce, far from being a remedy, is but one evil the more, and that instead of calling citizens to marriage, as has been pretended, it causes them to detest and shun it. People thought to facilitate marriage by ridding it of its indissolubility, imagining that they were strengthening it; and they destroyed it.'

IV

The authors of the Civil Code did not entirely forget this experience. In the preliminary discussion, indeed, one finds this earliest opinion of the First Consul upon divorce: 'What shall we say of a family broken up by divorce? What sort of husbands and wives are those who, after having been bound together by the closest ties that nature and law can form between rational beings, become all at once strangers to one another, without being able to forget one another? What sort of children are those who have no longer a father, who can no longer mingle in the same embrace the disunited authors of their days; who, in duty bound to cherish and respect them equally, are, so to say, forced to take sides against them; who dare not recall in their presence the deplorable marriage of which they are the fruit? Oh, take care how you encourage divorce! It would be a great misfortune if it became customary with us!'

He himself belonged to a closely united, clanlike family, and he remembered it. And if, as general and head of the State, in his rugged campaigns and his rapid reorganization of a broken-down social system, he had found about him as many people as he

needed who were ready and fitted to help him, he could not have attributed that abundance of power and talent, sprung from the land, to anything but the latent vigor of Old France. And whence came this vigor, if not from the constitution of the family, which had stood by the kingdom in all its vicissitudes throughout the centuries? One might have feared lest the constraint imposed by the authority of the head of the family, and the subjection of the other members, might keep youthful energies from developing, might crush those children who had been too strictly brought up, might sap their youthful wills. But discipline revealed once more that it is an incomparable school for developing the sort of character which gives itself to a cause even to the limit of self-sacrifice.

The Civil Code, then, was a compromise between the ancient constitution of the family and revolutionary authority. In appearance, it sustained the traditional family founded upon marriage, the marital power, the paternal power,¹ and inheritance. But it altered those essential principles. From the very first, it secularized marriage, which ceased to be a religious act and became a civil contract. The husband and wife might appear before a priest, if they wished — the law took no account of that. And inasmuch as religion immediately regained its popularity after the Concordat, and couples preferred to be married in church rather than in the town hall, a law was enacted that forbade the celebration of the religious ceremony before the civil marriage. Ancient custom gave way to this law; but the practice survived of introducing all the ceremonial into the religious marriage and of treating the civil marriage as it itself insisted upon being treated — that is to say, as a

¹ Louis Delzons, *La Famille française et son Evolution*.

contract which needed neither dress, nor flowers, nor music, nor solemnity, nor emotion, nor holy witness, — a contract, moreover, which had no fixed duration, and which might cancel itself like a lease. For divorce was sustained in the new laws, notwithstanding the eloquent words of the First Consul, who promptly changed his mind, — thinking already, perhaps, of the personal use which he could some day make of it. Divorce upon the simple demand of one of the parties was by no means allowed — this form being equivalent to repudiation in Roman law; but divorce for fixed causes, and even that by mutual consent, — with certain limitations, — was sustained. Some years later, the law of May 8, 1816, abolished divorce, it is true, no strong objections being raised. The Napoleonic wars had left many ruins to repair; the work of restoration demanded that the constitution of the family be strong.

Finally, in the Civil Code, the marital power and the paternal power were indeed sustained, but both of them changed their nature. The first belonged to the husband only by right of marriage, ceasing to be his perquisite in his capacity as head and director of the community; the second was established in the interest of the child, ceasing to be a sort of divine right accompanying paternity. Both, in fine, became dependent on law, instead of being simply recognized and protected by it. This fact shows how the new spirit was making itself felt. It made itself felt still more plainly in the succession by title, wherein the principle of equality prevailed decidedly over that of liberty. Under this dispensation parents were allowed to transmit to any single heir only an inconsiderable fragment of their patrimony. Thus the estate, broken up, pulverized, systematically submitted to division, — which meant that it was bound sooner

or later to fall into strangers' hands, — could no longer serve as the family's hereditary prop.

V

'During the three quarters of a century which followed the promulgation of the Civil Code,' justly observes Louis Delzons, in his treatise on *The French Family and its Evolution*, 'there were, practically speaking, no changes.' French society continued to exist — to use the words of Professor Barrett Wendell — in the form which it had inherited from the past. Divorce having disappeared from the Civil Code, marriage had its full effect. The father and husband used their paternal and marital power with a moderation which — although they did not realize the fact — was the result of the new manners much more than of the law. Altogether one might believe, judging from appearances, that family life had not been altered by the turmoil of the Revolution, and that the experiment of individualism had completely failed in France; either because individualism was not workable, or else — supposing that the social life of the nation could take other forms than that form of *collectivité familiale* put to the proof by so many centuries — because it was simply premature.

There remained, to be sure, the ruinous method of succession by title. This method, as it made partition obligatory, little by little cut up the estates; in addition, it divided the family against itself by constantly introducing questions of interest in the property, and it destroyed the symbol of the continuity, union, and permanence of the family. But this very partition of the property, in days when the land was not particularly crowded and was often badly exploited, permitted a more intensive cultivation of the soil; so the Code

might be considered as causing a better exploitation of the country. A little later, when people began to see at last how dangerous this legislation was to the love of the land, to the feeling for the past, and to patriotism, its unlucky results were destined to be forgotten in the economic revolution which, caused by the application of new methods of transportation, soon began to spread throughout the country a feeling of restlessness and a desire for travel, and which finally precipitated the country upon the town.

Apparently it was still possible to believe that family life had undergone no change. But only apparently; for the battle continued, and the campaign for individualism set in again as early as the end of the Restoration. It was directed from the first by the literature of the romantic movement, which had scarcely any ideal other than to champion the rights of the individual and to deify passion. And indissoluble marriage hampered the rights of the individual, and set duty over against passion.

Nobody expressed the romanticist hatred of all social barriers better than George Sand. In *Jacques*, one of her most celebrated romances, a young man, Jacques, writes to Fernande, his fiancée, on the eve of their marriage, 'Society is going to dictate to you the formula of an oath; you are going to swear to be faithful to me and to submit to me, — in other words, never to love any one but me, and to obey only me in all things. One of these vows is an absurdity; the other is a villainy. You cannot answer for your heart, even though I should be the greatest and most perfect of men; you ought not to promise to obey me, for that would be to debase us both.' Thus warned, George Sand's heroine hastens to prove that the husband so well informed concerning the conduct of life

is right. She takes a lover, or rather, she 'fulfills her destiny.' Jacques, in this novel and somewhat delicate situation, remains logical; he neither complains nor is astonished.

Classic literature had depicted a morally and socially reasonable man who could prefer passion to duty, but classic literature had recognized that this preference was wrong, and had not sacrificed reason, or religion, or society to it. Romantic literature represented a man of defective brain as well as defective heart and senses, — a man enslaved by his passions, who, by a new sophistry, called this servitude liberty! But what happens to our Jacques, the indulgent and comprehending husband? To save everybody from embarrassment, he goes on a walking-tour in the Tyrolese mountains, and falls, as if by accident, into a crevasse. Thus must a thoughtful husband prove that he has sense enough to renounce his wife in favor of her lover, since the door of marriage is closed to any escape!

There was an effort to break down this door at any cost. George Sand's successor, Alexandre Dumas *fils*, tried to burst it open in his plays appealing for divorce. But the conflict was not confined to literature. It extended to the political and social fields; and one can follow the phases of it in the history of nineteenth-century thought. On one side were the followers of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, who continued to work for the enfranchisement of the people and of the individual, and who shook the world in the name of liberty: Victor Hugo, Michelet, Edgar Quinet. On the other side were the followers of the tradition which maintained that the forms of society are eternal and not subject to fluctuations of ideas, of sentiments, or of economic conditions; and that without authority and the hierarchical form of the family and of religion, there can be nothing but riot

and anarchy. These men were Joseph de Maistre, Bonald, Balzac, Le Play, — who, after having toured the world and written a monograph about the workingmen of Europe, undertook the restoration of the family, — and Auguste Comte, the founder of the philosophy of positivism. Building upon a rational study of facts, Comte reached this conclusion about marriage: that any society, if it would endure, must strengthen the order which Catholicism so successfully set up when it sanctioned the fundamental indissolubility of marriage. 'The obligation to conform one's life to an insurmountable law,' he wrote in his *Cours de Philosophie Positive*, 'far from being a source of unhappiness, is one of the most indispensable conditions of life, since it steadies our wavering ideas and our half-hearted intentions.' And explicitly condemning divorce, he added, 'One needs only to understand the chief purpose of the conjugal tie to see its necessary conditions. This fundamental union cannot gain its essential end except by being both exclusive and indissoluble. These two characteristics are so indispensable to any union that even illegal *liaisons* tend to manifest them. We cannot, without assuming an entire lack of all moral and social principles, understand how anybody can dogmatically set up inconstancy and frivolity of affection as essential guaranties of human happiness. No love can be profound if it is not undivided and perpetual; for the mere idea of change disturbs its course. Is our short life longer than two people need — two beings so different as man and woman — to enable them to know each other well and love each other worthily? And yet, hearts are usually so fickle that society has to intervene in order to do away with irresolution and inconstancy, which if given free scope would tend to reduce

human existence to a deplorable succession of experiments without issue and without dignity.'

Positivism, then, agreed with Catholicism that indissoluble marriage is the safeguard of individual dignity and of social life.

The partisans of individualism finally triumphed. On the twenty-seventh of July, 1884, divorce was put back into the body of French law, at the instigation of M. Naquet. True, they called it a necessary evil, and they did not allow divorce by mutual consent or at the wish of one of the parties. They allowed it only for fixed causes: adultery; the condemnation of one or the other to undergo degrading punishment; and, finally, ill-treatment, cruelty, and serious abuse. But it began at once to produce its disintegrating effect upon the family.

VI

An eminent professor of law, M. Glasson, has laid down this experimental rule: wherever divorce exists, it tends to increase. Statistics show us its rapid progress. In 1885, immediately after the promulgation of the law, there were in France 4227 divorces. 'These are the unhappy households accepting their freedom,' proclaimed the partisans of divorce; 'wait and you will soon see a halt.'

But the halt has not yet made itself manifest. The number of divorces has steadily increased: 5427 in 1890; 6750 in 1895; 7157 in 1900; 10,017 in 1905; nearly 13,000 in 1911.

In the first months of marriage, even when the deepest love is present, patience is often necessary. People used to be patient in the days of indissoluble marriage. To-day they will not tolerate the slightest provocation. At the least quarrel they appeal for divorce. The prospect of remarriage plays too

real a part in these ruptures. Divorce, then, insinuates itself as a corrupting element in married life, and even in life before marriage. People think of it when they marry, and ascribe less importance to a union which can be broken. Statistics tell us, again, that the households of not even a year's existence are those among which divorce makes proportionately the most progress. The young people will not submit to even a year of patience and of mutual concessions before declaring their common life impossible. But a social system cannot be sustained on pity for such unfortunate individuals.

Marriage is the keystone of the family arch. That is why its character is of so much importance in any social system. We now find its character in France modified for the second time. The first time was in 1792, and we have seen what were the consequences. These consequences were already comparable with the results obtained by centuries of the traditional family which had built up the power of France.

Between 1816 and 1884 the country bound up its wounds and recovered its strength. One could see the national vigor in the way it endured a disaster like that of 1870, and in the rapidity with which it repaired its losses in men and money. Since 1884, thirty years have passed. A second test, longer and more decisive, is being added to the first. Once more the adversaries of the family are trying to drive home their victory. They incessantly demand the facilitation of divorce: they want divorce for mental derangement of one of the parties, divorce for absence, divorce for infirmities, divorce for religious disagreements. They have not yet succeeded in putting these things into the law of the land; but in equity they have succeeded by means of a legal fiction in introducing divorce by mutual consent,

which the tribunals constantly grant. They pretend that human beings are their own masters, and that this is a principle inscribed in the *Declaration of the Rights of Man*. But to say that human beings are their own masters is really to say nothing at all; or else it means the suppression of every form of agreement. There is no agreement in which future liberty is not renounced by present liberty. Every contract is an agreement which encroaches upon one's future. Why should a perpetual agreement be immoral? If an agreement is immoral it certainly does not become so on account of its duration. The character of a lease remains the same whether it lasts one year or twenty years. It is the object of an agreement which may make it immoral, and make it just as immoral if it is for a year as if it is perpetual. If, then, an engagement for a season is moral, it will remain so forever.¹

It is the doctrine of individualism which inspires the partisans of divorce. They consider only the happiness of the husband and wife, and substitute the pleasure-marriage for the duty-marriage. One of them, Novicow, has expressed it frankly: 'The sexual bond is contracted *only* for the direct happiness of the contracting parties.' If the parties do not find this happiness, they separate; or if one of them fails to find it, he leaves the other, to look for it elsewhere. Under these simple conditions, marriage is entirely set apart from the family, — as if it did not create the family, as if it had nothing to do with the family, which Taine has called the only remedy man has found for death.

A state is composed of an enduring race; that is to say, it is composed of families; that is to say, of marriages producing children. To consider marriage without the child, and merely as the

¹ George Fonsegrive, *Le Mariage et l'union libre*.

satisfaction of the desires of the husband and wife, is to take away from it all social character; and if this is done, why should society bother with it?

Now, how many years are required to complete the child's education? Is a boy or girl of ten years ready to be taken from its parents? Or even of fifteen years? So long as the child's education continues, it will demand their effective coöperation. After fifteen or twenty years, then, the father and mother, grown old and weary, are going to take up a new life, to create a new home! 'The work for which the husband and wife associate themselves,' says M. Fonsegrive again, 'cannot come to anything unless their union is for their whole life. So they make their vows for life. He who wishes to reach the goal must make up his mind to take the only road to that goal. Indissoluble marriage is necessary for a normal upbringing of the child; it is the only kind of marriage which allows the child complete moral development. The law of indissolubility, far from being contrary to nature, is demanded by nature.' That is what the positivist Comte meant when he said that without indissoluble marriage human existence amounts in most cases only to 'a deplorable succession of experiments without issue and without dignity.'

Still another objection is made: that the situation of the children is less cruel in divorce than in legal separation. This is not true. Legal separation, through its very sadness, will never be anything but an exception; while divorce, giving as it does the power to begin life again indefinitely, runs the risk of becoming customary. Legal separation relaxes but does not break the family tie. Even when disunited, the father and mother cannot look into the future without thinking of what it holds for their children. These child-

ren remain an ideal; while in divorce, which authorizes new ties, they will never be anything but a curse.

But what is the use of starting here a debate upon the philosophy of divorce? I have shown that the motive idea of marriage has altered since the day when it lost its religious character to become a simple civil contract. The consequences of this alteration have been fatal. The divorce law is the most striking sign of the changes which, from that time on, have taken place in the French family. It is not the only sign. We must add other less important laws providing for the diminution of paternal power and for the reconciliation of legitimate and illegitimate children in the succession to property. A parallel might even be drawn between some of these laws and certain interpolations made by the church in the ancient common law, which it considered too rigid in its affirmation of paternal and marital power and too antagonistic to the rights of the individual, — unless one somehow twists the meaning of the word *rights*. Here, then, we have a whole group of phenomena which testify to a voluntary overthrow of traditions. The intention is to pass systematically from a form of society based on the family to a form of society based on the individual. The individual takes the place of the family, which is thus thrust into the background.

If Professor Barrett Wendell has not seen the change, it is because a social order which has lasted for centuries leaves its impress for a long time upon people's minds and hearts, and continues for a long time to struggle against the order which is to succeed it; it is also because his acquaintance lay chiefly among that middle-class society in which the family ideals are still honored; and finally, because the new order finds itself face to face with forces little

disposed to give way to it, — the forces, namely, of Catholicism, of a whole hidebound literature, and of a new sectionalism which has lately come into fashion again.

The distinguished traveler should, however, have noticed several things which would have revealed to him, under the old surface of French life, the thrust of a new world: a high society which lives as it pleases, believing implicitly that it has not a single tie with the land or the people; a bourgeoisie which, active and well-established and honorable as it is, is nevertheless not so thrifty as it used to be, and regulates its expenses and its future to its present profit; a rural population which, in too many cases, tires of the fields and descends upon the cities; and a working class crowded into insufficient lodgings, — a class for which the day-labor of the women has been the death of the home. I admit that the dark picture is brightened by the survival of the old French traits. Energy, gayety, courage in the face of difficulties, love of home, and the tenderness of parents toward their children continue to fill our houses with an atmosphere of comfort and hope which reassures us for the future.

Nevertheless, when one sees individualism trying to acclimatize itself in France, after the French family has for centuries borne such beautiful fruit, one has an uneasy fear for the population of the country. United, strengthened, defended by laws, the family guaranteed long life to the nation. Reduced to a precarious condition, it gives no more children. Voluntary sterility increases. It is sufficient to consult the statistics. The total number of births fell from 937,544 in 1883 to 774,000 in 1907, and in 1911 the total number of deaths exceeded it by 34,889.

‘The nation,’ said Joseph de Maistre, ‘is an association of the living with the dead and those still unborn.’ That is to say, the nation is a collection of families. The family alone honors its dead and sustains life. In the Latin countries there is no doubt that the fortunes of the nation and the status of the family are closely related. Even if experience in other countries points less decisively to this conclusion, it is still to be feared that the search for individual life leads sooner or later to that disparagement of the nation’s life which manifests itself in the decreasing birth-rate and the refusal to undergo sacrifices and struggles.

THE GENTLE FEMALE AND THE ASTUTE STATESMAN

BY MATILDA HALL GARDNER

CONGRESS, like the Washington Monument, presents many aspects to many people. To the woman who lobbies for suffrage, Congress is an assemblage of uncomprehending male beings. Only that and nothing more.

In the four hundred and thirty-five members of the Sixty-Third Congress of these United States, there are representatives who are suffragists by political expediency, and there are representatives who are suffragists by the grace of conviction. A majority, however, of the legislators have given little or no thought to the subject.

The average Congressman makes a point of 'being courteous to the ladies.' When two women enter his office in the busy morning hours, he puts down his paper and tries to look pleasant, although he may be in the midst of a eulogy of himself in his home paper. The secretary stops work, too, and tries to decide whether it will be claims, civil service, or just cards to the gallery.

The suspense is short. One of the women says, 'Good morning; I am Miss A. This is Miss B. No, thank you, we won't sit down. Will you be good enough to tell us how you stand on woman suffrage?'

The Representative tries to look as if he had known all the time that that was going to be the question. If he be a Northerner, he says, 'Ladies, I endeavor to represent my state in the truest sense, and whenever the majority of ladies in my state express themselves as wishing the ballot, I shall

earnestly endeavor to fulfill the high obligations of my office'; and so on.

If he be a Southerner, he says, 'My dear madam, I believe that is a question which each state should decide for itself.' And then follows a disquisition upon state rights. Every woman who has lobbied for suffrage at the national capital is fully equipped to make a state-rights speech. She is familiar with every argument, including citations from speeches of former legislators and statesmen. Then the Representative, be he from the North, East, South, or West, looks complacent and quite prepared to say, 'Good morning,' pleasantly.

But the lobbyist does not say good morning. She is apt to say, 'But of course you must have an opinion on so important a subject. Would you mind very much telling us whether or not you would favor suffrage if the women in your state should desire the ballot?'

The secretary looks happy and the Congressman resigned. The discussion which follows is not long, for that precious knowledge of the psychological moment when to go is as important to a lobbyist as to a diplomat.

To put the question and get the answer sounds quite simple, but indeed it is not. Many a lobbyist in the early days of her experience, thinks to herself, 'Lobbying is not really so dreadful. Mr. Blank was very pleasant.' And then she starts to put down on her little pad what Mr. Blank had said, only to find that he has not answered her question.

I shall never forget my first experience, and how I walked those stone floors for ten minutes before my courage was equal to the ordeal. Only one other incident in my life stands out as equaling this in humiliation. When quite a little child I had to take back to a large and terrible butcher some meat which was not what had been ordered. When I opened the Congressman's door the second time, he looked surprised, but more so a second later when I said to him, 'Will you be good enough to tell me whether you are for or against equal suffrage?' He was distinctly embarrassed and, I like to think, a little ashamed. The secretary chuckled, and the Congressman answered my question. Although it was most distressing to me, the incident had value, for the secretary reported to me later that the Congressman had related the experience to others as a joke on himself and a warning to them.

The first instructions which the green lobbyist gets from her veteran sisters are these: 'Be gentle and persistent; *don't be clever!*' A trial of wits may result only in befogging the issue and disturbing the pleasant serenity of the Congressman. On one occasion a brilliant young woman, after a long argument, left an important man quite flustered, and failed to learn how he stood on the question of equal suffrage. The next day two of us were told to 'First pacify, and then get him on record.' We felt, I presume, as do young reporters when a brutal city editor hands out without a word of counsel a difficult assignment. We decided to ask him about the actual legislative process through which a bill passes in becoming a law, taking as an example a resolution then before his committee in which I knew that he was greatly interested. We were just ignorant enough to disarm him, and intelligent enough to arouse his interest.

Before we left he quite willingly told us where he stood on equal suffrage.

A lobbyist very soon learns not to generalize about Congressmen. She finds that all Southerners are not garbed in black broadcloth, with low-cut vest and black string tie. Neither does the Western Congressman necessarily wear a wide-brimmed Stetson, or pack a six-shooter in the hip-pocket. Nor does the Down-easter always resemble a Hart, Schaffner and Marx clothing model. The mentalities of Congressmen are not necessarily sectional.

For instance: One morning we put our customary query to a Northern Democrat — a spick-and-span typical business man. He looked bored. He said, 'Oh, I guess it's coming, all right, so I might as well get in early. Yep, you can say I'm for it.'

'Oh, dear,' sighed my companion, 'let's do a Southern one next!' We did. He was a chunky little man in a brown suit and a little round brown felt hat. There were traces of brown tobacco, too. In answer to the query, he said, at once, 'Well, I reckon you all have got a right to it, 'fore the kinky-headed niggers!'

On the contrary, the contrasts within state lines are often more startling than the sectional contrasts. Take, for instance, a Middle-Western state. The first member visited was a tall, lean, dark man, of morose expression. He would make up well as a pirate, by the addition of a big, black moustache and a dagger. In answer to our question, he said, 'Well, you're good-looking suffragettes, anyway!' His secretary looked worried. My companion's face expressed horror. I replied that that was beside the question, and repeated my query. The Congressman refused to answer any question not propounded by a constituent from his own district.

The second member, from the same state, was a pleasant-faced, gray-haired man, plump, and of a most amiable appearance. He sprang from his chair as we entered, and beamed, as we supposed, with enthusiasm for the cause. He assumed the statesmanlike attitude near the large table, and said, in answer to the query, 'Ladies, I am an old-fashioned Democrat.' He repeated this several times in answer to questions differently expressed. In despair we finally said, 'Good morning,' and he replied, 'Good morning, ladies; I am an old-fashioned Democrat!'

The third one was as tall, lean, and lank as the first, grayish of hair and of clothing, but with the difference of great precision and neatness in his dress. Our errand stated, he said, 'Ladies, you know Votes for Women won't bring the millennium.' Our hearts sank. We had heard about the millennium many times before. Then the tall, thin man gazed long out of his window. And when he looked back at us, we knew we need not fear what he was about to say. It was this: 'My folks were pioneers in our state, and everything my father did, I guess my mother more than matched him in what she did. I am for suffrage, ladies, and I thank you for coming to ask me.'

We found many quiet little eddies of thought where our simple questions seemed a veritable thunderbolt. One dear old gentleman seemed so anxious to do something for us; and when I told him what we wanted, he looked like a hurt child. All he could say was, 'Well, I'll be dinged!' And then hastily apologized for his language.

Another man, elderly, but not so dear, met us at the door all smiles. Before we could state our errand, he assured us he would do anything for the ladies, anything at all. 'Why, I'd swim the Hellespont for the ladies, or I'd go after the Golden Fleece like —

Dick,' he called, turning back to the room, 'what was the name of the fellow that got the Fleece?' 'Jason, sir,' answered Dick, promptly. 'Yes, like Jason,' said the Congressman. 'I'd do more than that for the ladies.' But when we told him what we did want him to do, he utterly disconcerted us by bursting into loud laughter. 'That is a good joke,' he finally gasped, 'you ladies telling me that. Why I saw a lady once who wanted to vote, and she had short hair!' Here his mirth overcame him again, and we left him wiping his eyes with a huge bandanna.

The House of Representatives Office Building consists of five floors of corridors and doors. Behind each door sits a Congressman, each man with a different personality. As she opens one of these doors to call on the Congressman, the woman lobbyist can judge neither by manner nor by dress what the personality of the man is. Gruffness may be just a cloak for shyness, and the well-dressed, immaculate member is not always helpful.

A Representative from an Eastern state said to us, 'Really, I can't say I have ever given the matter a thought. The ladies in my state are not interested. In fact, I recall having heard from two ladies of social prominence — really quite prominent socially — that they rather disapprove of this matter.'

My companion murmured something to the effect that social prominence did not always make for progress or intelligence, and the secretary giggled.

In the corridor, my companion said wearily, 'Don't you always expect the tidy ones to be suffragists?' Every woman feels that way instinctively. To discover tidiness reactionary — be it expressed in shirt-sleeves or a Prince Albert — is always a shock to a woman. I find that the home-makers who lobby make far more excuses for little lacks in manner or appearance than the women

who work with men out in the world.

A young business woman who sometimes helps me, spoke derisively of the spots on the vest of an important statesman. I suggested that he had no woman to look after him. She replied crisply, 'A woman? What's the matter with ten cents' worth of benzine and a rag?'

A business woman is less apprehensive, too, of taking the time of the member. I had been rather fearful of intruding upon the time of a Congressman, until I met the secretary of a certain member who has served his country long in Congress. I had gone many times to his office and found only the busy secretary. One day I said in despair to her, 'Is n't Mr. C. ever here?' 'Good gracious, yes,' she replied, 'I should think he was. He was here for an hour this morning, and nearly drove me crazy. Just kept pestering me until I could hardly do my work. I declare I believe I'll have to get a pack of cards and teach him how to play solitaire!'

After a little experience, lobbying becomes quite impersonal.

A young Southern girl was taken to see a Southern member. The man almost verged upon rudeness in his repudiation of the subject. I expected, once safely outside the door, to hear from the girl expressions of surprise at the lack of the traditional Southern chivalry on the part of the member we had just left. Instead, she said, 'Poor dear, I know what's the matter with him. Did you see his flannels? Winter flannels to-day! Just like my father: never would change his flannels until mother made him.'

The same day the Southern girl went to see a member from her own state. He was not in his office, but his secretary, a polite, uncomprehending young man, was distinctly curious. So we stayed a minute. When he gathered

our purpose, he said, 'Ladies, indeed I don't want to be discourteous. I would n't be discourteous to a lady for the world, but surely you ladies—' and then he hesitated — 'have nice homes.'

The girl replied simply, 'Yes, indeed, I have; I think it's the most beautiful home in the whole world. You can see all of our county from our front piazza. But I reckon you don't know how the mill-women in our state live or what kind of homes they have.'

Only in exceptional cases does the woman lobbyist encounter rudeness. In fact, so far as I was concerned, the cases of rudeness were confined to individual instances of Congressmen from a couple of Middle Western states. We found later that the reason for this attitude was the fact that the woman-suffrage question and the liquor question had unfortunately been coupled in the previous campaigns of the Congressmen in question. One of them rose large and glowering from behind his desk and said, in a loud tone, that he did not admit our right to question him. We asked him very meekly if he would mind telling us who would have that right. He thought hard over this for a minute or two, and finally answered, 'I would admit the right of the senior member from my state,' quite forgetting that that same senior representative was a strong ally of the suffrage cause. We were so sorry to leave him in such an unhappy state of mind, but it seemed unavoidable.

On another day — a very hot day — we entered the office of a pleasant-faced, middle-aged man. He looked promising, as he sat there reading his paper. He might easily have been a nice Uncle Jim or Uncle George. We stated our errand, and the nice-looking person roared at us, 'I won't be threatened! You can't coerce me!' We were very warm and weary and asked him

if we might sit down a minute, and he assented to that proposition. He continued, 'I won't be listed; I won't have my name put down on a list; the idea is preposterous! When I register an opinion I register it on the floor of the House!' At which point, I gently interrupted to assure him that that was exactly what we wanted; that his was the real spirit; that to have it discussed on the floor of the House was our object. 'What!' he roared, 'me talk about women voting? You'll never get that on the floor of the House in a million years!'

He wanted to make a wager then and there, but lobbyists do not make bets with Congressmen, so we lost that opportunity. We then led the conversation from suffrage to himself, and learned that he represented 'a happy farming community where women are content to mind their homes.' He said homes. He may have meant husbands. We left him feeling quite cheerful. A month later we saw him again and he was calm and almost civil.

Frequently, before the lobbyist's second visit, members talk their experience over with other Congressmen and acquire a different point of view. A friendly secretary told us that a Congressman in their corridor had lately asked his (the secretary's) employer, 'Did two ladies come to see you a little while back about voting?' His Congressman answered, 'Yes, and mighty nice ladies, too; they did n't take much of my time.' 'No,' the other one said, grimly, 'they did n't take much of my time either, but it will take a heap of my secretary's time to answer the letters I am getting from my state.'

One Tammany member — or 'organization' member, I should say — said, 'Ladies, I'll be quite frank with you; I used to be against you, but I have been reading up on the subject.' Here he waved his arm toward a shelf

where there was much suffrage literature, and continued, 'Now, I see what it has done and I am with you.'

We were greatly pleased by the effect of suffrage literature on the minds of public men, until we talked to another New Yorker farther down the corridor. In response to the customary query, he said plaintively, 'Oh, it's coming. Why the ladies in my state cut down Blank's plurality two thousand last election, and he never had his plurality pared before.' He was referring to the Tammany Representative with the shelf full of suffrage literature.

The physical exertion of lobbying was one day impressed upon our minds in an interesting manner. A friendly Representative from a Middle-Western state kindly volunteered to go around with us to the offices for a couple of hours. At the end of the first hour he was very droopy. At the end of the second hour he frankly confessed that he could do no more. 'You ladies surely have got good heads on you; but what I want to know is, how in thunder can your feet stand it?' We had been working for five hours before we met him.

That was the day we found the pedestal — that old-fashioned, uncomfortable piece of furniture on which a certain type of man is accustomed to place all women. We had previously thought that the pedestal was lost forever; but there it was, in the possession of an elderly gentleman with a face like a cameo and the manners of a Chesterfield. When we could politely leave, after listening to a long dissertation on the glories of his state, and the virtues of the homekeeping women thereof, our weary Congressman said dryly, 'I wonder if he uses any of that stuff on the scrubwomen who will be around here pretty soon?'

One young man, in response to our query as to his views on suffrage, rose

to his feet, and majestically waved his arm toward the corner of the room, where stood the usual enormous desk. 'That,' he declaimed, 'is what I believe in!' I decided at last that he was referring to a large, framed photograph which stood on the desk. It was a likeness of a woman and child, and I ventured timidly that 'She looked like a good suffragist.' 'Suffragist!' he roared; '*she* is a *wife* and a *mother*!'

In the corridor my companion said, 'What do we do when they are like that?' 'We come again,' I replied.

Another young man was argumentative along the old familiar home-keeping line. In my reply, I touched upon the handling of garbage as surely being within a woman's kingdom. He became at once quite excited, and said, 'I think ladies are much too fine to go smelling around garbage-cans!' We found later that his family name was intimately connected with a gar-

bage-reduction scandal in his own state, and therefore my allusion had been most unfortunate.

We are so accustomed to the usual stock arguments against woman suffrage, that the replies come automatically; they are card-indexed in the brain, as it were. But occasionally we encounter an argument so overwhelming that it leaves us speechless.

One large statesman, in response to our query, said, 'I have a mother to whom I am most deeply attached, and for that reason I am unalterably opposed to woman suffrage!'

There seemed to be no adequate reply.

Through these varied experiences the woman is beginning to lose a little of that awe with which she has been taught to regard a statesman, and the statesman is coming to understand that even a gentle, voteless female may possess potentialities for political embarrassment.

THE PUBLISHER

BY ELLA M. SMITH

THE singing white-throat poured my gladness out,
 And spread my golden wonder through the trees,
 That day when Love burned the dead leaves of doubt,
 And sifted sorrow's ashes to the breeze.
 My soul sat in her sunshine by the door
 While her sweet spokesman told it o'er and o'er.

THE ACCIDENT OF WAR

BY ALBERT KINROSS

I

THEY had come upon it in the evening — a long, low house, too beautiful for words. Roses blew on its walls, the windows were leaded and oddly shaped, a stream ran through the garden. Mary had put her face to one window and John was peering through another. They shouted their discoveries, breathless, and like two children caught up by a game.

‘A chimney-corner with inglenooks and iron dogs,’ shouted Mary, ‘and beams all over the ceiling.’

‘Mine’s got beams,’ answered John, ‘and paneling, and a carved fireplace—’

‘Here’s the best room,’ shouted Mary, ‘with a long window so that you can step out, and real old stenciled wall-paper; and some one’s carved his name on a brick — “Nicolas, 1628.”’ She spelled it aloud for him and added the date.

‘There’s a ladder in the kitchen,’ he repaid her; ‘goes up into a bedroom, I suspect; and a pump, and a red brick floor, and great hooks to hang hams on — I suppose it’s hams.’

Thus they circled the house, proclaiming its glories, with no one to listen except the birds and the tinkling stream. It stood all silent, it made no answer, secure in its beauty, its age, and its stored memories. It seemed to them even a little ghostly as the shadows disappeared and they two were alone with it and the green, sheep-dotted meadows.

They passed out at the low white

gate, they took the path uphill, they reached a second gate, and so came to a lane that gave on the road and a vague village. Their fly was waiting for them at the inn.

‘It’s ours,’ said Mary. She had said so once before.

‘I’ll buy it,’ answered John.

Next day, however, they discovered that you could n’t ‘buy it’ without taking over the rest of the estate, which ran to some six-thousand-odd acres and was not actually in the market. The agent smiled as he explained the situation. But Horner’s was to let, he said.

He mentioned the rental. John and Mary agreed that it was ridiculous.

Horner’s, they discovered, was what is known in England as an ‘odd farmhouse.’ Every farm had its dwelling-house that went with the land, and if a farmer held more than a single farm, he would also hold a superfluity of houses. That was why Horner’s was to let. Mr. Harrowby and his family preferred the other house — a modern one. That same afternoon John and Mary called on Mr. Harrowby.

He was expecting them, for John had been lavish with wires.

‘Of course it’s only a farmhouse, and a very old one at that,’ he said tentatively. He could n’t quite understand this couple — they looked like gentlefolk. He had expected a man with an interest in chickens, — at Horner’s, of course, you might keep chickens, — or a retired couple who would eke out a tiny income by filling the house with

summer boarders. But these two — they were something beyond him.

‘Of course, if you keep a dog, it must n’t worry my sheep in the lambing season,’ he was saying. ‘You understand that?’

They understood everything. They wanted now to see the inside of Horner’s, and each had vowed to the other not to go into audible raptures for fear the man would put the rent up; and, for the same reason, they had agreed to conceal the fact that they were Americans.

Horner’s, inside, was all and more than it had promised. Such dear rooms, no two alike! And none were square or rigid as in a modern house, and every hall and every lobby and every passage had its character. Mr. Harrowby bumped his head coming down the single flight of stairs; but then, he was very tall and had not looked out. They would look out.

There was no bath or bathroom, but one could be made; the water came here, boring under the meadow.

Mr. Harrowby apologized for countless drawbacks. He did n’t think Horner’s would suit them.

‘Perhaps not,’ they answered. It was the moment to knock a pound or two off that ridiculous rental; yet neither of them had the nerve, they confessed afterwards.

‘If you were keeping chickens or took in boarders,’ said Mr. Harrowby, ‘there’s an acre of land round the house and I could let you have part of the meadow.’

They were in the coach-house now, and looking over the three-stall stable. John had thought out a place for the bathroom, and so had Mary. Luckily it was the same place.

‘All right,’ said John suddenly, ‘I’ll take it. If it’s a failure it’s a failure, and not much harm done.’

Mr. Harrowby seemed relieved.

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‘I don’t mind papering the good rooms,’ he said.

Mary could see his idea of papering; and he was n’t going to touch that old stenciling of white and lavender!

‘Of course, we choose,’ she snapped.

‘Certainly,’ he assented guardedly, ‘if it’s not too expensive.’

So they settled it, and left him wondering. The agent would do the rest and John’s bank was a reference.

Mr. Harrowby saw them to their fly; and next they were alone with plans that included furnishing, and heaps of pots and china and candlesticks — it would take them months and months.

‘Not a word — not a word did I say,’ began Mary, ‘about those old brass finger-plates — on every door they were — they want rubbing up.’

‘And I cursed the heavenly closets that are going to save us buying wardrobes. Did you see the hooks and shelves in them?’

‘And the dresser in the kitchen — all oak, and lovely and neglected?’

‘And the paneling and the carving in the room we’re going to quarrel over?’

‘And did you mark my English accent?’

‘It was spotty,’ answered John.

‘It was,’ she agreed. ‘I kept on forgetting.’

And that is how John and Mary Callendar came to take Horner’s.

II

John was an only son and did no work worth mentioning. His father, he would explain, had worked enough for both. It was true, literally and figuratively. There was no special reason why John should continue to waste a lifetime in a New York office, and so, Mary aiding and abetting, they had come abroad. This absence was their honeymoon, and already, when

they took Horner's, it had lasted several years. They had lived in Paris, in Greece, in Italy, and they had spent the bygone spring in London. The train from Dover had given them a glimpse of England. 'Let's settle here for a while,' John had said, looking out of the carriage window; and Mary had agreed. Old houses grew in that park-like country, and they had determined to fasten on one of these. Not a big one, that would own them, but a small, manageable place like Horner's. Its dozen rooms would be more than they wanted, and here, for a few years, they would make a home — their very own and not some one else's, a real place into which they fitted. To-day, installed, they felt like one of those collectors whose choicest treasure was bought for half-a-crown. The house itself was their bargain, though at auction sales and on countless expeditions there had been others.

They said nothing to Mr. Harrowby, the unconscious victim, but privately they crowed over it. They grew into Horner's; little by little they took possession; and, as they had foreseen, its furnishing and arranging was the occupation of a year.

Yet no one else seemed to love it. Instead of a Rembrandt or a Velasquez, your ordinary man would sooner live with a Peter Smith. Old houses, too, they learned, are an acquired taste and one that comes only with a little knowledge. The tradespeople who called had a dubious air, a polite contemptuousness; and the two servants, a married bumpkin couple, lamented the inaccessibility of the house and its lack of those tawdry elements which they approved — florid wall-papers, florid furniture, whitewashed ceilings. In England, outside the urban radii, the past and all its fine achievement had been forgotten, and the rustic mind longed for the obvious that sprawled,

all red-brick and window-glass, a sight for gapers looking through a painted railing.

John and Mary got a second married couple, this time from London. These loved the house.

And, incidentally, they had discovered that Horner's placed them. Socially, it should be understood. Their neighbors called, — the vicar first, a shrewd, foreseeing man who declared them harmless and eligible, assessed their income at a glance, and the contributions that might be levied thereon without a strain. Next came the 'church-workers,' with subscription lists, desiccated women for whom love was not. The previous tenant of Horner's had always given five shillings, they said. And after these streamed some very minor gentry, blandly condescending. The vicar had reported and John and Mary were given their due place, no more, no less. They learned the order of that rustic hierarchy, where every one lived to the utmost limit of his income and a bit over. So might you know just who and what they were. The ladies of captains, majors, and colonels well retired, drove up to the front gate and left their cards; and one day came the pseudo-squire and his lady, the ancient legendary squires being broken and dispersed. This fellow, the romantic son of a London bill-broker deceased, acted the part with a cheery realism.

And over all that landscape brooded the Estate, whose marquis owned everything and everybody — the village, the farms, the houses, big and little. The man was absent and an agent ruled for him. His palace and his park — you could see them from Horner's — were let to a financier whom no one knew, a kind of mammoth who occasionally escaped the London jungles: he brought his own friends, he lived his own life, he was invisible.

III

The postman had left three letters for Mary. The first two did not matter, but the third was all important. It was from Frances Cowley and bulging with the news.

There were happenings in New York, happenings in Philadelphia, happenings in Boston, and a series of the liveliest personalities, about relatives and common friends and interesting new people. There was the young man to whom Mattie Harper had become engaged, and the German professor who had stayed with the Denholms, and the Louisville girl Chris Harrison was so mad about. Frances was ever a faithful correspondent, and it seemed that Mary could hold her own; for on the last page of all stood a definite announcement; Mary digested it and passed it across to John.

'You won't mind, dear,' it said. 'Mr. Gale, the publisher, was dining with us the other evening, and after dinner I read your last letter aloud — it had just come in. They are always so delightful, those descriptions of your life over there, of your neighbors, the house and garden, and the village, and this last letter was positively brilliant. Mr. Gale, Aunt Susan, mother, Mr. Heron and I were there. Nobody else. Naturally, I skipped all the really personal bits; but the rest — they got it all. When I had done, Mr. Gale said, "Have you any more like it?" Of course, I've a whole deskful. I fetched one or two others and read *them*. Mr. Gale grew quite serious. "I'm going to make a book of these," he said, "*Elizabeth and her English Garden* — something of that sort.' We were all delighted with the idea, and so will you be. The book is coming out in the new year, before the rush. Mr. Gale will attend to everything, provided it has my approval. He is sending you a

contract as soon as ever he gets ready. Have I been rash? Tell me, dear, and don't spare me.'

'That's just like Frances,' said Mary.

'It'll be rather a lark,' said John. He knew those letters — they were among the most amusing things that ever occurred at Horner's. 'If no one here sees them,' he added thoughtfully, 'there'll be no harm done.'

'Of course,' said Mary, 'when they get published, it won't be under any name. And then it's only in America. No one here knows anything about America; they'd never heard of it nor met one until we came.'

The contract arrived the week after, and Mary was to get fifteen cents on every copy sold. She signed it blindly. 'I'll spend the money, if there is any, on the garden,' she said. She had visions of really expensive bulbs, which so far she had denied herself, and of Alpine plants for her rockery. Not knowing how long they were going to stay at Horner's, she had hitherto restricted such extravagances. Now, if her letters about the place brought in money, the things would have paid for themselves.

She corrected her proof-sheets, which came promptly, and she was very careful to see that every name was a long way from the right name, and to mix up all the houses so that no one would ever guess that the Hall stood for the Grange or the Gables for Woodlands. The book, of course, might leak out, — you could never tell, — and she wished to hurt nobody's feelings, although some of them had not spared hers. The women were rather spiteful, she discovered, seeing them over again and in the lump.

'I guess that's because we're different,' John commented. 'We don't conform; we laugh and cry in the wrong places.'

In December following, Mr. Gale,

the publisher, startled John and Mary with a second announcement.

'You will be glad to hear,' he wrote enthusiastically, 'that your book will appear simultaneously in England and in America. I have succeeded in placing it with one of the very biggest London houses. It is quite a triumph for a first book. . . .'

There would be more money from this source, he ended; and, when John and Mary examined the contract, they found that he was acting entirely and scrupulously within his rights.

'All the names have been changed,' cried Mary. 'There's nothing by which they can identify the author or the place or anything.'

'Anyway, they never read a book,' said John.

'No, they're hopeless,' answered Mary. She had seldom met with an illiteracy such as prevailed about this countryside. It was appalling; it was ghastly; she had often wondered who the English were who did things. They were none of them here. They must have gone away to the cities or overseas.

The book came out in the first week of February. It was bound in a bright and skyey blue, and on the cover in pure gold stood: 'Two in England.' Nothing more. This title was the handiwork of Mr. Gale.

IV

Till Easter it remained their secret, — the book, the whole excitement of paragraphs, cuttings, and reviews. The London publishers sent on these details, and Mr. Gale followed with a parallel assemblage, hardly so polite. It was the despised English who understood and who applauded Mary Calendar. The critics in the towns, it seemed, saw eye to eye with her. They knew this ground, had probably es-

caped its littlenesses. The beauty of it they touched freshly, just as she.

The Americans, she fancied, had no real interest in a life remote from theirs and possibly antagonistic to it. They seemed to say that John and Mary had abandoned a progressive country for something shadowy and unreal. May be it was true, but that had hardly been her object; and, after all, it was Mr. Gale's fault. *She* had n't dreamed of publication. Privately she received letters that were far more appreciative. A quiet public seemed to like her, though the press notices took her to task.

'It's their duty,' said John, to whom the book was dedicated. 'Some day we'll go back and be truly useful citizens.' He drew her to him as he spoke, and she knew his meaning. Their children, when they came, would be good Americans, though, for the nonce, the parents might be straying.

It was not till after Easter that the book came to Elmsford — to Elmsford village, to Elmsford town, to all that countryside which it illuminated.

There was an intelligent greengrocer in Elmsford and he began it; a great reader he was and shrewd in observation. He passed the news along, and his many recognitions of the local notables. And now the book sailed gayly down the High Street and the rumor of it spread in tradesmen's carts that called for orders. Next it reached the servants' quarters — by what processes is unrecorded; and thence it was but a step to higher ground.

Mary had hardly reckoned on the greengrocer, or on this literate middle rank outside her social purview. She discovered subsequently that behind these cautious shop-fronts lay half the brains of England and most of its ambitions. At present, however, she was occupied with polite evasions.

There were the vicar and the vicar's

wife, two of her pet characters. They called expressly, because they wanted to know. Really, there could be no doubt, in spite of the change of names, for in three of the letters stood glaring records of things that had *actually happened*. Mary had seen only the humor of them at the time; to-day they wore the face of Tragedy.

She had, for instance, given a full and particular account of the vicar's difference with the strong-minded church-worker; a truly feline and ferocious argument, which, though conducted in public and with all regard for the proprieties, had startled three committees and overflowed into the columns of the parish magazine. The lady had triumphed; the vicar had retired. And then there was the story of how the vicar's wife had appropriated the six pots of plum-jam that were left over from the bazaar, brazenly annexed them, and served them out at tea; and here too were her simply inhuman views on servant girls and their young men, and a report of John's altruistic debate with the vicar on the same burning topic.

When this couple had gone, politely yet firmly evaded, John went up to the village on an errand that involved a word with Mr. Hicks, the village carpenter.

He found Mr. Hicks possessed of the book and lending it out at twopence a time to daily readers. 'I hope you're making as much money out of it as I am,' said Mr. Hicks.

Guiltily John returned, yet inwardly guffawing. That evening he and Mary held the volume in review. They had thought that they had been careful, but their nationality was specified, the district was indicated, and in one place Mary had written John, meaning her husband, who was ordinarily allowed the bare initial. They found four more slips of a like nature. The retired civil

servant who boasted so of his pedigree and lived at the Hermitage was actually given intact if one omitted his surname; and so were most of the minor characters, — shepherds and ploughmen, gardeners and washerwomen, and boys taken on for odd jobs from the village. There could be no mistaking them. They realized at last that in that limited world every individual stood out clear and characteristic, though possibly the beauty and the continuity of that still life were hardly visible to those who made it.

'We're in for it,' said Mary; 'and I can't stop it.'

Stop it, indeed! Why, only yesterday the London publisher had written to congratulate his author on a fourth impression. All over England Mary was being read, but here she had more than the topicality of the local newspaper.

V

There were hostile glances for John and Mary, or else a pained silence that preceded the cut direct. Never had their lives been so peaceful; the perfunctory calls and callers had vanished, leaving them free to make their garden, now approaching radiance, and John was mastering the rudiments of cricket, a game that first puzzled and then engrossed.

In the village itself and among the people their going and coming evoked sympathetic grins. 'Them's the two wot did it,' Mary might have heard; and from John, who moved more freely and with less caution, she gathered that she had become the spokesman of a whole feudality. In countless ways she learned that she had but said aloud what these others whispered, and that it was only the 'quality,' whose conventions she had defied or challenged, who bore her an undying grudge. She had not thought of

them at all, save as objects in a landscape; and this made her crime the more offensive, and possibly the truer and heartier to the taste.

'If they only had a sense of humor,' groaned John.

'But they have n't,' answered Mary; 'and did n't I say it, and resay it, and say it all over again?'

In the lull that followed, the situation gained a clearer outline. The newcomers were to be outcast and sent to Coventry till further orders. So John read it, and found it not unnatural.

'We've sinned against the immemorial instincts of the herd,' he said.

And then one day, taking the big chestnut out for a gallop across the downs, he ran into Topham-Brooke, late of the Scarlet Lancers, riding a bright roan with a speaking head.

The two gentlemen had a hunting-field acquaintance.

'Halloa, young feller, I hear you've done it!' shouted the major, almost before there had been a recognition.

'Done what?' asked John, genuinely at a loss.

'That book of Mrs. Callendar's,' pursued the major. 'My wife and I — we sat up half the night and roared over it. So jolly well written, too — but why were n't you more careful?'

'We were as careful as we knew how.'

'But you did n't know enough, eh, Callendar?'

'Seems not,' said John. 'Really, we did n't mean to hurt anybody.'

Next they fell to discussing the horse, — a passion they held in common, — too technically for further report.

'You'll be out again in September, in spite of the book,' laughed the major. 'You're keeping two hunters?'

'Three,' corrected John.

'Lucky devil! I can't afford more than one — Oh, yes, I borrow.'

'Borrow one of mine,' said John, 'if you're ever in need.'

'Thanks awfully,' said the major; and then he laughed again. 'I say,' he began; and for a moment he hesitated.

'What do you say?' asked John.

'Well, if Mrs. Callendar'll go round on her hands and knees and say she's sorry, and hand the profits over to the vicar's coal club and Mrs. Tremlett's Christmas tree or something, and stop that book of hers and abolish it altogether, there'll be no more said and you'll be asked to tea again and all forgiven. So my wife tells me. She heard 'em say so. Those are the terms. They seemed to think it likely. Can't say I agreed. Rum lot up at Elmsford — too many retired noodles. Must n't judge England quite by that sample. You know there are places in America — in the South and East — damned dull. Oh, I've been there — buying remounts during the Boer War — all the men gone, only old women.'

'I wish you'd move and live at Elmsford,' said John, laughing.

'Roydon's bad enough, but I farm my little place — gives me something to think about besides art and literature. I must be going — Bye-bye, Callendar. Er — your lady won't mind if we come in some day for a cup of tea?' And away he went, bronzed, breezy, and riding an excellent seat.

John watched him.

'Those are the terms,' he reflected. 'Mary down on her hands and knees and in a white sheet!'

VI

Though the major might hardly be described as an emissary, it was certain that the two offenders were to be given a chance. Not much of a chance, as such things went, but, surely, as much of a one as they deserved. The respite ended with the June quarter-day, when there arrived Mr. Dan Harrowby from whom they had taken Horner's.

John met him in the garden, and they had their chat striding to and fro across the lawn.

Mr. Harrowby was manifestly uneasy. He apologized and cleared the way before he began. But at last he got started. It was not his fault, it was the estate, — more especially the agent of the estate, — who had been quite firm; and there was also a petition, a kind of round-robin, got up by the local notables. In brief, he had received orders to find another and less versatile tenant.

For a moment John wondered whether this could be true, or whether it were not a case of Mr. Harrowby's ultimate realization that he had almost presented them with Horner's. Mary had said so in the book.

'If it's a matter of money,' he answered, 'we might come to terms.'

But no, it was not a matter of money. And next John remembered that there was a passage, something about insanitary cottages, which the estate might take to itself.

'So that's it!' said John. 'I get a half-year's notice, don't I?'

'If you like to give it me — I thought *you* might like to be the one. That's why I came as soon as I was sure. Book or no book, I don't hold with this,' concluded Mr. Harrowby.

It was only after he had gone and was well across the meadow that John and Mary quite realized what his visit had meant.

'They can't make us apologize and so they want to kick us out,' said John.

'We'll go when we get ready.'

'And not a day before.'

John's face was drawn, determined. It was not for nothing that he was the son of old Mike Callendar, who had broken railroads in America and had fought with wilder, vaster, and more ominous foes than an absentee marquis and his estate.

VII

The major had called and brought his lady. 'We've tried to pacify 'em,' he announced, 'but they're out for blood. Olive's tackled them and I've tackled them.'

'Ridiculous!' cried Olive Brooke.

John listened, feeling that he and Mary had done more. He was newly returned from London; and, 'I'm game,' Mary had told him as he left, 'even if it means an income small enough to stay on here and all our savings thrown out of the window.'

'It'll mean exchanging six per cent for three and a lock-up till we've shown these people.'

'I think we'll turn a few of them out, starting with the agent; and I'll take over all the cottages and put them in good repair.'

'And then they'll say you're gifted but eccentric — "such a charming woman, but totally and utterly mad!"'

'You think they'll forgive us?'

'Lord, they'd forgive us murder if we owned the Estate!'

By now it will be clear that certain retaliatory measures were being devised at Horner's. John, 'keeping himself to himself,' had early discovered that the marquis might be induced to sell; that this young man, indeed, stood in a perpetual want of ready money, and that, given a sufficient temptation, he, or, rather, his advisers, would be glad to part with the estate. Originally John had feared that the marquis, like so many of his peers, might possess only a life interest.

Thus far had our two Americans arrived toward the close of that July, little dreaming that their plans, like so many myriads of others, depended, not on holdings and investments, but on the War Lords of this earth.

It came home to them on the Sunday — the second of August, 1914, to

be precise. They were playing a round of croquet, taking good care to avoid the stream, when Major Topham-Brooke motored up post-haste and leaped out of his car.

'What's all this war-talk, major?' John received him.

'Do tell us about it,' added Mary.

'I'm afraid it is n't talk,' he answered gravely. 'Those two hunters of yours — I've come to buy them.'

'I've three,' said John, incredulous, but with an involuntary tremor.

'We'll call 'em two,' said Brooke.

Then only did John and Mary realize that it might come; that it was moving like a storm from far-off valleys.

There was the lawn, decked out for tea with linen and silver; the peace of God was hallowing meadow and blue sky; the uncut corn was standing, ruddy-golden, on the hillside; and all this horror —

'Are you serious?' asked John.

'Government orders — here's my cheque-book,' answered the major. 'I'm sorry. I go back to the old regiment as soon as I'm through here.' He hesitated. He met Mary's eye, and she met his. 'Look after Olive a bit,' he added, 'if you can spare the time. She's got to run the place — the two youngsters'll be back from school. I've got a girl and a boy, you know —'

Poor Mary was close to tears. She had never realized that living in Europe might mean this; and she liked the Brookes — and then, a girl and a boy —

'We'll do anything, John,' she said, 'anything for these people!'

The major was in his car again.

'Good luck to you!' he cried; and 'Good luck!' waved John and Mary.

It was the last they ever saw of him. He fell at Soissons.

VIII

August was gone, and after it September. About midway through October Mary received a fat cheque for the book.

'Bulbs?' said John. He was half awake, having barely come off night duty. From three to six that morning he had patrolled the Dover Road. Like most of his neighbors he had joined the special police, releasing the regulars and younger men now called out to the war.

Mary fingered her earnings.

'Some of it's for Belgians,' she said, 'and a part of it's for shirts and socks, and I'll double what I gave to our Wounded Fund. It'll be a surprise for the vicarage people. We've a Red Cross meeting at eleven, and a working party at four.'

'I think we've surprised the vicarage people enough. I'd stick to bulbs,' he teased her.

'And you've a committee at twelve — District Relief. Oh, John, who'd have thought it — we're growing quite popular!'

'But we have n't bought the estate — and now it is n't likely. Pearce, the agent, says it'll be mutiny and desertion if we go. We talked it over at five this morning, shivering together and swapping sandwiches. I rather like Pearce. He said it was difficult to understand Americans, but now they knew us. "You've got to stay," he ended; "I'll make it right with Harrowby."'

'Just like the vicar,' mused Mary, 'only he hopes *we* understand *them* better. Their boy is in the Navy. I'm working a sweater for the little chap,' she pursued. 'Such a small size, John; and she tried so hard to keep cheerful when she gave me the measurements. But, then, they're all alike.'

Mary unfolded her cheque a third

time. 'I'll tell them where it came from,' she added, 'and that it belongs to Elmsford.'

She found her hat, and presently she disappeared.

John overtook her in the lane as they returned, in the same spot where they had first clapped eyes on Horner's. The house stood ringed with autumn, snug and beautiful, the wood-smoke rising from its chimneys, the dahlias

massed in clumps behind the stream. An aeroplane passed overhead, steering for France — to what strife, to what ruin, they could but guess.

'Well?' he said, with an arm about her.

'I'm poor again, but honest,' she laughed, 'and I've made quite a sensation. There was n't one of them that did n't press me to go home and write another book!'

THE PASSER-BY

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

STEP lightly across the floor,
And somewhat more tender be.

There were many that passed my door,
Many that sought after me.
I gave them the passing word —
Ah, why did I give thee more?
I gave thee what could not be heard,
What had not been given before;
The beat of my heart I gave. . . .
And I give thee this flower on my grave.

My face in the flower thou mayst see.
Step lightly across the floor.

SOME POLITICAL PHASES OF GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP

BY SAMUEL O. DUNN

I

THERE has been a revival lately of proposals for and discussion of government ownership in the United States. Congress within recent years has enacted legislation creating postal savings banks and a parcel post; and former Postmaster-General Hitchcock advocated government purchase of the telegraph lines. An act for government construction of railroads in Alaska has been passed. Senator Kenyon of Iowa has proposed that Congress create a commission to investigate the results of public ownership of railroads abroad. A committee of post-office officials lately reported in favor of acquiring the telephone lines. And Senator Kenyon and Senator Martine of New Jersey, after serving on the committee which investigated the strike, in 1913, in the coal-mines of West Virginia, reported in favor of government acquisition of all coal-mines, to prevent such strikes.

The people favored the postal-savings-bank and parcel-post laws. They may have approved government construction of railroads in Alaska, although few had considered the question on its merits. Doubtless but a small minority has studied the expediency of such gigantic projects as purchase and operation of telegraphs, telephones, railways, and coal-mines. But the fact that prominent public men do make such proposals is significant.

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They usually know what ideas have taken root in the public mind, and what it is prepared to receive. Most Americans still mistrust state enterprise. But the feeling is not so strong as formerly. Unless a good case shall be made against public ownership, sentiment may crystallize in favor of state telephones, telegraphs, railways, and mines. The continuance of private ownership even of farms is not certain. The movement for the single tax is in its essence a movement for the public ownership of land.

In view of these facts, serious discussion of the probable results of state socialism under the conditions in the United States is pertinent. The effects of the nationalization of merely the great public-service enterprises, such as the telephone, telegraph, and railway systems, would be numerous and important enough. Still more varied, numerous, and momentous would be the results if the coal-mines also should be made public property.

One of the important questions raised is whether government ownership and management would increase or reduce the economic cost of production. The government can raise capital cheaper than private corporations. But the government would manage as well as own. Would its management be so efficient as to conserve the saving in the cost of capital? If government management were efficient, and the cost of production were reduced, it

would be possible to improve the services rendered, reduce rates or prices, raise wages, and improve working conditions, or turn profits into the public treasury. If government management were inefficient the results would be of an opposite character.

Thirty-three years ago an Italian government commission made a most thorough investigation of public ownership of railroads, and reached several important conclusions. One was that under government ownership, 'politics,' as President Hadley phrased it, 'would corrupt the railroad management and the railroad management would corrupt politics.' This would cut the public with a two-edged sword. Political influence would cause the government industries to be ill-managed. Nothing else is so fatal as such influence to the efficient management of state enterprises. And if the state management should become a factor in politics, then politics would be demoralized. No influence holding a greater menace to free institutions could be injected into politics than the influence of government departments which controlled the expenditure of billions of dollars annually and employed millions of voters.

Most of the concerns the nationalization of which is suggested render 'public services.' Therefore, under private ownership, they must secure franchises from the public, and are subject to government control and regulation. In connection with this control and regulation various questions of public policy arise which often get more or less into politics. One is, what rates the concerns shall charge. Another is, what improvements and extensions they shall be allowed or required to make, and on what terms. Still another, is the conditions under which they may require their employees to work. In some cases the wages they shall pay have

nearly got into politics. Under government ownership, questions of similar character regarding all of the nationalized industries might be drawn into politics.

II

In the consideration of the rates or prices of a concern regulated or managed by government, controversies and antagonisms spring up between different classes of buyers of goods or service, who think that unfair discrimination is practiced as between them. They develop between different communities which think that they are not equitably dealt with. They spring up and become embittered between those who sell the goods or service and those who buy them.

In many cases the questions raised by such controversies and antagonisms have, under private ownership, become issues in politics in the United States. The public-service companies have tried to defeat or minimize public regulation by seeking to control the nomination and election, and the subsequent official action, of lawmakers and other public servants. The public-service companies which have used these methods have not alone been at fault. Sometimes they have employed them to prevent 'strike' legislation. Sometimes the campaign contributions and bribes which they have given have been blackmail.

In time the public found that regulation by mere legislative enactment usually is either futile or harmful. Experience taught it that the way to take public-service corporations out of politics, and at the same time to make regulation effective, was to delegate the work of regulation to administrative commissions. The increase of regulation, and the change of its form, have reduced the influence of the public-service companies over politics, and seem

to have shown that they can be used to destroy it.

While the public-service companies have ceased in most places to be an important factor in politics, politics, unfortunately, has continued to be a factor in the regulation of their rates as well as of other features of their business. But the extent to which politics influences state regulation has declined, while so completely has regulation of interstate rates been turned over to the Interstate Commerce Commission that it has almost ceased to be a factor in national politics.

If the railways, telegraph and telephone systems, and other industries whose interstate operations are now regulated by the Interstate Commerce Commission were acquired by the government, the fixing of their rates might be left in the hands of the Commission. But whether this would be done is questionable. The government charges the people for carrying their letters, newspapers, and other mail; and the question has been raised whether the rates, especially for second-class mail, are reasonable; but the government has never had an expert and impartial investigation of the subject made by the Interstate Commerce Commission or any similar body. The government employs the railways to carry the mails, as passengers and shippers employ them to carry them and their goods. But the government does not submit the reasonableness of its mail-pay rates to the Interstate Commerce Commission, as the reasonableness of passenger and freight rates must be submitted to it. The rates for which the railways must carry the mails are fixed arbitrarily, and largely on political considerations, by Congress and the Postmaster-General. The law gives the Interstate Commission some authority over the parcel-post rates; but those rates also have been

fixed arbitrarily and on political considerations by Congress and the Postmaster-General. If the telegraph and telephone systems were acquired they would be incorporated into the post-office department, and the control of their rates probably would be withdrawn from the Commission. The authority to fix railway rates doubtless would at first be left with the Commission. But, wherever the rate-making authority might be lodged, it is doubtful whether telephone, telegraph, or railway rates could, under government ownership, be kept out of politics.

Under government ownership the existing limitations on the fixing of rates by public authority would be razed. Chief among these is the constitutional rule prohibiting the making of rates which deprive a company of a fair return. Under this rule, lawmakers and courts must fix rates according to the special conditions of each case. The result is, especially as to railways, that the rates allowed to be charged are much higher in some parts of the country than in others; in the west and south than in the east. Under government ownership the dominant part of the public could have rates fixed in any way that wisdom, caprice, political expediency, or selfish interest might suggest. For it would always be possible, if any body to which the rate-making authority was delegated should refuse to make rates as any section or class wished, to appeal to Congress. Congress could require the recalcitrant regulating body to be reorganized, or could abolish it, as it abolished the Commerce Court when that court's decisions did not suit it. Or Congress might lay down new principles according to which the regulating body must act; or prescribe whole schedules of rates itself.

Now, it is very likely that under government ownership the people of

the parts of the country where rates are relatively high would demand that their rates be made as low as the lowest. But if this were done, the earnings of the government railways would be heavily reduced. Losses would result which would have to be met by taxation of the entire public. Therefore, the people of the more populous and industrially developed sections very likely would resist the demands of other sections for reductions of rates. This would raise an issue over which bitter political struggles might be fought. Political struggles have resulted from similar causes even in Germany, where politics exerts less influence on state railway management than anywhere else. In Canada, on the government-owned Intercolonial Railway, the rates are thirty per cent lower than the average on the other railways of the country. Owing to this — and to its uneconomical management — the Intercolonial for years has not earned its interest, and in 1913 did not earn even its operating expenses. Its low rates operate to give a subsidy to the people living along it, which all the people of Canada pay back in taxes. And this subsidy has exerted a more than negligible influence on the results of recent elections in the eastern provinces.

All who use railway or telegraph or telephone service largely, have a motive for seeking to have the rates for the service made low. But it is to the interest of the general public under government ownership to have rates charged that will at least cover operating expenses, depreciation, and interest on the investment. Otherwise, as on the Intercolonial, there results a deficit which must be paid from taxes. In view of this conflict of interest it is easy to see how, under government ownership, the question how high rates in general should be made, or what

rates should be charged this or that large class of users of public services, might become a political issue.

The history of the United States is not devoid of examples of struggles affecting sectional or class interests which have resulted in legislation based, not on scientific and economic, but on political principles. The tariff question, which, while much less complicated and important, is in many ways similar to the railway-rate question, has exerted a corrupting influence on American politics for a century and a quarter. If government ownership of railways, telegraphs, mines, and so forth, should be entered upon, the question what rates and prices should be charged for their services and products probably would add a page to our history similar to that written by the tariff. It is frequently said that under government ownership the fixing of rates for public services would be intrusted to a non-political commission. It is significant that, although long advocated, no such step has been taken to remove the tariff from politics.

III

Under state socialism it would be necessary for Congress to determine, directly or indirectly, what expenditures should be made for increasing and improving the facilities of the state industries, and for carrying on their services. The annual investment in additions to and permanent improvements in the concerns whose properties it is proposed to nationalize, is enormous. Recent years have been a period of relative depression in the railway business in the United States; yet the investment of new capital in the railways alone, during the five years ending June 30, 1913, averaged about \$700,000,000 a year. The similar investment of the American Telephone

& Telegraph Company in its telephone lines amounts to about \$56,000,000 annually. This annual new investment in the Bell system is \$5,000,000 greater than the largest expenditure ever made by the government on rivers and harbors in any year, while the annual new investment in railways is fourteen times the maximum annual appropriation for rivers and harbors, and about equals the total expenditure on rivers and harbors since the foundation of the government. Under normal conditions the new investment made annually by the concerns whose properties it is proposed to nationalize is well over \$1,000,000,000. Under either private or public ownership the amount invested must steadily, and even rapidly, increase, if the services rendered are to keep pace with the demands and needs of the public.

Under private ownership and management it is necessary in many cases for railway, telegraph and telephone, and other public-utility companies to obtain authority from public bodies to make extensions and improvements. In their attempts to secure favorable action, public-service companies have often resorted to improper methods. But in a great majority of instances public-service companies decide upon and make expenditures for their additions and improvements without reference to or effect on politics.

Would it be possible, under public ownership and management, to make extensions and improvements involving an investment of at least one billion dollars annually, with as little effect on politics as is the case under private ownership? Are the expenditures of the government for rivers and harbors and public buildings made regardless of political considerations and without political effect? On the contrary, the appropriations for these purposes, and even those for army posts

and naval yards and stations, influence and are influenced by politics. Repeatedly have high-minded and patriotic public men—such men as United States Senator Theodore E. Burton of Ohio—denounced the grossly wasteful appropriations made by Congress for the political benefit of its members, and spread the disgraceful record before the public.

‘The desire of Congressmen for re-election,’ declared Senator Burton recently, ‘and the local pride of selfish districts frequently occasion indefensible expenditures for both these purposes [the erection of public buildings and improvement of rivers and harbors]. It would hardly be exaggeration to say that one third of our total appropriations for rivers and harbors has been wasted by the extravagant and unscientific system under which they have been applied. . . . By this same system of framing appropriation bills for public buildings, political considerations triumph over the needs of the service and considerations of public economy and efficiency. As a result we have these bills written with an eye to the number of congressional districts in the country rather than to more patriotic considerations.’ It is sometimes said that these abuses are decreasing. ‘The most discouraging feature of this condition,’ declares Senator Burton, ‘is that it seems to be growing worse each year.’¹

In many countries appropriations for government railways have played the same kind of part in politics that appropriations for some public purposes play now in the United States. In the earlier history of railways a number of lines were built by individual states in this country. In every instance evidence was afforded that under government ownership politics

¹ Article in the *Saturday Evening Post*, January 3, 1914.

is likely to corrupt the railroad management and the railroad management to corrupt politics. The experience of North Carolina is typical. The North Carolina Railroad, which was built by the state, began at Goldsboro and was laid out in the form of a horseshoe, which disregarded both physical and traffic considerations. Its historian explains that unless the road 'had gone to the home of Governor Morehead, had passed by Hillsboro, the home of Secretary of the Navy, Governor, and United States Senator Graham, and other distinguished men, had taken in the state capital in its route, and terminated in the midst of the descendants of the signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, it could not have come into existence at all!' 'So long,' he adds, 'as the state attempted to operate it, the political factions along its route had to be appeased by seats in its directorate, and favors more or less discriminating were a necessity both to individuals and to influential centres.'¹

Expenditures on the railways always have been used more or less to influence political results in Australia and New Zealand. When New Zealand began railway construction in the seventies the government had a comprehensive plan for the development of the lines. 'But from every part of the country arose a clamor for a fair share in the public expenditure, and the appropriations were doled out to more than thirty different districts with undue regard to political influences.'² To these perversions of the original plan

¹ 'State Ownership in North Carolina,' by T. B. Womack, formerly Judge of the Supreme Court of that state, in *World's Work*, December, 1906.

² 'Railways in New Zealand,' by James Edward LeRossignol and William Downie Stewart. *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, August, 1909.

has been attributed the financial failure of the state railways of New Zealand.

The most recent example of the kind is afforded by Canada. It was decided by the Dominion Parliament that another transcontinental railway should be built. It was determined to turn it over for operation to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company. The construction of the eastern part, known as the National Transcontinental Railway, was, however, undertaken by the government itself, and delegated to the 'National Transcontinental Railway Commission.' In its earlier life this commission had no member with railway experience. Progress with its work being unsatisfactory, the government in 1913 created another commission to investigate it. In January, 1914, this commission, of which the general manager of the government-owned Intercolonial was chairman, reported that the National Transcontinental Commission had wasted at least \$40,000,000, and made numerous detailed allegations regarding expenditures dictated by political considerations or by something worse. It charged that the part of the line in New Brunswick, which cost \$35,000,000, was unnecessary and that it was built to placate the supporters of the government east of Quebec. It stated that the original estimate of the cost of the National Transcontinental was \$61,415,000; that the expenditures to September, 1911, had reached \$109,000,000; and that the estimates then made indicated that the final cost would be \$161,300,000.

In view of such experience in this and other countries, how can anybody doubt that, without a complete revolution in American politics, the appropriations for additions to and improvements in the railways and other large public utilities would, under government ownership here, be made largely

with an eye to politics? How can we assume that communities which now demand appropriations for the 'improvement' of little streams which can never be navigated, would not, under government ownership, insist that their representatives and senators get them 'their share' of appropriations for the construction of new railway lines, regardless of the welfare of the nation as a whole? How can we assume that towns and cities which demand appropriations for public buildings the cost of which is utterly disproportionate to the population and business served, would not under government ownership demand that their Congressmen get appropriations for railway stations whose cost would be utterly disproportionate to the population and business accommodated?

If public men cannot, or will not, resist the demands made on them now, how can we assume that they could and would resist the new and larger demands that would be made on them then? And if the relatively small appropriations for public buildings and rivers and harbors play such havoc in our politics now, what would be the effect produced by the relatively enormous appropriations which would be made under government ownership of telegraphs, telephones, coal-mines, and railways, for the improvement and development of these properties?

In the construction and operation of railways, telegraph and telephone systems, and mines, it is necessary for the managements, whether state or private, to have many business dealings with contracting, manufacturing, and mercantile concerns. The manufacture and sale of railway equipment and supplies alone constitutes one of the largest industries in America. Billions are invested in it; and the number of men employed almost, if not quite, equals the number employed by the

railways. There sometimes is graft in new construction and in the purchase of equipment and supplies under both private and state ownership. But there is no politics in them under private ownership, while there almost certainly would be under public ownership.

The promise of tariff legislation that would benefit them has always been used by one of our political parties to catch the votes of numerous large concerns and their employees. Under government ownership the argument that one party was more disposed than another to make large expenditures which would increase the business of equipment and supply-manufacturing concerns, might be used very effectively to attract the support of these concerns and their workmen. The commission which investigated the construction of the National Transcontinental Railway by the Canadian government charged that contracts had been let for the specific purpose of influencing national elections, and in one case even a local election in Quebec.

We have seen how large are the expenditures for improvements and extensions in the industries which it is proposed to nationalize. The expenditures for equipment and supplies used in them in the ordinary course of operation and maintenance are probably equally large. These latter outlays for the railways amount to \$700,000,000 annually; for the telegraph and telephone systems to about \$100,000,000 annually. If any considerable part of these sums should under government ownership be so laid out as to influence politics the results would be demoralizing.

IV

From a political standpoint, the most important phase of the question of government ownership is the effect which would be produced by the trans-

fer of millions of voters from private to public employment. The following table gives the numbers of employees in the civil service of the government, and of those in the service of the steam railways, electric railways, and express, telephone, telegraph, and coal-mining companies respectively, in the years mentioned: —

Steam railways, 1913	1,850,000	employees
Coal-mines, 1913	730,000	"
Government civil service, 1912	396,000	"
Telephone and telegraph companies, 1912	260,000	"
Electric railways, 1907	250,000	"
Express companies, 1907	80,000	"
Total	3,566,000	"

The table includes some employees who probably would not be transferred to government service. Such are those of the street railways, which are more likely to be municipalized than nationalized. It does not include some who doubtless would enter government service, as those of the Pullman Company and the private freight-car lines. On the whole, it gives a conservative idea of the number who would soon be employees of the government if such a policy of nationalization as is advocated should be adopted. Furthermore, at present, eight hours is a day's work in government service, while the standard working day on railways is ten hours. Therefore, if no change should be made in the hours of work of government employees, there would be, under government ownership, a reduction in the working hours on railways which would necessitate an increase of over 350,000 employees. In most other countries there have been large increases in the numbers of employees when railways and other concerns have been nationalized, even when there has been no change in the working day. It is safe, therefore, to estimate that, if the various projects for government ownership should be

carried out, there soon would be almost 4,000,000 men in government service. If only the railways, telegraphs, telephones, and affiliated systems of communication and transportation were nationalized, the number of government employees would soon rise to 3,000,000. The total number of votes cast for president in 1912 was 15,036,542. The total number of qualified voters is about 21,000,000. Thus the number of government employees would, in such case, amount to from 20 to 25 per cent of the largest vote ever cast for president, and from 14 to 20 per cent of the total qualified electorate of the nation. What would be the political effect?

The present regulations concerning the political activities of government employees are strict. Civil Service Rule I, section 1, provides that employees subject to the rules, 'while retaining the right to vote as they please and to express privately their opinions on all political subjects, shall take no active part in political management or in political campaigns. . . . Petitions or other communications regarding public business addressed to the Congress, or either house, or any committee or member thereof, by officers or employees in the civil service of the United States, shall be transmitted through the heads of their respective departments or officers, who shall forward them without delay, with such comment as they may deem requisite in the public interest. Officers and employees are strictly prohibited from attempting either directly or indirectly to secure legislation or to influence pending legislation except in the manner above described.' It is further provided that 'an employee may not publish or be connected editorially, managerially, or financially with any political newspaper, and may not write for publication any letter or article,

signed or unsigned, in favor of or against any political party, candidate, faction or measure.'

If the railways and other industries should be nationalized, an attempt would be made to apply these rules to their employees. The employees of the railways, at least, foresee this, and the leaders of their unions detect in it a powerful argument, from their standpoint, against government ownership. The railway labor organizations now use political means constantly to secure changes in conditions of employment and in railway plants and operating methods. At their conventions they adopt resolutions commending public men who assist them to secure legislation, and denouncing those who oppose them. They have at every state capital and in Washington legislative agents who buttonhole lawmakers persistently, to get votes for their train-crew bills, locomotive-headlight bills, and so on. They have publications through which they urge their members to support public men who are 'friendly' and oppose those who are 'unfriendly.' By such means the brotherhoods secure the passage of scores of laws and control the choice of many public officials.

If the nation should acquire the railways, the state laws regulating them which the brotherhoods have got passed would be wiped out. A state cannot regulate an instrumentality of the federal government. And if the existing civil-service regulations should be applied, the machinery the brotherhoods have built up for influencing legislation would be destroyed. The highly paid conductors and locomotive engineers contrast their incomes, conditions of service, and freedom of political action with the situation of government civil employees; and they declare that if public ownership would reduce railway employees to the 'servi-

tude' of railway-mail clerks they want none of it.

But it is not certain that the present civil-service rules would be applied to employees of government railways, telephone and telegraph systems, and coal-mines. They would not be if these employees could prevent it; and their numbers would give great potency to their resistance. Besides, while the rules restrict the political activities of government employees, they cannot keep members of Congress from passing legislation for the benefit of employees, or forbid employees to reward their benefactors with their suffrages. Finally, even if the civil-service rules should be extended to the new employees, it does not follow that they would be enforced. The control exercised over the two per cent of the qualified voters now in the government service is no criterion of the degree of control which could be exercised over from ten to twenty per cent of the qualified voters.

If the railways, mines, and other industries should be nationalized, there doubtless would be created to manage them departments hedged about with legislation designed to make them independent of political influence. The officers of these departments doubtless would try to operate the properties efficiently and economically. But efficiency and economy are not consistent with the constant granting of higher wages and easier conditions of work. And, on the other hand, no body of men ever was satisfied for any considerable period with its wages and conditions of employment. Therefore, in the course of a short time the employees would ask for concessions which the managements would refuse. Even under existing civil-service rules the officers would be obliged to transmit the employees' petitions to Congress. In this or some other way it would

speedily be made necessary for members of Congress to go on record either for or against the demands of the employees. Does not experience show that most of them, before they went on record, would consider the probable effect on their political fortunes? Members of Congress are human; and the number of humans who will act contrary to their selfish interests when no plain question of personal honor is involved is not large. Now, on every such issue the general public would be divided, or its attention would be distracted by other issues. But on such issues the government employees would be united. The hundreds of thousands of their relatives and friends would stand with them. The result would be that with respect to these special questions they and their sympathizers would usually hold the balance of power. Many members of Congress would therefore decide that it was to their selfish interest to side with the employees.

Let us suppose, however, that Congress should support the managements in refusing to make important concessions to the employees. By 'plumping' at the next election for the Congressmen who sided with them and against those who sided against them, the employees and their sympathizers could largely determine the personnel of the next Congress.

To inject the wages and conditions of employment of from two to four million voters into politics would be to inject a most corrupting and demoralizing influence. Elections and legislation should turn on questions affecting the welfare of the entire public, never on issues affecting the selfish interests of but a part of it. When they are determined by class interests and considerations, government in this country will no longer be democratic. It will be oligarchic.

The experience of other countries throws light on the effects which would be produced by taking a large body of voters into the employ of our government. In Prussia the government employees exert little influence on politics. But the conditions there weaken, rather than strengthen, the argument for public ownership here. In Prussia under the three-class voting system, which is based on property, the political power of the working classes, including state employees, is extremely small in proportion to their numbers. Besides, government employees are not allowed to organize in any way or for any purpose not sanctioned by their superior officers. The political status of the Prussian state-railway employee has been thus described by J. F. Mills, in an article in the *Railway Review*, the publication of the National Union of Railway Men of England:—

'The [Prussian] government's feudal conceptions may be realized from the fact that it regards its employees as bound to it body and soul, politically as well as industrially; and the open voting system places a terrible power for penalization in the hands of the state authorities, should the state employees choose to vote for candidates of whom the government does not approve. In fact, for state employees to exercise the elementary right of citizenship by voting for the candidate and policy most in accord with their own views, is to run the risk of forfeiting their posts and jeopardizing their livelihood.'

The autocratic Prussian state has kept its employees from resorting to political action; but this result has been accomplished at the sacrifice of their political freedom. They do not dictate to the government; but the government does dictate to them. It cannot

be said that government ownership has no political effects in Prussia: it strengthens the government and makes a political nullity of the employees.

Let us cross into France. Here the state is half-democracy, half-bureaucracy. The government owns two of the seven large systems of railroads, the telegraph and the telephone, and has monopolies of the tobacco, match, and other industries. According to the estimate put forward by Mr. William Morton Fullerton, in his book, *Problems of Power*, 900,000, or eleven per cent, of the 8,000,000 voters are employees of the state. The results are graphically described by Mr. Fullerton. The state employees are allowed to form unions; and the civil servants have been rapidly grouped into organizations designed to get from the state everything that they can. 'At present there are in France at least 488 professional associations of state employees in the big central government offices, and 202 unions representing the state employees in the match factories, the tobacco factories, the mint, the state railways, and so forth. These various unions are united in a general federation, and it is this colossal new force, which has been encouraged by the state, that was suddenly brought to the notice of the public by the postmen's strike of March, 1909.'

Appointments to desirable positions in the service are used to further the political ambitions of members of the Corps Législatif. As Clement Colson, the leading authority on French railway affairs, has shown, when the government in 1908 took over the Western Railway, it turned out the experienced officials to make places for politicians. Political influence being paramount, members of the Chambers are constantly besieged for appointments; and, as Mr. Fullerton says, 'the deputy is tempted to become a traveling sales-

man of political or social favors and jimcracks, in return for votes or local influence,' while 'government in France is the tyrannical monopoly of a minority,'—the ruling minority being the employees of the state.

Both reason and experience indicate the impossibility of any government's taking into its service a large part of the voters without serious political results. A government may succeed in adopting and enforcing rules strictly circumscribing the political activities of its employees. But to do that it must be so strong, or must be made so strong, that the political liberties, not only of its employees, but of the great mass of the citizens, will be repressed or destroyed. In most countries, including the United States, the government is much more likely, if it takes into its service a large part of the voters, to prove unable to restrain them from resorting to political action. Then the employees become the masters, not the servants, of the public, establishing, as in France, 'a tyrannical government of the majority by the minority.' Once let from two to four million voters be brought into the service of our government, and able and unscrupulous men will be able to use them to build a political machine which will dominate the nation.

VI

The fundamental trouble with government ownership is that it reverses a tendency which has marked the progress of modern civilization and has contributed greatly toward promoting it—the tendency toward differentiation of political and economic functions. Under the patriarchal system all political, social and economic functions were concentrated in the patriarch. He was the head of the family, captain of industry, military commander, chief priest, king. Even under

feudalism varied and numerous functions and powers were united in the baron. His economic power, and his military and political authority, were coextensive. His retainers were forced to fight for him in order to keep their right to exact a living from the soil; they had to cultivate his land to secure from him protection from the attacks of others and to obtain justice in his court; and it was from these conditions that the evils of the feudal system chiefly arose. The king was, politically and economically, merely a greater feudal baron. From the Middle Ages to the present time the differentiation of these various functions, while often retarded, has never ceased.

Most important of all, perhaps, has been the segregation of the political function of ruling from the economic function of directing industry. The doctrine of *laissez-faire*, so ardently preached a century ago, was little more than the doctrine that the function of ruling — that is to say of maintaining peace and order — and the function of managing industry should be kept separate, and especially that the former should not needlessly interfere with the latter.

Doubtless for a time *laissez-faire* was carried too far in both theory and practice. But it is notable that it was during this time that the greatest impetus was given to the development of political freedom, on the one hand, and of industry, on the other.

Government ownership is a movement backward because it would reconsolidate political and economic functions. There must be some sovereign power. This power must be the political power. And by appropriate means and tribunals the political power should so control the management of industry as to prevent and correct abuses not prevented or corrected by economic law. But it does not follow

that the sovereign political power should itself assume the exercise of gigantic economic functions.

The modern industrial system has sometimes been likened to the feudal system, because great captains of industry have sometimes used their money and the votes it has enabled them to command, to dominate and corrupt the politics of cities, states, and the nation. When this condition has existed, however, the real vice in it, as under the feudal system, has consisted in the union of political and economic power in the same hands. Those possessing the two kinds of power have been able to use their economic power to attain their political ends, and their political power to attain their economic ends; and both politics and legitimate business have suffered.

Public ownership often is advocated as the only effective means of destroying the corrupting alliance of big business and politics. But already the two great movements for the purification of politics and for the regulation of concerns of a monopolistic or quasi-monopolistic character have practically dissolved this alliance, and are raising the tone of politics and reducing the abuses in business. A continuance of efforts to purify politics and improve government, and to use the power of government to destroy and prevent economic and social evils, while avoiding placing unnecessary restrictions and burdens on the exercise of private initiative and enterprise, will have beneficial effects on both politics and business. On the other hand, the adoption of an extensive policy of government ownership would once more combine great political power and great economic power in the same hands.

In the recent past this power has been combined in the hands of leaders of industry; under government owner-

ship it would be combined in the hands of leaders of politics. For government management, like business management, is always more a thing of men than of machinery. Men always have their leaders and bosses, whether in war, or business, or politics; and it is the leaders of politics, whether statesmen or bosses, who really manage the government and who under public ownership would control the management of elections, on the one hand, and of government industries, on the other. They would then exercise a total power incomparably greater than was ever exercised by any body of men in this country. They would have the same political power of the ordinary kind that the leaders of the party dominant in the government have now. The power to determine what rates and prices should be charged by concerns earning billions of dollars annually would be a great power; and they would have it. The power to make contracts for expenditures that amount to billions annually would be a great power; and they would have it. The power to determine whether millions of men should be allowed to keep their jobs would be a great power; and they would have it. The power largely to determine how millions of men would vote, and thereby what

men should keep or lose public office, would be a great power; and they would have it. And these would be powers which, once acquired, might be transferred from one group of political leaders to another, but which could never be dissolved into their elements without abolishing government ownership itself; and to abolish it would be much more difficult than to adopt it.

Big business never controlled anywhere near as many voters as it is proposed to take into the government service; yet big business has managed at times to control the politics of cities, of states, and of the nation. In politics, as in war, a small, relatively well-organized, well-disciplined force is more powerful than a far larger body, if untrained and undisciplined.

If all the aspects of government ownership be considered, the conclusion must be reached that its extensive adoption would be destructive of both the economic and the political welfare of the people of the United States. The people would find that they had created an economic and political Frankenstein which would not only be able to undermine their material well-being and destroy their free political institutions, but which would be irresistibly impelled by its very nature to accomplish this work of ruin.

LITERATURE AND COSMOPOLITANISM

BY HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

I

READERS of literature who entertain a fond belief that literature emancipates the human spirit, especially those who read European books in the belief that they are opening their souls as well as their minds, and that by training themselves upon things cosmopolitan they are shaking off the narrow bonds of national prejudice, have suffered a cruel shock. In this bloody upheaval of Europe, where all men are in dire need of temperance, serenity, and an emancipated spirit, the leaders of European literature are swept off their feet by the flood of national passion, just as madly as statesmen, news-venders, fishmongers, merchants, and all who constitute the national mob. Is the 'Republic of Letters' as much the home of fanaticism, of the negation of reason, of mad self-love, as a military barrack? Is there no medicine in literature to heal the mind sick with national egotism? Or are the present chiefs of European letters—Maeterlinck, Hauptmann, Romain Rolland, and the rest—not worthy of the respect in which the world has held them?

The 'Republic of Letters' is an idea so covered with lichens of respectability, that it has become an object of vague homage, and is commonly believed to possess wonder-working properties. To it has been assigned not merely the large and serene duty of instilling respect for letters in all those who waste their powers in getting and

spending, but also that of spreading democracy, of substituting peace for war, of playing a part at least as great as that hoped for from Christianity. The 'Republic of Letters' is to break down the barriers between nations, pull up ancient landmarks, and establish a human *patria*. Several considerations have aided this notion. In the Renaissance, at which school our modern world acquired the complexion of its thought, all that was then acknowledged as literature—the classics of Greece and Rome—was termed the humanities; and Terence's apothegm, *homo sum, humani nil a me alienum puto*, was weighted with new solidity. In this realm of the spirit every human being could find a home. The power of the humanities seemed herculean; as soon as the things of the mind were recognized to be the real things of life, political boundaries, national jealousies, race-prejudices, would vanish of themselves, and the problem of inhumanity be solved. This idea we have inherited.

Besides this, in the 'Republic of Letters' a succession of men have risen to the office of supreme authority, not by right of heredity, not as representing God on earth, not at the will of a Pretorian Guard, or a military caste, but by the universal suffrage of enfranchised minds in all Europe. Plato, Cicero, Petrarch, Voltaire, Goethe, are recognized as belonging to the whole world; their great names knit up the raveled sleeve of national divisions and bind all peoples into one. Their influence

spreads far beyond the boundaries of their native states, and unites men from east, west, north, and south, in common discipleship.

Added to these grounds of hope that literature would arouse in men a recognition of their common brotherhood, is the part played in the creation of literature by curiosity. At bottom natural man is pure yokel, suspicious of men from another village, afraid of travelers from afar; he builds a wall to keep the alien world away. Nevertheless, curiosity, the Ariel of the intellect, peers over the wall into what tradition asserts is the Cimmerian darkness beyond, and perceives something stirring. After all, the people within the walls are not the only creatures that walk erect. Curiosity climbs over the wall and ventures to reconnoitre; it wanders on further and further, making discovery after discovery, until at last it founds all our sciences.

Literature, too, is the indirect product of our curiosity; we are curious to learn things outside ourselves. We wish to know the great deeds of our ancestors, how they fought the Trojans on the windy plains of Ilium; we wish to know about the covenant made by our fathers with their God, how they came out of the land of Egypt, and were led across the desert into the land of Canaan. We are eager to become acquainted with the ways and doings of our less immediate neighbors, — Becky Sharp, Père Goriot, Anna Karenina, Dorothea Casaubon, Hester Prynne.

This tendency to inquire concerning things beyond our village, beyond our province, operates also concerning things beyond our national boundaries. We are as inquisitive about life in London, Paris, or Rome, as about life in Boston or New York. We wish to learn foreign manners and customs, foreign ideas concerning all the multi-

tudinous manifestations of life. We are as eager concerning things cosmopolitan as concerning things domestic, and we demand that literature shall tell us all about them. Curiosity in literature seems to take the direct road toward an international commonwealth.

Such facts as these have encouraged pacific men to a belief that literature might establish a cosmopolitanism which should make all men brothers, and do what Christianity and the Roman Catholic Church have failed to accomplish. And here and there, in rare instances, the idea of a world so concerned with matters of the mind that national discords fall like withered husks from the ripe fruit of the spirit, rises in majesty before some high and sensitive soul.

In the year 1870, by the eighth day of December, the Prussians had long been laying siege to the city of Paris. They had advanced from victory to victory: the Emperor of the French had surrendered at Sedan, Marshal Bazaine had surrendered at Metz. On that day, in the *Collège de France*, Gaston Paris, the famous teacher of mediæval literature, began his winter's course with a lecture on the *Chanson de Roland*.

He said, 'I did not expect that I should reopen my course in the midst of this circle of steel that the German armies make round about us. Since I bade good-bye, in the month of June, to my kind audience, what strange things have happened! Of those auditors who had already become for me almost friends, very few doubtless are here again to-day in this hall. Some are taking part in the defense of the city; others, unable to take a hand therein, have gone to seek a little peace in foreign lands; others, too, I cannot forget, are no doubt in the very camp of the invaders.'

Then he went on to say, —

‘I do not think, in general, that patriotism has anything to do with science. The chairs of higher learning are in no degree political tribunes; they are wrested from their true purpose if made to serve, whether in defense or in attack, any end whatever outside of their spiritual goal.

‘I profess absolutely and without reserve this doctrine, that science has no other object than truth, and truth for itself, without any heed of consequences, good or bad, sorrowful or happy, that truth may cause in practice. He who from any motive, patriotic, religious, or even ethical, allows himself, in the facts which he studies or in the conclusion which he draws, the smallest dissimulation, the very slightest alteration, is not worthy to have his place in the great laboratory where probity, as a title to admission, is more indispensable than ability.

‘So understood, studies in common, pursued in the same spirit in all civilized countries, form above nationalities — which are limited, diverse, and too often enemies — a great *patrie* which no war soils, no conqueror menaces, and where souls find refuge and that union given them in ancient times by “The City of God.”’

The conception of a country beyond the greeds, the vulgar ambitions, the baser passions of man, does not point to a ‘Republic of Letters,’ but to a ‘Republic of Science.’ Science is the same for all men: the properties of numbers, the deductions of astronomers, the analyses of chemists remain the same whether the experiments are performed in Petrograd, Paris, or New York. Stars, rocks, radium, fossils, speak the same language to Swede and Spaniard, to Welshman and Serb. The sciences have one common mode of expression throughout the world; that mode is experiment. Sir Oliver Lodge, Ehrlich,

Metchnikoff, Carrell, Flexner, Madame Curie, are all fellow laborers, — like so many carpenters, masons, and bricklayers, — busily at work upon the edifice of experimental truth. Their great tower ascends toward heaven; and it will mount higher and higher, for no jealous god has cast upon the workmen the confusion of tongues.

Science has but one language, whereas thought which finds expression in literature is quite another matter. If literature embodied itself in some non-national medium, as numbers or musical notes, the whole weight of its influence would be in favor of brotherhood and unity. But, since the failure of Latin to maintain itself as a living language, literature has been dependent upon a medium which is the earliest and purest product of the national spirit, — language. Language is a steadfast assertion of national characteristics, national limitations, and national boundaries.

II

The spirit of literature finds its home in its native place. Literature must strike its roots into its native soil, and spread its branches to its native sunshine and its native breezes, or it will die. Literature is passionately patriotic; for it lives only in its native speech. Translate literature into another language, and instead of the living tree, its head lifted toward heaven, its branches spread wide over its native soil, you have cords of wood piled up in the marketplace.

The great dictators of letters have dominated Europe through the power of national language, just as Cæsar spread his conquests by means of Roman legions. Plato is universal because in a language unrivaled in its blending of intellectual and sensuous qualities he embodied the Greek spirit; in the

English of Jowett he is something quite other than himself. Cicero, by a Roman military splendor of rhetoric, by masterful control of the learned phrases of Latin, filled the world with his reputation. Petrarch, indeed, succeeded to the first place in European letters, because of his lordship in every department of Latin literature, while Latin was still the universal language; but within a hundred years, all those grounds for his fame were forgotten, and he has since remained enthroned because he is the greatest master of delicate expression in the Italian tongue.

Voltaire's renown throughout Europe was due to his happy power of embodying the essence of the Gallic genius in French prose. Goethe, the great apostle of cosmopolitanism, whose ideal was to lift his head above the clouds and fog of national discords, will surely, in the end, depend for his glory upon his lyrical poems, for in them he made exquisite use of what is best in the German heart and the German language.

The only name which absolutely transcends national boundaries is that of Shakespeare; but who can say that even his delineation of the human soul in Hamlet, Othello, Lear, Cordelia, Imogen, Shylock, could have won such world-wide admiration, had it not been for his royal power over Elizabethan English?

Read him at random:—

There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;

There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook.

Is it not this Shakespearean English
that constitutes the wings of Shakespeare's genius?

As all lovers of beauty were wont to
make a pilgrimage to Rheims because

the cathedral there was saturated with French genius; as we go to Florence because the *Palazzo Vecchio*, Giotto's campanile, and the pictured riches of the Uffizi, are profoundly Italian; as we visit the yew-shaded, tender-turfed, mellowed and memorial-laden village churches of England, because they breathe forth the very breath of England; so do we betake ourselves to the great national classics of literature.

The genius of a nation is the source of untold riches; it has been bred by centuries, dandled by favoring circumstances, nurtured and tutored by a thousand random influences; it has taken to itself a multitude of discordant elements, transformed them into a homogeneous whole, and stamped that whole with the national effigy and superscription.

Language is the most perfect expression of a nation's genius; it serves the nation's greatest needs; it has had the greatest labor bestowed upon it. Generation after generation has struggled to express in language its tenderest love, its profoundest passion, its bitterest grief, its subtlest thought. One man added a word here, another a phrase there; this man, as with a hammer, beat rough speech into smoothness and delicacy, a second rendered it pliable, a third fitted it for speculation. Mothers wrought it into a means of comforting their babies; lovers fashioned it into fantastic rhetoric of compliment; thinkers moulded it into a substance so light that it is hardly heavier than thought.

Finally, after a people has labored for centuries to create a national instrument, literature picks up that instrument and puts it to her uses. What literature shall do is determined by that instrument; she has no choice, she is the creature of her tool, she is the handiwork of language.

There was a time, hundreds of years

ago, when cosmopolitanism dominated literature. The Latin language was but the spirit of the Roman Empire reincarnate in literature; the universal domination of one great people lived on in ghostly fashion. Even after national languages had long proved themselves amply sufficient for all the purposes of literature, brilliant spirits of the Renaissance—Ficino, Poliziano, Erasmus, Spinoza, even Leibnitz—wrote in Latin; they wished to overstep national boundaries and write to all the world as fellow cosmopolites. And because they wrote in Latin, and not in their native languages, what they wrote belongs to the domain of thought, not to the domain of literature. Learning and the Church strove in vain to maintain Latin as a living language; it died just because it was cosmopolitan and in no wise national. Everywhere the power that carries literary fame throughout the world must be sought in some national trait.

We must not be disappointed to find that in this tumult of national passion these European men of letters became primitive, elemental, blinded by national egotism. Men of science, whose home is the laboratory, who talk in electrons and terms of energy; philosophers, who spend their time in speculation concerning truth; statesmen, who know that under the promptings of greed all nations behave like savages,—these have no excuse for losing their moral equilibrium: physical truth, philosophical truth, human nature, will not be changed by the outcome of this war. But it may not be so with literature. These men of letters are instinctively right: literature, the food of their souls, depends upon national spirit. Literature would droop, decay, and become of no more moral comfort to men than mathematics, if it were to become cosmopolitan, or indifferent to national existence.

III

Does literature then do nothing to soften men's manners, to lift them to a large view of things, to enable them to surmount the Chinese wall of ignorance and prejudice which encircles every nation, to crush in their hearts the brutal and irrational war-spirit, to help bring about the long-dreamed-of golden age of peace and good-will among men? The answer is that, of course, literature helps men in all these ways; but not by uprooting the instincts of patriotism.

Cicero's eulogy of the benefits conferred by literature is as true to-day as on the day when he defended Aulus Licinius Archias in the Roman forum. *'Haec studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solacium praebent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.'* (These studies nourish youth, they delight old age, they add a grace to prosperity, they offer refuge and comfort in adversity, they are a pleasure at home, they are no trouble abroad, they will pass the night with us, accompany us on our travels, and stay with us in the country.)

All this is true. The benefits of literature can hardly be overestimated. Books enlarge a man's horizon. They raise a mirage of water-brooks and date-palms to travelers in a desert. They are 'the sick man's health, the prisoner's release.' Shut within a narrow routine of dull necessity, sad at heart in a world where wrong triumphs, where beauty has no assurance of respect, where humanity toils terribly merely for its daily bread or the satisfaction of trivial appetites, the earthly pilgrim need do no more than pick up a book, and lo! he steps forth into another world. Here he is free from sorrow and care, free from the burden

of his body, from envy, jealousy, contempt, self-satisfaction, from vain regrets, from wishes that can never wear the livery of hope, from narrowness of soul and hardness of heart. He may mingle in the society of the good and great; he may listen to the wise man, and the prophet; he may see all the conditions of human happiness and misery; he may watch the human spirit, in its strife with circumstance, nobly conquer or basely succumb; he may go down through the 'gate of a hundred sorrows,' or accompany Dante and Beatrice through the spheres of Paradise.

By means of literature we step from our narrow chamber into a brave world of unnumbered interests. After such experiences the reader acquires a larger view of life; in his heart he crushes the irrational and brutal war-spirit; he imagines for a season that men are brothers. And if this is true of readers who can leave their daily routine for the palace of literature but now and then, for an hour or two of an evening or on Sunday, it is far more true of the men who pass their lives in the palace and have contributed to its wonderful appurtenances.

The humanities do render men more humane; literature does fit them to be citizens of the world, without depriving them of their own homes. *Die versunkene Glocke*, *L'Oiseau bleu*, *Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant*, *Peter Pan*, *Jean Christophe*, are all proofs of a broad and sensitive humanity.

But certainly Hauptmann, Maeterlinck, and their companions, all swept away by national feeling, have given our world a shock. It is a natural disappointment; we had hoped that literature was an effective instrument of peace, and it comes with a sword. We are disappointed, not by what they have done, but by what they, or some among them, have left undone. Men

whose country is threatened with destruction are right to cry out and fight for the preservation of their country, and men of letters more than others, for literature has rendered their own country still dearer to them than it is to other men. So far as their passion limits itself to the preservation of their own country, all the world will applaud them; if they overstep that limit and support, or justify, any attempt to destroy another nation, or if they remain silent during any such attempt, no matter who makes it, they are false to literature, as well as to civilization and to the nobler spirit of man. All these distinguished European men of letters proclaim the sacred rights of their own nationality: but if one nation has a sacred right to exist, all nations have; and the infringement of a sacred right is a sacrilegious wrong. That wrong is committed by any man of letters who does not raise his voice and hand to prevent one nation from crushing another. There is an allegiance owed to literature.

The world's literature depends for its richness upon diversity; and difference of nationality creates the most interesting diversity. Life and its phenomena do not appear the same to a Russian and a Belgian. Crush Russia, and you maim or bruise her national life, and with her national life her power of utterance, — you crush in the egg Tolstoï and Dostoïevskis still unborn. Destroy Belgium, and you deprive the world's literature of all that which new Maeterlincks would create. No nation can be severely injured, without suffering in soul as well as in body. The full functioning of national life is necessary to a fine flowering of literature. Athens produced Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, in the time of her glory; England bred Shakespeare, Spenser, Hooker, Bacon, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; Corneille, Racine, Molière, La Fon-

tainé, flourished in the golden days of Louis XIV. Lower a nation's vitality, and her spirit becomes languid; she no longer possesses the living energy to produce what she might otherwise have done. When a nation is sick, the noblest parts of her suffer first.

A cowed nation cannot bring forth a noble literature. But a little state may have as great a soul as a mighty state; witness the Athens of Pericles, the Florence of Lorenzo de' Medici, or Holland in its great days. No man of letters, unless blinded by ignoble passion, would consent to the national destruction of any state. The rule laid down by Immanuel Kant for the foundation of perpetual peace applies with double force to the lasting prosperity of literature: 'No independent State (little or great is in this case all one) shall be capable of becoming the property of another State by inheritance, exchange, purchase, or gift'; and if not by peaceful means, still less by violent means. The Commonwealth of Literature demands that all her constituent parts be respected.

Literatures can help one another; indeed no literature, unaided by another, can attain its fullest development. As each nation prospers best

in material things by exchanging commodities with other nations, so each literature prospers best by exchanging commodities of the intellect. The cross-breeding of minds is necessary for new intellectual products. The history of all literatures is full of the benefits derived from one another. Italy, Spain, England, France, Germany, in their respective flowering seasons, owe much to the achievements of the others. Literatures are like plants that need pollen wafted from afar in order to bear their brightest blossoms. The influence of Shakespeare, Scott, and Byron, of Montaigne and Rousseau, of Petrarch and Tasso, of Goethe, of Ibsen, of all fertile genius, has been nearly as great in foreign literatures as in their own. Destroy one nation and you deprive the literatures of all other nations of untold seeds of increase.

The unworthy predicament in which some notable European men of letters stand, is that they have let themselves become so drunk with national egotism that they do not perceive the permanent need which the literature of each nation has of the literature of all other nations, and therefore they have committed high treason against the 'Republic of Letters.'

SOME MISCONCEPTIONS OF EUGENICS

BY S. J. HOLMES

It is often a misfortune for any good movement to become a fad. When this happens it is pretty sure to enlist the support of that object of Mr. Roosevelt's wholesome dread, the 'fool reformer.' And when the 'fool reformer' gets to work, prejudice against what he advocates is inevitably aroused.

The eugenic movement has perhaps its worst enemies in its over-zealous and ultra-radical friends. The advocacy of doctrines strongly at variance with established ideals and social customs makes an impression on the public mind that is not likely to be effaced by any amount of sane and sober-minded teaching. Eugenics is in a somewhat unfortunate position in that, through a little misrepresentation, it may easily be made to appear in an unfavorable light. Pearson tells us that Francis Galton, toward the close of his life, had come to fear that the new science of eugenics would do more harm than good. And considering the volume of nonsense on the subject, that is published largely for the purpose of appealing to popular interest in sensational things, there is more or less ground for Galton's rather gloomy foreboding.

The facility with which eugenics lends itself to caricature and cheap ridicule affords a temptation which is too strong for many writers to resist. No one would wish to deprive the editor of a country paper of his opportunity to wax facetious over 'eugenic marriages' and 'eugenic babies'; but it is a different matter when the same

spirit of caricature is shown in articles purporting to give a serious and scholarly discussion of the subject. There are few questions of greater import than those relating to the forces which are moulding the innate qualities of the human race. There is no knowledge which it is more important to have widely diffused than the knowledge of the means by which our human inheritance can be improved. And a peculiar obligation, therefore, rests on those who discuss this subject, to be guided, whatever their opinions may be, by a spirit of fairness, and to avoid the temptation, so often yielded to, of sacrificing strict accuracy of statement to rhetorical effect.

The more I read controversial literature the more I am impressed with the frequent employment of the device of setting up a man of straw in order to demolish the object of attack with a great show of effectiveness. Such a performance is doubtless the outcome of a common psychological failing: we all wish to be victorious in our encounters and to experience the feeling of triumph, even though we are led, like the Dutch soldier whom Irving describes as achieving a brilliant victory over a field of cabbages, to expend our energies upon purely imaginary antagonists.

The best illustration of this method of attack which I have met with in the literature of eugenics is contained in an article by Mr. Fielding-Hall on 'Eugenics and Common Sense,' which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for

September, 1914. The writer states that 'the eugenist takes man purely as a plant or as an animal; he wants to breed him just as animals are bred'; and then, after attempting to show that domestic animals and plants have been rendered inferior to their wild ancestors through selective breeding for particular qualities, he draws a melancholy picture of what would happen if the 'eugenists' were to put their ideas into practice. 'Therefore, suppose the eugenists had their way and established a state, what would the inhabitants of that state be like in a few generations? They would be tall, broad, muscular, beautiful, delicate to a degree, useless save for athletic contests or beauty shows, always in the doctor's hands, — eugenic doctors, of course, — brainless, incapable of affection, almost wanting in courage, to a great extent sterile.' And further on we are told that 'the eugenist omits love. He knows nothing about it or about the world'; and we are given a forecast of what the world would be if 'the Eugenists could have their way and banish love.'

One would naturally suspect that all this was written purely for the sake of humor, but a perusal of the entire article leaves no doubt of its serious purpose. Nevertheless I have found myself recurring from time to time to certain passages with the uneasy consciousness that after all I may have mistaken the intent of the author. What I have found it particularly difficult to understand is, how he came to acquire such preposterous notions of the eugenic movement. When one criticizes the doctrines of the eugenists the implication certainly is, if no one is singled out for attack, that the opinions combatted are typical or representative of eugenic teaching. Nothing could be more manifestly unfair than to attack extreme or generally dis-

credited doctrines under the implied assumption that such views are shared by eugenists in general. But this is precisely the kind of tactics which our author pursues with apparently a naïve unconsciousness of the impropriety of such controversial methods.

As the author quotes, near the beginning of his article, from 'what he calls a leading eugenic textbook,' which, by the way, is Davenport's *Heredity in Relation to Eugenics*, the unsuspecting reader might be led to suppose that the various reactionary doctrines that are discussed were advocated in that volume. But not only are such doctrines not found there, but there is much that implies precisely the reverse. Where then are we to find the 'eugenists' whom our author would hold up to scorn?

I have had occasion lately to make a bibliography of articles and books on eugenics in which I have endeavored to include the titles of all contributions of any scientific value on this subject. Surely a representative publication like the *Eugenics Review*, the official organ of the Eugenics Education Society of England, ought to voice the opinions of Mr. Fielding-Hall's 'eugenists,' in abundance; but after running through the files of that journal from its inception to the present time, I have failed to find a single expression of what our author represents as typical eugenic doctrine. In a similar survey of the chief German journal of racial biology, the *Archiv für Rassen- und Gesellschafts-Biologie*, my search was equally fruitless. So also was an examination of the publications of the Galton Laboratory in London, of the bulletins of the Eugenics Record Office in this country, and of various journals devoted entirely or in part to human heredity and social evolution. A few years ago there was an International Eugenics Congress held in London.

One would naturally look to this widely representative body for authoritative expressions of eugenic doctrine. But if 'eugenists' of our author's type were represented at the Congress at all, they failed to make a single communication that found its way into the two volumes of the published proceedings. Probably no one has a better right to be regarded as an authoritative exponent of eugenic doctrine than the late Sir Francis Galton; but no one was more careful to disclaim the advocacy of any measures that are antagonistic to established social usage.

Who then are these 'eugenists' against whom Mr. Fielding-Hall does battle? I do not deny that some might be found, for almost every imaginable absurdity has its exponents. Our critic has sedulously refrained from mentioning any of the 'eugenists' by name. One escapes a certain measure of responsibility in attacking doctrines which are attributed to no one in particular. But in combatting the views of people loosely referred to as 'eugenists,' one should direct his arguments against opinions that are held by the majority, or at least a large percentage, of his opponents. It is scarcely to be supposed that any one who presumes to write on eugenics is unacquainted with the literature to which I have referred. But the author has chosen to ignore these sources of information, and has set up a eugenicist man of straw who knows nothing of love, who would breed human beings as cattle are bred for points, and who is altogether a very ridiculous sort of person.

Mr. Fielding-Hall objects to the conclusion that the laws of the improvement of corn and race-horses hold true also for man. We are told that there is much yet to be learned regarding the laws of heredity (which almost any one would cheerfully admit), and that the result of breeding

domestic plants and animals is to produce races that are imperfect or degenerate in many respects, however highly they may have been developed in others. But when he passes to the statement that the attempt to improve the human race by selective breeding would end only in disaster, the conclusion by no means follows. Man improves animals and plants in certain directions, to serve his own selfish purposes, and it is not to be wondered at that they are usually rendered less adapted to thrive in a state of nature. Animals are not bred for general intelligence, nor as a rule for general vigor, and hence they are usually, though in many cases not markedly, inferior in brain and general physique to their wild progenitors. Man, however, is an animal moulded to live in the somewhat artificial environment of civilized society; and if he has lost something of his ability to thrive under the conditions of primitive savagery, the loss is of no particular disadvantage under what is now his normal mode of life. But why, if human evolution should be directed by eugenists, man should become 'tall, muscular, brainless and wanting in affection,' is incomprehensible, unless the 'eugenist,' with all his other stupidities, should deliberately set out to create so stupid a product.

Few appreciate the enormous advances made in recent years in the study of heredity, and the large degree of 'scientific precision' that has already been attained in our control of the heredity of plants and animals. Our author indeed admits that 'there must be something in heredity,' but he candidly adds, 'I have no idea what it is.' With all the doubt and uncertainty that attaches to many questions of human inheritance there is no doubt that any one who had a fair knowledge of the principles of genetics, and who was given control

over the matings of human beings, could, in the course of a very few generations, produce a large number of very diverse types. He could breed a race of idiots, a race of dwarfs, a race of giants, an albino race, an insane race, a race of moral imbeciles, a race which would almost invariably get drunk in the presence of alcohol, a race of preëminent mental ability, or a race of unusual artistic talent. The task would be easy, as it would involve only the isolation of existing strains of the human species.

The possibilities of improving our inheritance, even with our present imperfect knowledge, are great. The difficulties are chiefly those of ways and means. Most eugenicists agree that it is highly desirable to prevent the propagation of degenerate human beings. We know enough of the inheritance of feeble-mindedness, insanity, and several other defective traits to justify us in preventing those in whom these defects have been inherited from producing offspring. In regard to many other features of human inheritance we are still much in the dark, as eugenicists realize as well as, if not better than, almost any one else. One need not fear that 'the eugenicists would eliminate all disease and with it all ability'; nor is it probable that 'they would have prevented Lord Bacon from being born.' Only an imaginary eugenicist would be likely to do anything so unwise.

Any one familiar with current discussions of the policy of restricting parenthood cannot fail to be impressed by the general counsel of caution which is given by those most prominent in the eugenic movement. But no one with an adequate knowledge of human heredity can have any doubt that there are several forms of human ills which could be very materially reduced by the proper restrictive measures.

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Several years ago, in the valley of the Dora Baltia, there were many cretins and people afflicted with goitre. These people were allowed to marry among their own kind and the result was the production of children who were defective like their parents. As David Starr Jordan, who visited the place several times, remarks, 'They were breeding a special type of man utterly incompetent to take care of himself and utterly useless for all sorts of purposes.' A few years ago a policy of segregation was adopted: the cretins were confined during the reproductive period and not allowed to marry. At present they are nearly extinct. An opponent of eugenics might have warned us that our knowledge of the laws of heredity is not sufficient to warrant any meddling with the perpetuation of life among these people, and counselled the policy of *laissez-faire*. But if he had had his way, the idiots and imbeciles would still be with us.

While many of the critics of eugenics admit that it is not only feasible but a social duty to eliminate our hereditary defectives, they offer various objections to any attempt toward the further improvement of the human race. There is a more or less prevalent conviction that most eugenicists would have marriages determined by the state in order to develop the desired type of man. People, and especially the American people, are naturally hostile toward any system which would impose restriction or regulation of freedom of marriage. And in so far as they have been led to look upon the eugenicist as a person who aims to bring about matings which will tend toward the realization of a particular eugenic ideal, they are apt to experience resentment against such an infringement upon their natural rights. Who is to decide, it is often asked, what is to be the eugenic ideal? In this connection it is

well to recall the remark of Francis Galton: 'Society would be very dull if every man resembled the highly estimable Marcus Aurelius or Adam Bede. The aim of Eugenics is to represent each class by its best specimens; that done, to leave them to work out their common civilizations in their own way.'

There is a sufficient consensus of opinion as to what kind of human beings are desirable in an ideal state, so that we need not trouble ourselves about further details for some time to come. Health, good nature, moral stability, social sympathy, and intellectual ability, I think almost every one would agree, we could well have in much greater measure than at present. We want more of such stock as the Lowells, the Lees, the Edwardses, the Adamses, — the stocks that have given us our authors, statesmen, educators, and successful men of the world; and we want less of such stock as the Jukes, the Tribe of Ishmael, the Kallikaks, and other degenerates who help fill our almshouses, insane asylums, and jails. We are confronted by the fact that families that fall within the first-mentioned classes are not on the average producing enough children to keep up their present number, while many of the least desirable stock are maintaining a relatively high degree of fecundity. The recent decline of the birth-rate among the classes of society that have achieved success is a serious menace to our racial welfare. And there is no escaping the conclusion that such a decline has occurred during the past fifty years in most civilized countries of the world.

The conservative eugenicist wishes to effect a change in the differential birth-rate in such a way that fecundity shall be correlated with those qualities that are socially desirable instead of with qualities which we wish to eliminate.

Most eugenists are keenly alive to the difficulties of effecting such a change, and they are quite generally agreed that any success in this direction must be preceded by a general enlightenment of the public, and an awakening, in those who are physically and mentally well endowed, of a sense of obligation to perpetuate the gifts which nature has bestowed upon them. In the catalogue of sins of omission there is none greater than the sin of racial suicide in a splendidly endowed strain. As Major Leonard Darwin has remarked, 'We of this generation are absolutely responsible for the production of the next generation, and therefore of all mankind in the future; and to make every citizen realize his great racial responsibility in all things connected with marriage, to make him feel this as a deep-seated sentiment greatly affecting his actions, this is the eugenic ideal.'

Eugenics is often attacked on the ground that, since we have much to learn of the factors of organic evolution, any attempt to improve the innate qualities of men is premature. According to Mr. J. P. Milum, who contributes an article, 'The Fallacy of Eugenics,' to a recent number of the *London Quarterly Review*, 'Eugenics is an application to human life of the current form of the evolution theory. The weak link in the evolution theory has been the attribution of creative power to selection. It is upon that very link that the eugenicist has hung his case. Natural selection having failed in human life, it must be replaced, he declares, by conscious selection. And now we find that selection has no power whatsoever! It would appear, therefore, that eugenics is an untimely birth!'

Here we have the 'fallacy of eugenics'! And since the subject can be disposed of in so simple and summary a way, it is not a little remarkable that

so many of the leaders of biological thought should have been deceived by its fair promises that have no hope of realization. It is a great mistake, however, to conclude that the mutation theory, which the author represents to be orthodox evolutionary doctrine, precludes the possibility of progressive evolution through natural or any other kind of selection. This theory simply substitutes relatively large and stable variations for the minute ones to which Darwin ascribed the gradual formation of species. So far as the problem of progressive evolution in general is concerned, Professor De Vries, the chief exponent of the mutation theory, maintains that his doctrine 'is in fullest harmony with the great principle laid down by Darwin.'

No intelligent evolutionist ever held that natural selection creates the variations which must be presupposed before selection can produce any change. Darwin understood this obvious fact as well as any one at the present time. Whatever may be said of the creative power of selection, it is a demonstrated fact that selection has played an important rôle in the improvement of many varieties of plants and animals. Certainly the animal-breeder who refused to breed from his runts and scrubs would not be very

'untimely,' even in the present backward state of the science of genetics.

Whether one adopts the theory of mutation or adheres to the original form of Darwinian doctrine, should not make the least difference in his policy in regard to checking the multiplication of defectives and incapables, or endeavoring to increase the fecundity of the better breeds of human beings. It is in these two measures that the eugenic programme essentially consists.

The fact that in certain pure lines selection has not proved sufficient to produce modification beyond a certain point, has little direct bearing on eugenic measures, for the near future at all events. It is generally admitted by mutationists that the ordinary process of selection applied to a mixed population is easily able to raise the stock to the level of its best strains. Humanity presents a mixture of strains to an extent that probably occurs in no species in a state of nature; and if selection means no more than bringing out those that are most desirable and eliminating the inferior breeds it is capable of untold benefits to society. When the human species has been raised to the level of its best specimens Nature will probably be kind enough to supply us with further mutations in the direction of progress.

THE DEBT

BY KATHLEEN CARMAN

THE convent was a large square building of red brick, harsh of outline, unlovely in its proportions. It stood on the rise of a barren hill, unfriended by the trees of the little valley below, unsoftened by the pleasant landscape above which its ugly bulk arose, stern and domineering. To the south and west lay fertile fields and huddling farm-buildings; to the east, beyond the little valley, rose many closely wooded hills; while to the north, — ah, the north! — one of the greatest wonders of all this wonderful world lay there, for if one climbed to the highest story of the convent and looked out of any window to the north, one beheld that never-ceasing miracle — the sea!

Sister Anne had known no other home but the convent for nearly half a century, but the sight of those unresting waves never failed to set her spirit free: free of unknown and enchanted worlds, worlds of wonder, of mystery, and of heart-stirring beauty. She was merely a plain, silent, hard-working, rather stupid old woman, who had never been in all her life admired or considered, or even loved, unless one counts the tepid affection of those with whom she lived. She had been brought here as a young girl from the orphanage where she had passed her childhood; and since she had been one of those who are always willing to do what is asked of them, no matter how unpleasant or hard it may be, there had fallen to her share all the humblest and meanest of the household tasks, all the petty drudgeries which must be

done and which no one wishes to do. Her place was always in the kitchen or the laundry. She would have liked to cook, but that had never been suggested. She had always been put to washing dishes. Here again she had a preference: she would have liked to wash the glassware which came out of the hot suds like bubbles and must be polished on the softest and cleanest of towels; or even the clumsy plated forks and spoons which to her were very beautiful. There was nothing delicate or lovely about the great iron soup-kettles which her patient hands must cleanse, or about the greasy roasting pans. And it was the same way in the laundry. Only the coarsest, heaviest of the washing was given to her: the rag mats that lay beside the beds in the dormitories, the big aprons that the working sisters wore, the cloths that were used in cleaning the lamps. Not for her the intricacies of starching and skillful ironing and fluting.

Yet all the years of toil had not saddened Sister Anne. If any one had questioned her and she had been able to express herself, she might have said that the forces which had formed her sturdy body had given her also a spirit capable of sustaining itself on the most meagre happiness. But no one questioned her and she was at all times slow and scant of speech.

The sources of her contentment lay all without the convent walls, and being so, it was strange that she should have discovered them. As a matter of fact she had not discovered them. They

had come through a slow and unconscious process to be a part of her life. It had begun, humbly enough, in the kitchen garden. When first she came to the convent she had not been very well and they had set her to weeding the vegetables in order that she might be out of doors as much as possible. Her simple, kindly nature had turned in solicitude and affection to this springing life that responded to her tendance. No great and lovely lady in her garden ever looked with more pride and admiration upon her roses and lilies than did Sister Anne upon her beans and cabbages and early peas. Through them she had come to watch with interest every change in the weather, anxious for the needed rain, fearful of the early frost, rejoicing when sun and air and moisture did their kindly best.

And thus it was, through a process simple, gradual, inevitable, that her heart had wakened to the wonder and the beauty of the world about her. At first she saw no further than the garden, finding joy in the clear green of the new shoots, pleasure in the sturdy growth of some robust plant, or a still ecstasy in the dew-crowned freshness of the bean flowers in the early morning. But soon that morning magic lay before her marveling eyes upon the near-by fields and the distant hills, and in time she beheld the wonderful pageant from mystic dawn to dawn, and that still more wonderful pageant of the changing months.

No one knew or guessed the joy that filled her life from this dumb intercourse with flying cloud or snow-hung cherry tree or from the deep stillness of a green-clad hill in a summer noon. When she was younger she used sometimes to speak of these things to her companions, but she had early learned that they neither understood nor cared to understand the feelings which she would have shared with

them. But this did not disturb her. She felt for those with whom she lived good-will and a mild affection, but hers was not a nature to expect or need sympathy. She had a profound and sincere humility which rendered her incapable of envy. She felt herself, without bitterness, to be the inferior of all with whom she came in contact. The fact that they were indifferent to what were to her the purest sources of happiness never seemed to her a lack in them, but only an accentuation of the fact that she was less clever than they. To read, to embroider, to converse, to make long devotions, were all beyond her powers. She was not 'spiritual-minded.' Prayers were to her a tedious and difficult task, to be fulfilled conscientiously but always finished with relief. This indeed came by slow degrees to be a source of pain and anxiety to her. She felt herself a sinner. In the laborious and inarticulate processes of her mind there gradually took form the knowledge that she would rather do any kind of work than pray; that she would rather, far rather, sit in idleness, looking out upon the familiar, beloved landscape, than pray. This seemed to her inexplicably wicked, but it never occurred to her to change, although she sometimes felt that she would go to hell because of it.

Such thoughts were, however, neither frequent nor enduring with her. When she made her preparation for confession, she used sometimes to endeavor to formulate this general sense of wrongdoing; but the matter was too subtle for her limited powers of expression, and she never got beyond the specific instance, as when she neglected the kettles so that she might watch a storm coming up across the hills, or walked five miles on a singing May morning to get a not indispensable supply of fresh eggs from a farmhouse. Not for many penances would she have

foregone the clean joy of that walk. Spring came late and slowly to this bit of world beside the sea, but came none the less surely, none the less with magic and enchantment in its wings; the new color on field and hill, the wonderful smell of the earth and of the budding shoots, the divine air, that now blew chill and austere as from the cave of winter itself and now touched the cheek with a shyness, a softness, a warmth, like early love.

Sister Anne had no imagery. She was sixty years old, ignorant, unread, unimaginative, slow and dull of wit. Yet walking through this new-created world, she felt that joy more keen than pain, — that wordless ecstasy whose channel is the senses, but which sends the spirit groping back toward God who gave it life. Although she felt that this marvelous universe came from the beneficent hand of some supreme Good, she never identified it with the Deity to whom she made her difficult devotions. Deep in her heart there grew a strong sense of gratitude, of obligation, a wish vague and unformed, yet compelling, that in some way she might make return for the happiness which life had brought her. She tried to spend more time in the chapel and to say an extra number of Aves, but this did not satisfy her, and even her unseeking mind felt some doubt as to the worth of such mechanical and joyless prayers.

So the placid months and years slipped by, and at last there came to Sister Anne, as does not come to all of us, her great hour.

It was a cloudless, windless, intolerably hot day in midsummer. Sister Anne had been on an errand to a fisherman's hut at some distance from the convent. As she walked slowly home through the woods, she reached a place in the path which led near the shore and from which a few steps brought her out upon a little promontory.

Never, it seemed to her, had the sea looked so blue or the sails of the distant ships so white. She stood for a long time gazing out toward the horizon before she saw anything nearer; but when she did see, she hurried down to where she could get out on the beach. On a tiny rocky islet some two hundred feet or so from the shore lay the figure of a man in a swimming-suit. It was evident that he was either dead or unconscious. Sister Anne considered for a while and then, without even removing her shoes, waded out to him. He was not dead, she found at once, but stunned by a blow on the head, apparently from one of the sharp rocks on which he lay. Sister Anne cleansed and bound the wound with her kerchief, and then sat for a few moments, her face grave and perplexed. Her bit of human wreckage was only a boy of sixteen or so, tall, slender, with thick, rough blond hair and skin fair as a child's. Sister Anne, by putting forth her whole strength, had been able to move him only a few inches, so that it was manifestly impossible for her to get him to the shore. The fisherman's hut from which she had just come was deserted, its owner off on a cruise; there was not even a boat there. The convent was a good three quarters of an hour away, make what haste she would, and it would take as much longer to return with help. In an hour, she well knew, the islet would be submerged by the rising tide. She knew of no other fishing-hut and of no farmhouse nearer than the convent.

The water had been nearly to her waist in one place as she came, and she could see that it had risen a little even in this short time. She took off her black robe and did what she could with its aid to put the helpless lad in a more comfortable position; then, desperately, by every means at her command, she set about restoring him to

consciousness. For a long time she met no response to her efforts. Indeed, more than once she anxiously leaned her ear against his chest, to be sure that his heart still beat. At last, when she had almost given up, discouraged, he made a slight sound, and a moment later tried to sit up, only to sink back into coma again. In a few minutes more, however, he opened his eyes and looked at her with manifest intelligence. Instantly she spoke to him with all the urgency she could summon.

'You must swim ashore as soon as you can. The tide is coming in and if you stay here you will be drowned, unless you are able to swim. If you can start now you will be able to walk part of the way between here and the beach, but part you must swim, even now.'

Again he struggled to sit up and this time succeeded, although for a moment he had to lean against Sister Anne's shoulder.

'As soon as you are able,' she reiterated anxiously, 'you must swim ashore.'

He shifted himself and gazed at her in considerable perplexity.

'Do you know how I hurt my head?' he asked. 'I must have fallen as I was climbing up here. And how did you come here?'

'I was passing,' Sister Anne explained, 'and I saw you lying here. I waded out to you. The water was not as deep then. Now —'

She paused, and a look of fear and anguish grew in her dull eyes.

'You cannot swim?' asked the boy.

'Oh, no, no,' she answered, her head sinking on her breast.

'Yet you stayed here to help me when you might have got safe ashore if you had left me? Did you know that you would be caught by the tide?'

'I am old,' she answered; 'it must come to me before many years in any

case. But you are so young. I could not leave you. Your mother —'

The boy looked at her a moment with shining eyes and flushing face. Then he rose cautiously, and tentatively flexed the muscles of his legs and arms.

'Will you take off your shoes?' he said gently.

She gazed at him in bewilderment, and he explained to her carefully what he would do and what she must do. It took some time to make her understand, for her slow mind had not compassed such a possibility; but when once it was clear to her what was to be done, she was docility itself. Well for Sister Anne now that the strongest habit of her life was obedience. But for that, the lad, strong swimmer as he was, could not have brought her safe to shore.

That night the placid life of the convent throbbed and thrilled with an excitement unknown in its history. Sister Anne, for the first time in her existence, was the centre of a storm of solicitude, of attention, of agitation. She herself was unmoved. She came back from death as unemotionally as she had gone to meet it. She sat by the window of her room, wishing that she might be left alone to watch the moon rise above the quiet hills.

The Mother Superior, the curé himself, had visited her, had said strange and wonderful things to her which she scarcely understood. The whole Sisterhood buzzed about her like a hive, for it seemed that the fair-skinned lad of her adventure was the heir of a house whose name was famous in many lands, and the father was even now standing at her threshold.

Sister Anne was not embarrassed by the great presence; fame and wealth and high birth and all the glories of this world being indeed less than words

to her. Moreover, her visitor brought to this interview with an old unlettered woman all the charm and suavity and tact of which he was so well the master. The tale his son had told had seemed to him incredible and touching, and he felt a desire to understand the impulses which had made possible so singular an episode. He soon found that she had indeed faced death in full knowledge of what she did, that she had wittingly given up her chance of escape that the boy might have his. But to find the motive was not so simple. Delicately he probed one channel after another: duty, heroism, religious training, in none of these could he find the clue. Her life, he reflected, could hardly have been so full of happiness as to have attached her very strongly to this world, and deftly he pursued that trail, still unsuccessfully. Baffled for the moment, he was silent, watching her unrevealing face. The late summer twilight was darkening into deep shadows on the hillside, but the eastern sky was still clear yellow from the sunset. Just beyond that bank of clouds, Sister Anne thought, the moon would rise before long. The man beside her, still pondering his problem, made some comment on the clustering trees in the valley below.

She turned to him at once with a changed look.

“They are at their thickest now,” was all she said; but he saw that at last he had opened the closed door.

In a few moments more, under his skillful touch, were revealed to him the simple and profound sources of happiness on which her spirit fed. In sentences so incomplete, in thoughts so inarticulate as to be mere suggestion, he comprehended her, and at length, with infinite gentleness, drew forth the thread of explanation which he had sought so patiently.

She had felt for long, he gathered,

that she owed a heavy debt in return for all the joy in life that had been hers. She felt that her life had held more happiness than she deserved, happiness for which she had made, it seemed to her, but inadequate return. When she had found the helpless lad, she had found also, it seemed, her chance of payment. If she might save his life or at least give her own in the effort, this debt that she owed the world would be lessened.

When she had managed in some fashion to convey this much to her sympathetic listener, she paused and looked at him wistfully.

“A human life,” he said, in instant response, “is worth more than words can measure. You gave the greatest gift in your power. Be content. When you behold the sunlight on the sea tomorrow, say to yourself, “But for me there is one on whom the sun would not shine to-day.””

She looked at him in silence, and he saw her breast rise and fall in one slow breath as if of relief.

A little longer he sat, considering, in strange humility, this old and humble woman toward whom he had had such generous intentions. What of the many gifts in his power might he offer that could enrich her life? Nothing! Nothing to give to this poor, lonely, ignorant, toil-worn being who in her starved existence had found more joy than she could make return for!

Once more he thanked her in his son’s name and his own, and with as careful a courtesy as if she had been his sovereign, bade her farewell.

The moon had climbed above the bank of clouds now, and the hillside lay transfigured in its light. Sister Anne leaned her head against the window-casing and looked for a while into the still summer night; then presently, being very weary, she slept, a dreamless sleep.

GERMANY'S ANSWER¹

BY HANS DELBRÜCK

I

IN order to have a complete comprehension of the present World War, it is necessary to consider Serbia. This country, a neighbor of Austria, was for five centuries subject to Turkey, and now forms a small independent kingdom south of the Danube.

The independence of Serbia has its origin in the fact that the country once belonged to Austria. By the Peace of Passarowitz in 1718, after the conquest of the Turks by Prince Eugene, what is to-day northern Serbia, including Belgrade, fell to Austria; in 1739, twenty years later, Austria was obliged to cede this territory back to Turkey. This period of twenty years of freedom from the Turkish yoke had awakened in the Serbian people so strong a feeling of self-confidence that a lasting spirit of resistance resulted, and in the nineteenth century insurrection followed insurrection, leading finally to the formation of an independent sovereign state. Sometimes it was Austria and sometimes Russia who protected Serbia, and toward whom Serbia's policy inclined. The final result, however, was increased friendliness toward Russia on the part of Serbia, and an increased friction with Austria, after Serbia had become large and independent enough

¹ It lends especial interest to this paper to remember that the author is Professor of History in the University of Berlin in succession to the famous Treitschke; that he has served for many years in the Reichstag; and that he is in every respect entitled to speak for modern Imperial Germany. — THE EDITORS.

to feel herself the mother-country of a future great united national empire.

Before the last great Balkan wars, the kingdom of Serbia had three million inhabitants. But the population of Austria included about seven million people of the same race: Servians, Kroatians, Slovenes, Dalmatians, and Bosnians. A zealous national agitation has succeeded sporadically, though not universally, in stirring up a movement among the people which aims at union with Serbia. Blunders made by the government of Austria and particularly by that of Hungary, in the treatment of the South Slavs, have largely contributed toward adding fuel to the fire of the Greater Servian agitation, and the danger to the Austrian Empire which arises from it is very considerable, not only because Serbia is Serbia, and because she has partisans in the Hapsburg monarchy itself, but because she is the advance-guard of the pan-Slavic idea and the outpost of mighty Russia. Nor should we speak of Austro-Hungarian craze for dominion; it is the instinct for self-preservation of a great power, which cannot, without despairing of its own future, tolerate the existence of the Greater Servian idea either within its borders or on its frontiers. A prospective Greater Serbia would not only sever large tracts of territory from the Austrian Empire, but would cut her off from the sea, which in these days means death to a great power. The Greater Servian idea and Austria cannot exist side by side.

The Servians imagine that they can

play the same rôle among the South Slavs that Piedmont played in Italy. But the analogy is false. The South Slavs do not form a national unit, as the Italians did long before the creation of the political unit. The formation of such a national unit, which leads with irresistible force to the creation of a national state, demands a civilization that reaches back for centuries; a community of national ideals embodied in traditions, in literature, art, and science; and a reverence for great men, — all of which the Italians possessed, but the Servians do not. Granted that they speak dialects which bear considerable resemblance to each other, so that the language presents a certain uniformity; in culture and religion they are much divided. Servians and Kroatians hate each other, and Bosnia is even partly Mohammedan; no less important is the fact that the great majority of South Slavs do not want to hear anything about Greater Serbia, and that, unlike the former Lombardo-Venetians, they are true and loyal subjects of the House of Hapsburg. Not until lately has a fervid propaganda sown the seed of the Greater Servian idea in these provinces, especially in the recently acquired Bosnia. The seed took root, and the result was the assassination of the Austrian heir-apparent, in the place of an honest political fight.

It was not to be thought of that Austria should content herself with the mere punishment of the assassins and their accomplices, even on the largest scale. Even taking into consideration and placing due importance upon the fact that the Austro-Hungarian policy was in part responsible for the dimensions assumed by the nationalist agitation, after the commission of the crime nothing remained for Austria, if she had any faith in her own future, and wished to retain her subjects, but to say, now or never. The only acceptable redress

for the murder of the Archducal pair was to put an end once for all to the Greater Servian aspirations. The Austrian government presented its conditions in Belgrade. Their purport was that the bloody deed at Serajevo could not be treated as a solitary crime, but that it originated in the policy of Servia; therefore Austria demanded as redress the guarantee of a complete and permanent change of Servian policy. However, such a guarantee can never consist of mere paper promises. Austria demanded, therefore, conditions which would have placed Servia under her permanent control.

Although the world had long been prepared for a reckoning between Austria and Servia, yet it was the opinion of many that Austria had exceeded all reasonable expectations in her conditions and demands. And this with a time-limit of only forty-eight hours for the answer, which left only the briefest interval for getting into touch with St. Petersburg.

Was this abruptness intended, from the start, to render the keeping of peace impossible? Many say so, particularly those in foreign countries. It seems to me that the exact opposite could be said with more justice. Let us suppose that Austria had waived one or the other of her claims and confined herself to terms of studied politeness; the principal condition, the abandonment of the idea of a Greater Serbia, and of the Greater Servian agitation, must of necessity have been expressed in unequivocal terms. This is the point on which the Servians, puffed up with pride as they are to-day by two victoriously conducted wars, and fixing all their aims and aspirations on nothing less than the establishment of a Greater Serbia, could not be expected to yield. Even the acceptance of Austria's conditions would have only been the prelude to new controversies. Expressed in markedly mild terms the

Austrian demands would have accomplished nothing materially, and morally would have given an impression of weakness and irresolution, and would thereby have increased rather than diminished the danger of war.

For the danger of war lay, not with Servia, but with Russia. If Austria had given the impression of approaching the 'swelled-headed' Servians with a certain timidity, Russian diplomacy would have conceived the idea that Austria might be intimidated by energetic bluffing. Such bluffing, however, always involves a danger.

It might have been that the Czar, without really desiring war, would have carried his threats so far that he finally could not draw back. More than one war in the history of the world originated in that way. Count Berchtold, the Austrian minister, by expressing his note in terms as incisive as possible, placed the Czar before the immediate alternative of war or peace. Uncompromising plainness offers a greater chance for peace than a policy of vacillation. The Servian note, therefore, gives ample testimony not only to the resolution, but also to the wise political foresight of Austrian policy.

II

It is clear that it was very hard for Russia to relinquish the outpost she had acquired in a Servia hostile to Austria. Not only political calculation, but temperamental sympathies, bind maternal Russia to the little Slav kingdom. It was to be anticipated that, even if the Russian government wished to keep the peace, public opinion, led by the Slavophiles, would rebel and bring strong pressure to bear on it. But did not Austria's interference in Servia arise from unavoidable necessity? What right had Russia to interfere in the quarrel between Austria and Servia? Servia lies

far from Russia, and well within Austria's sphere of influence. Would the United States (aside from the Monroe Doctrine) permit a European power to interfere in her differences with Mexico or Colombia? What would England do, if a small power on her frontier constantly stirred up a number of her subjects, until finally the Prince of Wales was murdered by these agitators? The interference of Austria in Servia arose out of the dire extremity to which this small power, backed by Russia, had driven her.

Russia and England were about to divide Persia; France had taken Morocco; and should Austria have no right to interfere when the conspiracy against her heir apparent was hatched in Servia, before her very gates? Austria would not only have ceased to be a great power, but she would have been dismembered as a state, if she had not adopted vigorous measures.

The fundamental error of the English Blue Book¹ in the presentation of the case is the assumption of the right of Russia to assume the protection of Servia. With this assumption as a basis, Sir Edward Grey endeavored to move Vienna and Berlin to an amelioration of the Austrian demands. We have seen that if Austria had made her demands less sharp, sooner or later the war would have broken out just the same. If Sir Edward had really desired to maintain peace, he would have made it clear to Russia that a Russian protectorate in Servia was unjustifiable. Of course, this would have been rather hard for the Czar to concede, but he could have made it plain to this people that he felt obliged to withdraw his protecting hand from Servia, since the agitators there had become assassins: that

¹ The 'White Paper' of the British Government was first issued in the form of a 'Blue Book' by the British Foreign Office on August 5. — THE EDITORS.

a Czar could have no common cause with regicides. The possibility of such a diplomatic course as this was not alluded to by the least hint in the English Blue Book.

Perhaps American people are inclined to put the question whether even the existence of such an artificially constructed state as Austria is of sufficient value to be conserved with such immense bloodshed as is now taking place over the whole of Europe. It is true that Austria is a very artificial state, composed of many different nations. But if this state did not exist, a clever statesman once said, it ought to be invented. For did the Hapsburg Empire not exist, all those small nations — Slavs, Hungarians, Roumanians, and the whole Balkan peninsula, and all the rest — would form part of the body of the mighty Russia. Who then on the continent of Europe would be still able to resist the Russian colossus?

For the same reason it is a matter of course that the German Empire should stand at Austria's side. Had we tolerated the subjugation and dismemberment of Austria by Russia we should have had to wage the next war against Russia and France alone. Under no circumstances could we leave this danger to our descendants; the preservation of the Hapsburg monarchy was therefore a vital issue for the German Empire.

It is entirely wrong to imagine that Austria and Serbia would be natural enemies under all circumstances. King Milan, who was a very questionable personage, but a very clever politician, used to prophesy to the Servians that their hostility to Austria would end in disaster, and he therefore followed a distinctly pro-Austrian policy.

Yet, even if the present war should finally result in Serbia's becoming Austrian territory, the Servian national idea would not suffer from the fact, for

the hoped-for national unity would be gained under the Austrian sceptre, and the united Slavic element would be of such strength that it would soon be accepted and recognized side by side with the German and Magyar elements, sufficiently to satisfy its sense of national self-importance.

But Servian self-assurance and the pan-Slavic ambitions of Russia have forbidden such reflections from the start.

III

The only possibility of preserving peace lay with England. Therefore, in the days of the crisis, I personally did not give up my hopes of peace till the last moment. For there seemed to me to be still a possibility that England would declare to Russia that, after the pan-Slavic policy in the Balkans had led to the murder of the Archduke, she found it morally impossible to stand by her further, and that England, in case of conflict, would remain neutral. Had England said this, Italy would have remained true to the Triple Alliance, whose supremacy would thus have been assured; Russia must have accepted her defeat, and peace would have been preserved.

We are all the more convinced that it lay in England's hands to keep the peace by this means, as all the indications show that France would gladly have followed her lead. It is true that the idea of *revanche* has by no means died out, but has remained very strong all these forty-four years; nevertheless there can be no doubt as to the existence of a strong desire for peace among the great masses of the French people. Suppose then that England had appealed to this peaceful attitude in France. An emphatic declaration from London would have given predominance to this tendency, and Russia would have been obliged to withdraw. What an incalculable

lable responsibility was placed in England's hands! Every one knows that the civilization of Europe is at stake. If the Allies are victorious, the ultimate victory will not be with England and France, but with the country representing the most pernicious despotism that the world knows: Russia. In England there are not only many who realize this, but there have been plenty of voices raised to say so, and several ministers preferred resigning from the Cabinet to associating themselves with the murderers of princes.

But the majority of the Cabinet and Parliament decided otherwise; although she has no particular sympathy with pan-Slavism, not to speak of regicides, England has from the first, and also during the diplomatic attempts at intervention, placed herself on Russia's side, and by this attitude made war inevitable. Sir Edward Grey and his colleagues have formed the notion that the interests of England's power demand it.

Ranke, in his *History of the World*, said of Cleon, the Athenian demagogue, 'Regard for the common weal of the Grecian world was not in him. . . . He had eyes only for the situation of the moment, for the immediate one-sided gain.' Just so has England suppressed all regard for the common welfare of European civilization, and pursued only her own immediate ends. For if she had declared herself to Russia and France in the manner above mentioned, — and as honor dictated, — and if as a further consequence Russia had been obliged to abandon her rôle of protector of the Balkan peoples, a harmful reaction on the fundamental relations between Russia and England might have ensued; the Triple Entente would have been weakened; foreign policy might have required readjustment; England would perhaps have been led to seek a *rapprochement* with Ger-

many, to live on amicable terms with her, and definitely to acknowledge her maritime importance. England did not wish to count with any of these possibilities, but preferred to allow the war to break out.

IV

But why did England go even further, and declare war on us herself?

The Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, expressed himself with unequivocal clearness. He was firmly convinced that in the event of a war between the Triple Alliance and the Double Entente, the latter would be defeated and France be crushed by Germany. The German Chancellor, for this reason, offered the English government the assurance that in case of victory we would demand of France no European, but at the most, colonial territory. Whereupon Grey replied that 'even without having her territory in Europe taken away, France could be so crushed that she would lose her position as a great power and be subject to German policy.' To save France from this fate England took up arms, and without being bound by any contract, threw herself into the conflict from the first. For she apprehended that if France were overwhelmed, Germany would control all central Europe, including Belgium and Holland, and the balance of power in Europe, which guarantees the freedom of the nations, would be at an end.

One resolution is bound to another like the links of a chain: in order to preserve the European balance of power France must be assisted; this entails the extension of the alliance to Russia, England's feared rival in Asia, on whose account again England must become the friend of a band of Servian murderers. To be sure, England affirms (and is believed in many parts of the world) that she declared war on us because we had violated the neutrality of Belgium.

From the preceding statements, however, it is clear that this was in reality only a pretext. For after the war had once broken out it was hardly possible for England to withdraw; on the contrary, the opportunity to rid herself once for all of Germany's rivalry on the sea appeared so enticing that the English ministers wished to take advantage of it. This was the real crisis, and it was decided before the question of Belgium's neutrality was brought up. But it was, of course, very opportune for the English ministers that Germany's line of action toward Belgium furnished them a pretext for posing as champions of the right and guardians of treaties.

Why did Germany give England this advantage?

If it were true that England entered into this war on account of Belgium's neutrality, Germany would have cheated herself out of a sure victory by this unwise step. For, if England had not interfered, Italy would have remained with the Triple Alliance; how, in that case, could France and Russia have conquered, or even maintained themselves? Can any one credit the German Emperor, the Chancellor, the General Staff, all very sagacious personages, with such a blunder? Their conduct cannot be logically explained unless they were sure, not only that England would join the ranks of our enemies under any circumstances, but that the united Allies would themselves afterward make their way through Belgium.

One very important advantage for Germany, at the outbreak of the war, lay in the fact that it could hardly be expected that Russia and France would be able to open hostilities simultaneously: the Russians, with their cumbersome mobilization, the enormous extent of their empire, and the thinly distributed network of their railways, would not be able to take the field

until several weeks later than their allies. It was to be anticipated, therefore, that the French would first advance up to the Franco-German frontier (two hundred kilometers in length, and thickly invested by forts and fortresses), and would wait there, without assuming the offensive, until the Russians, arriving from the east, had obliged the Germans to divide their forces. Then, however, as the Germans have amply fortified their French frontiers with fortresses at Strassburg, Metz, and other places, the attack would have followed through Belgium, on the much more exposed lower Rhine. Of course, the German General Staff knew that, since they possessed the great mortars which subdued Liège, Namur, Antwerp, and the French northern fortresses, the French fortresses along the Vosges must fall also; but with these places protected by the whole French army, this would take so long that the Russians would have time to arrive. The only possibility of averting from Germany this hazardous double conflict was to break into France, across her much longer and less protected northern frontier, through Belgium, and thereby gain such an advantage that a part of the army could be dispensed with and sent against the Russians. Although finally Germany did declare war on Russia because the latter was mobilizing in threatening force on the Austro-German frontier, this danger was in reality much greater than Germany imagined.

Only a few days after our army was mobilized in the west, the Russians appeared in great force on our eastern frontier.

The first day of mobilization in Germany was August 2. By August 16 the mobilization was so far completed that the Kaiser left Berlin to join the army. On August 20 the Germans occupied Brussels, and on August 21 and 22

the first great battle took place on the Franco-German frontier between Metz and Strassburg. But already, on August 23, the Russians appeared in vastly superior numbers on the eastern border of Prussia and drove the Germans back, so that the German general headquarters was forced to withdraw troops from the French field of operations and send them against the Russians.

It is clear that the Russians must have begun their mobilization a long time before we were aware of it. If we had waited longer before taking the offensive, we should not have needed to violate the neutrality of Belgium, nor should we have been able to do it, for by that time the French and English would have been on the way through Belgium; they would have invaded the Rhine country, occupied Aix-la-Chapelle and Treves, and then, with the strong Belgian strongholds of Liège and Namur as bases, would have been able to push their offensive operations farther into the Rhine provinces.

Would the Belgians have defended their fortifications as bravely against the French and the English as they did against us? Why then had they built their forts only on the German border and not on the French? One can be perfectly sure that they not only would not have defended these fortresses against the Allies, but would have turned them over to them as a base; because, if the war had progressed to such a stage, no one in Belgium would have doubted the ultimate victory of the Allies, and every Belgian would have trembled for Belgium's existence, if the least opposition were made to the Allies.

In 1870, it was Germany that saved Belgium's integrity. Napoleon III would have been ready to agree to the German Federation if we had allowed him a free hand in Belgium. Why then has Belgium, in spite of this, gone over

to the enemies' camp? Not because we were the ones who had just violated her neutrality. The others would have done the same, and it is very probable that French soldiers crossed the Belgian border even before the Germans did. The Belgians joined the Allies simply because they considered that side to be the strongest. (There was, too, the natural sympathy of the Belgian people for the French, growing out of the common language and religion.) It is always the surest course for a small country to pursue, to be on the side of the strongest. For years the French press has daily proclaimed that the French army alone, with its superior artillery and highly developed aviation, was a match for the Germans. The peaceful foreign policy of Germany they construed as fear, and ridiculed the Kaiser as 'Guillaume le Timide.' The political developments could be foreseen: that there would some day be a great coalition against Germany. The coalition came, and we stood two against seven. Belgium certainly seemed to have the greatest assurance of being among the victors by joining the other side.

For this reason, Belgium, in 1906, as has now become known, closed with France and England an eventual convention concerning military aid. Belgium did not close such a convention with Germany. This might be explained if Belgium—in spite of the memory of the French plans in 1870—had been absolutely sure that this neighbor (on the south) at no time and under no circumstances would violate her neutrality. If this had been the reason, Sir Edward Grey would have told the German Ambassador, and would have been obliged to tell him, that France would not violate the neutrality of Belgium and that England was ready to guarantee that France would keep this obligation. Sir Edward did not give such a pledge

to the German Ambassador. Was it possible for a German statesman under these circumstances to believe in the lasting neutrality of Belgium? Diplomats very easily find a pretext to set aside a promise. Is a country lying between two unfriendly neighbors, and taking military precautions against one of them and not against the other, in reality neutral?

What attitude should Germany take toward such a state? From Sir Edward Grey's refusal to answer the neutrality question, Germany saw clearly that just as soon as the Russians were near enough, the French, perhaps aided by the English and Belgians, would attack Germany on that flank. Germany, therefore, had to consider which was the lesser of the two evils. If she proceeded against Belgium, there was the prospect of gaining large advantages before the Russians entered the conflict, — a hope that has only in small measure been realized. On the other hand there was the disadvantage in this move, that abroad, particularly in neutral countries, Germany would appear in the light of the peace-breaker. If, on the contrary, Germany had waited until the enemy had violated Belgium's neutrality, she would have had the moral advantage of appearing in the light of the defender of the right, but at the same time would have lost almost all hope of victory against the stupendous odds. Under these conditions Germany chose the odium of appearing to the world as the treaty-breaker, sure that she was so only in appearance, because the treaty had already been broken in fact from the other side.

Many take the standpoint, especially in neutral countries, that England hesitated until the last moment before going into the war, and that the violation of Belgium's neutrality was the last drop which caused the goblet to

overflow. This theory has since been exploded by a report from the Belgian minister in St. Petersburg, de l'Escaille, to his government, dated July 30, which has been found in Brussels. This document states that the assurance of English support gave the war party in Russia the majority. This was five days before Germany had violated Belgian neutrality and while the German Ambassador was still discussing the question of Belgian neutrality with Sir Edward Grey. How is this evidence of M. de l'Escaille's report to be squared with the pretension of Sir Edward Grey in the English Blue Book that to the last he never undertook any obligation to Russia, to assist her against Germany? The answer is very simple. It is quite true that a formal treaty did not exist between England and Russia, any more than between England and France; notwithstanding, the leading men in St. Petersburg as well as in Paris were assured that England in case of war would be on their side. Grey's fault is not that he gave them a promise of help, but that he failed to declare that England would not be on their side. That, and that alone, would have conserved the peace.

v

The real sequence of events is therefore the following: Sir Edward Grey, with consummate skill, let Germany see that England would participate in the war in any case, thus putting Germany into the position of having to violate Belgian neutrality in self-defense; and then announced to all the world, with much moral pathos, that the defense of this neutrality was the ground for England's declaration of war.

One is now very well able to point out with the aid of several small mistakes in the English Blue Book that this artful policy of making Germany

appear as the aggressor was very carefully followed through. Grey reported, on July 30, that the French Ambassador, M. Cambon, tendered him a communication from the French Foreign Minister which stated that Germany was much further advanced with her preparations than France. If one considers the statements of this report more closely, it becomes apparent that this French note could not possibly date from July 30, but from August 1,¹ at the very earliest, if not from even later. This contradiction was subsequently discovered in London, so that in the new edition of the Blue Book not only this date, but the term 'yesterday, Friday,' by which the false date betrays itself, has been simply left out in both the English and the French texts; in consequence this very important document now has no date at all. The documents have in this way been falsified in order to justify the assertion that Germany, four days before she began to mobilize, was already making aggressive preparations.

In another place, a falsification betrays itself. The attempt is to prove that Germany already on July 23, the day on which Austria tendered the note to Serbia, began mobilization. In both the French and the English text, this July 23 is designated as Saturday. July 23, however, was a Thursday. This mistake also was discovered later and corrected in subsequent editions.

One may reply that even the German Chancellor himself stated that Germany had violated Belgian neutrality, because 'necessity knows no law,' and was conscious of being in the wrong. This can be explained. Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg lays much value on being recognized as absolutely loyal and truthful, which, in diplomacy, is not a very prevalent virtue. Because the for-

mal violation of neutrality actually did come from the German side, it was characteristic of him to admit it openly. However, he immediately added, in his speech in the Reichstag, that he knew as a certainty that the neutrality had already been violated from the other side, and thereby had ceased to be in effect. In the same sense he told the British Ambassador, who announced the British declaration of war on the ground of this violation of neutrality, that England was going to war for a piece of paper. This did not mean, by any means, that in the eyes of the German Imperial Chancellor all treaties were only pieces of paper, but that this particular treaty had ceased to be anything more than a piece of paper, because it was no longer respected, not by us, but by either country.

VI

In the United States, many have taken sides against Germany, because they believed that they saw in the victory of the western powers a victory of liberalism, and in a German victory a triumph of militarism. Quite aside from the fact that Germany, in many respects, has far more political liberty than either France or England, the victory of the Allies would be a victory, not of the western powers, but of England and Russia. It is in reality these two powers who threaten the liberties of the nations to-day: England, who strives to rule the seas of the world and to subjugate the commerce of all nations to the law of her naval power; and Russia, whose army, even in time of peace, is larger than the armies of Germany, Austria, and Italy added together. Without those tremendous efforts made by Germany, — called by our enemies the 'Prussian Militarism,' — the mainland of Europe would long since have been under the dominion of

¹ The date for which (5:30 P.M.) the order for mobilization in Germany was given.

the Cossacks and there would have remained nothing but the struggle between England and Russia for the dominion over Asia, which would mean to the victor world-domination.

Would that be a desirable aim for the development of the world's history? All modern culture in all its wealth rests on polynationalism. If Germany and Austria are victorious in this war, the freedom of the nations will be preserved, because, no matter how strong Germany emerges from this struggle, she will still be far too weak to maintain a world-domination. Germany lacks the mass, the bulk, the weight, and must rely for power on greater tension, activity, and efforts. Texas alone is much larger in area than Germany.

But if England and Russia win, — France in comparison with these two hardly counts as a great power, — one will dominate the seas, the other the continents. Of course, England's power will continue only if the British Empire continues to exist. Does not the United States already feel the injustice of the English interpretation of maritime law? To what extremes would England utilize her power, if she no longer, as a check, had Germany to consider?

Therefore we, in Germany, have the firm conviction that it is not for our own independence alone that we are fighting in this war, but for the preservation of the culture and freedom of all peoples.

LA GRANDE NATION

BY J. O. P. BLAND

Ah! qu'elle est belle de haut en bas, cette France de 1914! Tout y est à recueillir dans nôtre mémoire, pieusement, et à suspendre pour jamais dans notre maison de famille, comme des tableaux devant lesquels les générations viendront prier et se recueillir. Quelle fraîcheur universelle! Il semble que toutes les âmes soient redevenues neuves et simples. Nous n'avions connu que des chrysalides. La France vient d'ouvrir ses ailes.

MAURICE BARRÈS.
de l'Académie Française.

I

BEYOND all question Barrès is right. For the past two months I have traveled through the length and breadth of France, talking with all sorts and conditions of men, from the government

officials at Bordeaux to the last pitiful refugees of the devastated provinces, and as I look back on those crowded days, the impression left on my mind is one of ever-recurring wonder and increasing admiration. For to those who have eyes to see and ears to hear, France presents to-day a splendidly moving spectacle of spiritual renaissance; the nation, purified and ennobled by sacrifice and suffering, is finding itself in a new world of rare moral beauty. War, the destroyer, has become also the restorer. In France it has swept away all frivolous and aimless things, all the petty strifes of class and creed, that seemed so vital a little while ago; all the sordid differences

imposed upon men by the uninspired routine of commercialism and politics. It has united the nation, as never before, in a blood-brotherhood of fervent patriotism; brought it back to the eternal verities, the things that matter. In a flash, with the first call to arms, all the symptoms of that malady of individualism, which seemed so deep-rooted, have disappeared; the old Gallic serenity of soul has been born again, the clear vision of the world's most chivalrous and humane civilization has been restored.

Come what may of evil from this devastating war, this much is certain, that the France of to-morrow will be a new and vivifying moral force, a force that shall help to teach the world to make the ways of peace nobler than those of war. If there is one national characteristic that stands out more clearly than another against the unbroken front of serene courage and self-sacrifice which France presents to-day, it is the people's conscious hatred of militarism, its determination to carry this war through to an end where that tyranny shall cease, so that the peace of the future may turn the hearts of men to thoughts and deeds as noble as those inspired by war. The social and political ideals of the future are bound to be higher than those of the past in France, because the spirit of the soldier-patriot, the spirit of obedience and duty and discipline, will henceforth impress itself upon the whole life of the nation, making of the new democracy a braver and a nobler guide. All the intellectual and moral activities manifested in Paris and in the provinces point conclusively to a profound moral renaissance.

Nowhere is this renaissance more convincingly manifested than in the hospitals for the wounded. I have visited them in all parts of the country, from the English Channel to the Medi-

terranean, from Bordeaux to the frontiers of Italy, and never, amid all the pitiful wreckage of human health and strength, have I heard any murmur of self-pity or complaint. The simplest *piou-piou* of peasant stock seems to have drawn serenity of soul from his part in the common heroism, to accept his share of suffering with a pride which completely dominates his sufferings. He feels, and every one about him helps him to feel, that he has done his share of a glorious work for France, that shall not be in vain. He feels, as Paul Bourget has finely said, that because heroism is justly measured by devotion to the common cause, he also has become part of the greatness of France. There is no moral distress in any Red Cross hospital, none of the bitterness, the hopelessness, the forlorn self-pity of the wreckage of industrial life — only a conviction of duty well worth doing and well done.

In writing for the *Atlantic Monthly* I realize how difficult it is to convey to readers in America a sense of the passionate fervor, of the lofty and intelligent patriotism which animates the people of France, moving the women in their stricken homes as deeply as the men in the trenches, making all the atmosphere of daily life to vibrate, as with chords of solemn music. I realize that, in America, the minds of many earnest pacifists are sincerely unable to sympathize with manifestations of that national instinct which involves recourse to the elemental brutalities of war, and this because the social and economic results of the struggle for life in a self-sufficient and geographically protected continent, have been of a nature to suspend such manifestations of this national instinct in the United States. Highly cultured men and women in America, reared in the traditions of peace and benevolent humanitarianism, of philosophic detachment

from all the stern realities of the great armed camps of Europe, must of necessity regard as unfeminine, almost uncivilized, the attitude of the mothers and daughters of France, speeding their sons and brothers to the front, stoically accepting all the sorrows and sufferings of this war, for the sake of the redemption of *la patrie*. And yet, could they but see and hear these women of France, could they but realize from personal observation of their thoughts, words, and deeds, what has been the life-history of the nation, the silent travail of its soul, since the fathers and mothers of the men who are to-day fighting Germany ate of the bread of humiliation in 1870, they would realize too that this instinct of nationalism, patriotism in its highest expression of collective effort, remains the strongest and deepest of all human emotions, — deeper than the love of home and children, stronger than the fear of death.

France, more than all the lands that have dallied with panaceas of pacifism, anti-militarism, internationalism, is conscious to-day of the truth that the instinct of race-survival transcends the law of individual self-preservation, and that in the world-struggle for life, the race shall survive which is trained as a compact force in self-discipline and self-defense. France knows also that prosperity invites aggression.

There was very little violent hatred of Germany among Frenchmen before the war; even now they display but little bitterness of spirit — only, throughout all classes of society, a calm acceptance of the inevitability of this ruthless struggle for national existence. All the 'isms' of the Socialists and Syndicalists, all the professed internationalism in the Labor groups, have proven to be as dust in the balance against the race-menace of the Teuton. Moreover it is clear to every student of history

and psychology that the spirit of self-sacrificing devotion to duty, now made manifest throughout the length and breadth of France, is the ripe fruit of the seeds of conscious nationalism which the victorious Germans sowed in 1870. Since that day of humiliation, the ancient unconquerable spirit of the Gaul has been in travail, often unsuspected by its political exponents, preparing for the trials and triumphs of *la revanche*.

How swift has been the transformation in every phase of the national life! At the first roll of the drum, this people, whom we Anglo-Saxons have been wont to regard as light-heartedly unstable, and easily misled by false comfortable doctrines, has laid aside all its garments of frivolity, its laughter and luxury, and set itself without hesitation or murmuring to the stern task of duty. The fervent, spontaneous unanimity of the country has surprised even patriotic Frenchmen, fearful of the pernicious cosmopolitanism which destroyed the unity of France in 1870. Like Barrès, they have marveled and given thanks at the spectacle of the *Grande Nation*, one and indivisible. No single note of discord has jarred upon the splendid symphony of its battle hymn.

It is impossible for any one who has not lived and moved among the French since the outbreak of war to form any conception of the unflinching determination of the people as a whole. One can realize, even from the laconic reports of the official *communiqués*, something of the spirit of the army which maintains its unbroken front from Nancy to the sea; but the indomitable temper of the nation behind it, and especially of the women of France, has not been fully realized, either in Germany or in England. This is partly because the masses, wholly concentrated on the struggle before them, are sternly undemonstrative and silent;

partly because most of the men who usually guide and express public opinion are serving with the colors. Indeed, nothing could more forcibly illustrate the temper of the nation than the present condition of the French press (shorn as it is of the fiery polemics and the audacity of inquisitiveness which normally distinguish it) and the philosophic acquiescence by the public in the autocratic activities of the censorship. In this respect, indeed, one is almost inclined to believe in a radical modification of the traditional attitude of the French people toward constituted authority. Paris, ever accustomed to scrutinize and to discuss all things, to criticize its rulers and to air its own views, has submitted to the arbitrary rules and regulations of martial law and to the frequently unconvincing proceedings of the press censors, with a far better grace than London. For three months, although all immediate danger to the capital has been removed, the citizens of Paris have cheerfully consented to being turned out of their cafés at 8 P.M., and out of their restaurants at 9.30. They have gone without music, without theatres, *cafés chantants*, politics, literature, and art; and there has been no voice of complaint among them, because, by common consent, self-denial and thrift have been accepted as the first duty of every good citizen. For an Englishman, coming from the crowded music halls and football fields of London to the high seriousness of Paris, it is impossible not to feel that, as a nation, the English are paying a heavy price, in the domain of things spiritual, for the sense of personal security which has grown out of their naval superiority.

II

As matters stand, and are likely to remain until the end of the war, the

French press reflects but faintly the intellectual and political currents that are now forming as the result of this earth-shaking upheaval, — currents which nevertheless are gaining strength and depth with every passing day. It could not fail to reflect the nation's splendid unity of purpose, its unswerving fortitude, and all those virtues of mutual help and sympathy which have sprung up, like fragrant flowers of human kindness, behind the marching regiments. It could not fail to see and proclaim the awakening of the soul of France, the unfolding of her wings, but it has not yet endeavored to discuss the direction of their future flight. Nor is this matter for wonder; for, as I have said, the élite of the press, nearly all its clearest thinkers and ablest writers, are either at the front or so busily employed in the relief of suffering and distress, that they have no leisure either for meditation or for speculation. The literary, artistic, and purely political journals of the capital have therefore suspended publication; the daily press confines its activities almost exclusively to recording the events and progress of the war. Even the economic aspects of the struggle, its effect upon the trade, finance, and industries of the country, are scarcely discussed in the serious reviews. The intellectual as well as the physical energies of the nation are concentrated upon the war, all its activities directed toward driving the invader from French soil and ministering to the needs of the fighting line and the wounded. For the moment, the Shaws and Wellses and Arnold Bennetts of France have ceased to be vocal. For this reason, observers overseas can form but little idea of the present evolution of thought in France, of the future attitude of its intellectual leaders, and of the great changes which this year of blood and iron is destined to bring about in the political and social

ideals of civilization's most sensitive culture.

And yet, beneath the surface, certain broad symptoms and tendencies of public opinion are apparent, tendencies manifested as distinctly in the talk of wounded soldiers in hospital wards as in the conversation of political leaders at Bordeaux and Paris. First among these is the unmistakable resentment of the nation toward the class of professional politicians who, in the selfishness of their party strife, have neglected to maintain the country's defenses in the state of efficiency requisite to withstand the German invasion. This is no time for recriminations or for bringing offenders to book; but the French people know, and deeply resent the fact, that the charges brought by M. Humbert last July against the administration of the Ministry of War, and the guarded admissions of M. Messimy on the subject, revealed a condition of unpreparedness which has cost the country dear, and which, had France had no allies, must have resulted in irretrievable disaster. I have talked to hundreds of soldiers in every part of the country and can speak with certainty as to the bitterness with which they denounce the self-seeking activities of the breed of lobbyists, professional agitators, and financiers who are chiefly responsible for the government's failure to provide adequate munitions and equipment for the army. A similar spirit of resentment exists in England, directed against the Socialists and Little-Navyites who have preached the gospel of disarmament in order to catch with doles of public money the votes of the working classes; but the offense of the professional politician is the more grievous in France because the army was actually in being, established by the law of the land, and to starve it in the matter of guns and ammunition was to expose French lives

to danger and French provinces to invasion. It is an open secret that all over France, even at this moment, there are vast numbers of effective troops in garrison (the number is estimated by competent authority as over eight hundred thousand) who have not been available for service in the fighting line for lack of the necessary equipment and munitions of war. Every soldier knows this, and realizing what it means, he is determined, as a citizen and a voter, to put an end hereafter, so far as in him lies, to the callous cynicism of the party system. The vision of *Déroulède* bids fair to be fulfilled; and with the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine, France may well hope to face the future with a system of government strengthened and purified by the ordeal of war, a system in which the self-seeking, smooth-tongued demagogue will find his stratagems and spoils checked by the action of a more conscious and determined type of intelligent nationalism in the masses.

Another symptom, to some extent connected with the popular resentment against professional politics, lies in the growth of a new force of public opinion, spreading from official and commercial circles to the man in the street, against the pernicious influences which cosmopolitan financiers have been able to exercise of recent years in the control of French capital and French industries. For some time past, warning voices have been raised, pointing out the serious dangers and disabilities to which French interests have been exposed by the visible and invisible German influences lurking behind certain insinuating financiers who claimed to be French citizens, but whose sympathies were ever fundamentally Teutonic. These warnings fell upon deaf ears, however, even when they were sensationally confirmed by the *exposé* of M. Caillaux's politic finance in the Congo

and Morocco, because, until the present war came to open men's eyes, the great body of public opinion was blind to the activities of the denationalized financial agent of German *Welt-Politik*. Now the French nation, like the Belgian, has learned in the school of bitter experience that the German financiers and industrial magnates who have so long protested friendship for France and played so prominent a part in her affairs, have been nothing better than traitors and spies. It is now realized that French capital, the strongest weapon in the national armory next to the army itself, has hitherto been freely placed at the disposal of individuals and institutions whose proceedings have generally been directed by the powers of darkness in high places Teutonic. Beneath the velvet glove of Jerusalem, France has now felt the Mailed Fist of Berlin, and the revelation of the political significance of many of the financial activities that seemed so beneficent to the *rentier*, has produced a widespread revulsion of feeling and a determination in high quarters to cleanse the Augean stables of cosmopolitan finance.

The French government will without any doubt put an end to the insidious influences which in the past have subordinated French national interests to the workings of a money-machine, made in Germany, — influences which have gained much of their pernicious force from the relations established between *la haute finance* and the French press. Also, the average French citizen, fearlessly facing the facts, as is his wont, realizes that these corrosive influences have sapped the foundations of civic virtue, putting love of commissions before love of country, preaching their comfortable doctrines of 'economic interdependence' for the ultimate benefit of the Teuton. There will be no social or intellectual *pogrom*

directed against the Rosenbergs, the Spitzers, the Schröders, and the Speyers, but effective steps will be taken, by legislation and by force of public opinion, to limit henceforward the activities of those aliens, who have made espionage a by-product of every trade and industry, and to insure for the future the control of French political finance by none but *pur-sang* Frenchmen. Among politicians, publicists, and business men all over the country I found a most significant unanimity of opinion on this subject, all the more remarkable for the fact that it has so far found practically neither inspiration nor utterance in the press.

Beyond all question a profound reaction is taking place in France against the international character of the government's political finance. Its results must be far-reaching, affecting not only the future scope of joint action by the Powers of the Triple Entente, but all the activities of Anglo-French capital in the industrial markets of the world.

III

But more important than any of the symptoms of impending political and economic movements are the evidences of a deep religious revival. It is impossible to travel anywhere in France to-day without being deeply impressed by the manifestations of religious fervor widespread among all classes of the people. The phenomenon is no less remarkable in Paris than in the provinces. M. René Bazin of the Académie Française, writing on the subject in the *Echo de Paris*, states an indisputable fact when he says that the churches are daily attracting greater numbers of worshipers and communicants, that in many parts of the country the old custom of family prayers has been spontaneously revived, that public and private devotions are manifestly approved

by public opinion, and that 'the road to church has been resumed by many who may have ceased for a time to tread it but had never forgotten the way.' This religious movement is particularly marked in the army: 'Thousands upon thousands of soldiers, before starting for the front, have gone to confession and asked the blessing of the Church.'

There is nothing in this phenomenon to surprise those who have studied the psychology of modern France, who for years have watched the growth of the spirit of self-sacrifice and passionate love of country which has grown out of the trials and humiliations of 1870. In a crisis like the present, when all the surface winds of controversy are stilled and the great deeps lie revealed, when all political bickerings have ceased and social differences have been forgotten in a common fervor of patriotism, it is inevitable that the soul of the people should find courage and consolation in the practice of its ancient faith; that, in the day of supreme trial, the dross of superficial triviality should be purged and the fine gold of the national character revealed. The great upheaval of this war has brought France together, as never before, in a great brotherhood of human kindness. Class prejudices and bitterness have been swept away on the flowing tide of duty and altruism; the body politic has been cleansed of its petty jealousies and sordid intrigues, and, in this process of regeneration, religion has escaped from the paralyzing influences of political strife and revealed itself to the nation with healing in its wings. Whatever may be hereafter the social and national results of the present revival, it is certain that, during the lifetime of the present generation at least, the relations between State and Church in France are destined to be marked by kindlier feelings than have existed in the past, by toler-

ance and mutual sympathy, born of the good understanding of the present. M. Georges Clémenceau, with whom I had occasion to discuss this question, expressed, I think, the feelings which prevail among his free-thinking countrymen in a few significant words: 'Hitherto they have had nothing more than strict justice. Henceforward they are entitled to something more, to our sympathy and respect. For they have proved themselves good citizens and brave men.'

Thus, in the hour of danger, the stern realities of war, great leveler of all the artificial differences that separate man from man, have brought the nation back to the essentials of life, from surface conventions to simple sincerity of word and deed.

There can be no question as to the reality of the revival of piety which has taken place during the past three months. Before the war there were no outward and visible signs of increasing religious activity. The great mass of the people remained apparently indifferent to the perpetual strife of clericals and anti-clericals; the church-going class remained at its normal level; and this, beyond all question, because in the minds of many thinking men the practice of religion had become inextricably associated with politics. But with the outbreak of war all this was changed, and the deep-rooted religious instincts of the people, instincts as remote from dogma as they are from politics, asserted themselves throughout the entire structure of national life. Sectarian quarrels ceased, without discussion as to the terms of truce. The government, disregarding the opposition of the extreme anti-clericals, and realizing the supreme necessity of uniting all France in a common bond of patriotism, re-established chaplains throughout the army and the fleet, and authorized the performance of religious rites in the

field and in all military hospitals. At the funeral of the Comte de Mun a significant spectacle was seen, when all the members of the government and even many extreme radicals paid reverential homage to the memory of this aristocratic head of the Catholics of France, because, political differences notwithstanding, he stood for all that is best and bravest in public life. It was a noble and inspiring spectacle, and there have been many others, all combining to prove that, in this national crisis, love of country counts for much more in France than all the political and religious quarrels that seemed so important eight months ago. Thus, on the field of battle, Catholics and Protestants have fought and worked together as brothers, and even rabbis of the Jewish faith, remembering that they were French, have not hesitated in emergencies to administer the last Christian rites to the dying.

In establishing this truce of God, the French government have merely expressed and indorsed an unmistakable manifestation of the soul of the people, and given effect to its instinctive impulse of piety. (Admitted that this instinct may be closely connected with that of self-preservation; it is none the less admirable, in that it makes for good citizenship and courage.) Officially, of course, the government adheres to its declared principles as regards the state's complete neutrality in the matter of liberty of conscience. By his circulars of the 14th and 26th of October, M. Millerand insists on the maintenance of that neutrality, but the whole tone of these documents shows clearly that the neutrality is very benevolent. Under the supervision of the military authorities, religious services of all denominations may be held, if desired, in military hospitals, and the authorities are directed 'to work in touch with the representatives of the Red Cross so-

cieties, so as to ensure the application of this circular in the spirit of concord, moderation, and tolerance which has inspired it and which should also inspire all your actions.'

The steps taken by the government to place the unity and safety of the country before all political considerations, have been warmly welcomed and supported by clericals and anti-clericals alike. It is, possibly, easier for a freethinker to be sure of himself and his patriotism in the face of the foe than for many a devout member of the church. It is undeniable that for many good Catholics modern France has been identified in its government with antichrist, and infidel persecutions of the church; yet in the hour of national danger, the church has proclaimed that its first duty is the defense of *la patrie*, right or wrong. There has been no sign of hesitation as to the path of duty. Priests — even bishops — have come straightway from their mission work in Central Africa and the Far East to take up arms for the defense of France. (One bishop has served in the ranks as a private soldier.) Not a word has been heard of all the protestations which, in time of peace, were raised against the law imposing military service on the priesthood. The sons of the church have fought, and are fighting, with splendid devotion and courage, as their long list of killed and wounded sufficiently testifies.

And therein lies the secret, revealed by the war, of 'the concord, moderation, and tolerance,' which have put an end to the strife that seemed inseparable from the relations of church and state in France. The hour of trial has proved to the French people that the church in their midst is no longer the unchanging anachronism of anti-clerical tradition; that gradually, more or less unconsciously, it has informed itself with the spirit of French national-

ism, and moved with it on broader paths of intellectual freedom. While the German clergy continue to urge their Rhinelanders forward for the glory of the Kaiser in the name of an ancient feudal system, the French priesthood, forgetting in its patriotic ardor its grievances against modernism, fights under the banner of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. And in the days to come France can never forget that the priest has borne himself worthily as a citizen and as a man. Never again can any politician raise the cry that the church is more Roman than French; never again will men mock the wearer of the clerical frock; they will remember how gallantly he donned the red trousers in the hour of need. The good understanding that has been cemented by comradeship in arms will last for many a day; for the manhood of France has learned to respect the *curé* as a Christian and a gentleman, because they have seen him behave like one in the trenches and in many a post of danger more deadly than the battlefield.

And because of this good understanding, it would seem most probable (if one may judge from current opinion) that, after the war, a means will be found to prevent the revival of strife, by the establishment of a permanent *modus vivendi* between Church and State. Public opinion appears generally to recognize the expediency of renewing relations with the Holy See, as a measure likely to be advantageous to both parties; for, on the one hand, the French government can never expect to exercise its benevolent protectorate over Catholics in the Orient, except by agreement with the Pope; and, on the other, the church is well aware that it cannot hope to set back the hands of the clock in France, that the state must preserve neutrality in the matter of religion and public education, and that

the days of monasticism are gone beyond recall.

The foundations of sympathy and mutual respect now being laid are likely to stand the strain of years; France has therefore good reason for hoping and believing that the present religious revival will make hereafter for peace within her borders and good-will among men.

IV

I have spoken of the splendid patriotism of the women of France, of their stoic submission to the sacrifices and sufferings imposed upon them by this devastating war. Their silent, matter-of-course heroism, manifested alike by the women of the aristocracy, of the *bourgeoisie*, and of the laboring classes, their cheerful acceptance of economic conditions far harder than those which English women have to bear, their efficient thriftiness and capability in organization, all combine to present a spectacle calculated to restore one's belief in the fundamental virtue of human nature.

It is not only in the field ambulances and hospitals of France that one sees the bravery of her women; not only in the soup-kitchens and homes for refugees of Paris and the provinces that their housewifely talents are directed to the effective relief of distress. All over the country — in the tilling of the fields, in the management of business enterprises, and even in the public services of the towns — women have taken the places of the absent bread-winners and have tried to 'carry on,' giving hardly a sign of all their burden of deadly anxiety. (One of the things which impresses one most in talking with French soldiers is their recognition of the truth that the burden which the war lays on women is heavier than that borne by men.) And even those whose activities are neces-

sarily limited to the care of their own families are eager and proud to prove their patriotism by making ends meet on the meagre soldier's separation allowance of twenty-five cents a day, with ten cents for every child. The women of the thrifty middle classes consider it just as much their duty to devote their hard-won savings to the common cause as their men-folk do to bear arms against the enemy. There is only one point at which their patriotism is lacking in intelligence (and in this matter they only follow the lead of their men), namely, that they generally refuse to leave their money in the hands of the banks. Competent authorities have estimated that the total amount withdrawn from circulation by private hoarding in France is about three billion dollars.

To any American, lover of France, who would see the soul of this nation worthily confronting the greatest crisis in its history, I would say in conclusion that while traveling in most parts of the country may not afford the height of luxury, it may confidently be recommended as a most stimulating and instructive moral tonic. As a matter of fact, the conditions of travel on all the railways outside the actual zone of military operations in the North, have

been greatly improved during the past few weeks. You can reach Bordeaux from Paris in fourteen hours and the Riviera in twenty-one. Cook's offices have reopened at the most important towns, and hotel prices, generally speaking, are fifty per cent lower than those usually charged. Furthermore, because of the splendid work which the American Red Cross Society is doing at Pau, the American Ambulance in Paris, and private philanthropists in many parts of the country, citizens of the United States will find in France an appreciative welcome and a world of new and absorbing interest. There is hardly a town of any importance in all the South and West which has not either a Red Cross hospital, a community of destitute refugees, or a concentration camp for German prisoners; there is not a railway station on any of the main lines of traffic that does not present a picturesque object lesson in the economics and ethics of a nation under martial law; there is not a man or woman, from the highest to the lowest, but has something to say well worth hearing; because, in these days, artificial values have disappeared, only the human values count, and men and women have become surprisingly and splendidly human.

A LOVE LETTER TO FRANCE

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

FRANCE! Beautiful word! Beautiful land! What a proud soul lives in that. France now racked and tortured! What chimes will ring to heaven when the last defiler is pushed back over the edge of the lost provinces! France! The Land for whom, when you are hard driven, the heart most aches! Is it that you are a Woman, with a caress in your eyes, and your floating robe; with mystery in your clear, woman's smile, and that promise of eternal constancy, which Man never offers? Is it that in you we feel, as in no other Land, a Presence, such as in some houses makes life assured, and lovely; a Presence inhabiting the air of every room, more precious than its garniture? Take away the trappings, make desolate that place of all material things, and there will yet be the loved one, there will yet be the gracious, ardent spirit.

France! You, of all Lands, have the gift of Living Form, of a coherent grace, like that of your own flower of light, or such as haunts La Gioconda, listening to her inward life.

France! When I think of you there comes into my mind the image of a lime tree, in her spring garb of buds delicate, breaking to little gay leaves

ecstatic in each wind; in her summer dress so full, so perfumed with honey-colored blossoms; in her autumn robe of few golden leaves, flat on the clear air, and trembling, trembling, with each breath of the day; and in her pale winter nakedness, — ever the same essential goddess of a tree, perfect in form.

France! It is your power to see that 'soul in things' which we call Ideals, to bring to life the truths you have seen, and so to concrete and shape your vision, that it becomes the rock spiritual on which nations stand. Because you are the living incarnation of your clear, unflinching spirit, we others love you.

You stand before the world, true embodiment of your three immortal words; as your immortal tune is the true voice of a Land's ardor and devotion.

France! You have sloughed off the gross and the vainglorious flesh of nations! You are the flame in the night! In this hour we see, and know you!

Great and touching comrade! Clear, invincible France! To-day, in your grave chivalry, you were never so high, so desirable, so true to France and to Humanity!

THE GERMAN SPY SYSTEM

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

I

A FEATURE of the present war in Europe has been the extraordinary perfection of the German spy system and the odium with which it has covered its authors and directors. As all nations spy, none, one might think, is entitled on that score to cast a stone at another. But the theorems of logic have little hold over the waywardness of human nature. The use of spies is as fully authorized by the rules of war as the use of explosives, and it would not be difficult to show that to indict the Germans for employing them on a larger scale and with better effect than any of the other belligerents is hardly a reasonable proceeding. None the less a great deal of the really terrible hatred which has been raised against the Prussian authorities, a hatred which neither this generation nor the next is likely to outgrow, has its roots in their consummate organization of espionage. I have talked since the war began with men of all the nations that are fighting Germany. In each case this particular arm of German militarism was fixed upon as the breeding-ground of a transcendent animosity. In the countries that have so far suffered most from it, Belgium and France, the feeling on the subject burns like vitriol; and even in easy-going England it is beginning to harden.

Yet it is very obvious that if one spy is legitimate, so also are a thousand or twenty thousand. If it is proper in time of peace to commission a single

individual to ferret out information in regard to the naval and military equipment and personnel of a friendly power, on what grounds can it be said to be wrong to set up in all countries permanent encampments of disguised spies? If it is no offense against the recognized code of military ethics to corrupt the inhabitants and officials and soldiers and sailors of another nation in one's own interests, the mere number of those who thus bribe and are bribed cannot affect the morality of the transaction. When one looks into it, the real charge against the Germans is that they have wielded with incomparable efficiency a weapon that their opponents have handled only half-heartedly. They have developed all its possibilities; they have lavished upon its construction the same method and prevision and microscopic thoroughness that they devote to all the instruments of war; in their hands it has been so extended as to seem almost a new thing. Perhaps it is just as well. There is more chance that a hateful practice will be abandoned by common consent now that the world has taken the full measure of its repulsiveness. Espionage, whether a necessary evil or not, has always been an evil; but the Germans have elaborated it into a malignant disease. There are many sports in which certain tactics, technically permissible, are recognized as against the spirit of the game. If a player or a team of players, intent only on victory, suddenly begins to concentrate on them, to exploit their utmost

capacity, to elevate them to a science, and to make them an essential part of attack and defense, legislation has to step in to modify or prohibit their use, or else the pastime changes its whole character and is well on the way to ruin. It is so with the Germans and their secret-service system. They have carried it to such limits that international comity is in peril of being poisoned. If other nations were to follow their example the whole world would be a mad-house of terrors and mistrust.

Yet they have done little or nothing in this war that they did not do in the war of 1870. If we are amazed to-day it is only because we have forgotten. From the days of Frederick the Great, who went to war 'with one cook and a hundred spies,' espionage has always been considered in Prussia, not only a military necessity but a reputable profession. 'One must not confine one's self,' said William I to Bismarck, 'to giving money to spies. One must also know how to show them honor when they deserve it'; and it was with his approval that the intelligence branch of the General Staff was put on a modern and permanent footing, and the secret police service, organized to watch over the Poles, the Socialists, and the revolutionaries of 1848, was systematically extended to foreign countries.

A genius in espionage—the king of sleuth-hounds,' as Bismarck called him—was discovered in the person of Stieber. He was still in his twenties when he became a professional *agent provocateur*, posing among the people as a leader of the 'social revolution' and betraying his colleagues day by day to the police. He knew every trick in the game of stirring up popular feeling to the point where, without an actual outbreak, the authorities were furnished with all the excuse that they needed for acts of oppression; and in the tumultuous forties and fifties

he rendered the King many conspicuous services. But it was not until he came in touch with Bismarck and won his confidence and was deputed to pave the way for the German invasion of Austria, that he became an international figure. For two years he traveled through Bohemia and Moravia, planting out spies at the points of strategic importance. Even Moltke, the most grudging of men, acknowledged the value of his work. Wherever the German armies went they found one of Stieber's agents primed with information as to the strength and position of the enemy's forces, the state of local feeling, and the resources and notabilities of the neighborhood. He was asked when the war was over whether the cost of organizing his service had been very heavy. He records in his *Memoirs* his proud reply. 'One cannot,' he answered, 'set down in thalers the value either of bloodshed which has been avoided or of victories which have been secured.'

After Sadowa he turned his attention to France. Between 1866 and 1870 he sowed in the fourteen French Departments that would be traversed by the German troops a residential army of not less than 30,000 spies. After looking over the ground, which had, of course, already been prepared, he formulated his needs in wholesale fashion. Thus he required (1) between four thousand and five thousand farmers, market-gardeners, agricultural laborers, and vine-growers, for whom employment was guaranteed in advance by his agents; (2) from seven to nine thousand female domestics for service in restaurants, cafés, and hotels, the youngest and prettiest of them to be stationed in garrison towns; (3) six or seven hundred retired non-commissioned officers for whom billets were to be found in commercial or industrial offices and factories; (4) one thousand

commercial travelers; (5) as many German governesses for distribution among the French official class. Well might he exclaim when an officer of the General Staff remarked in his and Bismarck's presence, 'Our army is invincible,' that the proper phrase should be 'Our armies.' 'The fighting army,' he went on, 'which you lead, comes behind you. Now, my army is already in occupation of positions which it reached in silence many months ago.' And well might Bismarck indorse the retort by silently clasping the hand of the master-spy.

When the Prussians got to Versailles, nine thousand of Stieber's men were on duty in the streets; and it was to their official headquarters, where Stieber was then in residence, that the unsuspecting Jules Favre was driven when negotiating the surrender of Paris. Stieber himself waited on the French minister in the guise of a valet, brought him his cup of coffee every morning, and systematically went through his pockets, trunks, and papers.

II

All this and much else is a matter of history, recorded in half a dozen enlightening memoirs and recollections. What the present war has shown is that the system first scientifically organized by Stieber forty-five years ago has been not only maintained but expanded. For many years past Germany has been spending on her secret service between three and four million dollars annually, that is to say, about five times as much as France and from twelve to fifteen times as much as Great Britain. The purpose to which these funds are mainly devoted is the establishment and maintenance of spies at fixed posts in potentially hostile countries. In France, where this smothered warfare has been waged

most persistently and can best be studied, the principal agents are rarely Germans. They are as a rule Swiss, Belgians, and Alsatians, with a sprinkling of corrupt Frenchmen. If they are Germans, then they hasten to take out naturalization papers and to make themselves conspicuous by protestations of loyalty to the land of their adoption. But in all cases they are instructed to disguise their operations under the forms of ordinary business. They take shops, land-agencies, hotels, insurance offices, and so on. They follow their calling just like everybody else in the locality. They attract no notice either by having too much money or too little. Their businesses are soundly established and are in keeping with the requirements of the neighborhood. The expenses of starting them are borne out of the secret-service funds, and from the same source the deficits, if any, in the annual balance-sheet are made good. The man in charge identifies himself with the life around him, sits on committees, makes as many friends as possible, subscribes generously to local charities, and not infrequently gets himself elected to some minor office. He is paid for his services as a spy either by an inspector who visits him in the guise of a commercial drummer and to whom he hands his reports, or by bank notes enclosed in a registered envelope and accompanied by a letter dated from Lausanne or Brussels or some equally innocuous centre, — never from any German town, — the writer of which poses as some near relative or intimate friend gratefully discharging his financial obligations. Thus the spy is able to live in respected independence, his own master, secure against suspicion, or in any event against proof, and in a position to do his duty by his employers.

It is spies of this class who have made the German name detestable

throughout Europe. The spy who is dispatched either in war or in peace on a confidential mission to a foreign country has still an element of romance about him. Dr. Armgaard Karl Graves has described how, before he took service under the German Naval Intelligence Department, he was kept for five months 'at a steady grind of schooling in certain things.' He had to brush up his trigonometry, study topography, and master something more than the elements of naval construction and drawing. He was taught by experts everything there was to be known in regard to the various types of warships, torpedoes, submarines, and mines; the different ranking officers of the navies of the world, their uniforms, the personnel of battleships, and the systems of flag signals and codes. Thus equipped he was sent out to penetrate the secrets of the British navy, carrying his liberty in his hand, and matching his wits and skill against those of officialdom. Such a spy is legitimate. You may call him a cur when he is on the other side, but you feel for him a sporting admiration when he is on your own. So, too, with the men and women who are detailed to study and get acquainted with the naval and military chiefs of rival countries. They play at least a dashing game from which even the novelists have not yet rubbed off quite all the glamour.

But one has, irrationally perhaps, a very different feeling toward the German battalions of residential spies. They mingle with the people whose hospitality they are all the time abusing. They become, to all appearances, their friends, are admitted to their houses, and yet are always plotting against their safety. That is a situation which, the moment it is revealed or suspected, becomes little less than fatal to the normal confidences of civilized intercourse. Spy-mania, over which, I dare

say, many Americans have made merry in the past few months, is a disease incomprehensible to those who have not themselves experienced its ravages. It is a madness of terror and suspicion vitiating the whole atmosphere, causing cities and whole nations to writhe under its snaky touch. But it is a madness not without cause.

If a German army were landed on Long Island, and New Yorkers were to discover the German manager of a Fifth Avenue hotel with a secret wireless apparatus on his roof, how, I wonder, would they feel about it. If country houses in the neighborhood were found to have concrete platforms for the support of heavy artillery under the guise of tennis courts; if leading men in the Long Island villages, whose loyalty had never for a moment been in question, were to go out to meet the enemy and act as their guides and place at their disposal all their stores of local information; if letters of the most innocent appearance — mailed, let us say, from Governor's Island — were proved to contain military intelligence of the most vital character written under the stamps, and between harmless-looking photographs and their mounts; if a Long Island farmer recognized at the head of the advancing troops a man who had been for years in his employment, and was at once presented by him with a list of the rooms, produce, and goods that he was immediately to hand over to the invader; if respected and well-to-do storekeepers, manufacturers, and residents turned out to be in communication with the enemy; if unsuspected cottages were suddenly to reveal their true character as miniature arsenals prepared in advance; if the fire of the German guns on New York were obviously being directed by signals from the city itself; if railway bridges were mysteriously blown up; if spies were caught red-handed in the City Hall

and in the Brooklyn Navy Yard; and if every day, in addition to the horrors of warfare, brought fresh evidence that the advance guards of the enemy had in effect been encamped on American soil long before the actual outbreak of hostilities and as part of a methodical system — Americans, I conceive, being a very human people, would find themselves in these circumstances by no means unmoved.

Now, each of these incidents has actually occurred, either in France or in Belgium, since last August. And they have been, no doubt, the prolific parents of other incidents which might have happened but did not, and of fears which were justified but never realized. Every known case of espionage raises suspicions of a hundred that have still to be discovered. The whole air is polluted. Men who were in Brussels in the early days of the war have assured me that the infection of hatred, terror, and mistrust which spread through the city as the daring and ubiquity of the German agents began to be realized was worse than any battle. The citizens saw spies or traitors everywhere and flung them indiscriminately into jail. They were in the grip of fear, unnerved by the horribly demoralizing sense of betrayal, panic-stricken by insupportable suspicions. The Belgians will rebuild their wasted cities and cultivate anew the fields now ravaged and desolate, but I doubt whether they will either forget or forgive the cruelty and bitterness of their experience with German spies. For them it has been little less than treason against humanity.

III

But there is a nobler form of spying which the Germans have also practiced with conspicuous courage and success. They have shown themselves, indeed,

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absolute masters of all the ruses and stratagems of war. When the French, in the opening days of the campaign, made their initial dash into Alsace and Lorraine, it was a clever and legitimate German stroke to have them greeted by local officials and notabilities with an exuberant and disarming welcome. The French were completely taken in; it was only when they discovered that the buildings to which they were escorted amid transports of joy were in direct communication by telephone with German headquarters that they began to doubt the quality of the reception.

Time and again spies in the German service have been discovered in and behind the French, British, and Belgian lines. One such, who had been nine years in London, part of the time as a waiter at the Hotel Cecil, was found disguised as a farm-laborer in the British encampment. But a great deal of the spying behind the lines has been done, not by Germans, but by Frenchmen, Swiss, and Belgians in their pay. Magnificently as the French have fought, and high and firm as is the national spirit, the war has undoubtedly revealed a disquieting amount of treason and corruption among the French peasantry. There have been cases where even the local mayor has been proved to be in the German service. Several incidental successes stand to the credit of these agents in the field. They loiter behind the trenches and signal their position to the Germans by waving a handkerchief; they drive flocks of sheep to indicate the line of fire; they paint signs on gates and walls to inform the enemy of the strength and whereabouts of the allied forces; they have been found in church towers communicating with the Germans by means of the hands of the clock; they convey information by waving colored lights and sending up puffs of chimney smoke; in instance after instance they

have been discovered with field telephones in their possession. On the eastern frontier a fisherman was noticed casting from a boat near a bridge over which the Russian forces were passing; it was found that by means of an electric bell button connected with a wire that ran through the water to an underground cable on the bank, he was signaling the number of troops crossing the bridge to the German headquarters two miles away. In another case a telephone transmitter was found in the nosebag of a horse harnessed to a cart which two peasants were filling with potatoes. The wire went round the wheel, thence through the grass to a near-by cottage equipped with a complete telephone installation.

The cleverness of these devices has been a revelation to the officers of the allied forces. But the Germans have been equally happy and daring in thinking out and experimenting with the stratagems in which civilians cannot be employed and which can be carried out only by the personal courage and sharpwittedness of the officers themselves. A favorite trick of theirs is to appear in the enemies' lines in the uniform of Belgian, French, or British officers. They are incomparably better linguists than the men opposed to them, and time and again they have succeeded, not merely in passing themselves off as British when among the French and as French when among the British, but in assuming the nationality of the very men they are talking to. It has frequently happened that when the Allies have descried a mass of troops in the distance, the word has run through their lines, 'Don't shoot. They are our friends.' Even as I write this, there comes a letter from a British officer at the front telling the same old tale. 'Suddenly,' he writes, 'from the dimness in front of us there was movement, — shadowy forms four hundred

yards away appearing over a rise in the ground. An infantry attack. We were ready at once and fired into the moving target as well as sleepy eyes and hands weary with digging would allow. And then there were shouts down the front, and the word was passed down our front to cease fire, that those in front were English, not Germans, that we were firing into our own men. But they lied. Our men were deceived again, as they have been a hundred times in the war. So the officers yelled and ordered fire to be continued, and the men obeyed. But meanwhile the enemy had taken advantage of the lull and had occupied cover in front from which they poured in their fire.'

One of the most dramatic incidents of the war was the capture at Amiens of a German Red Cross convoy with arms, ammunition, explosives, and forty-eight doctors. The French commander accepted the explanation offered him to account for the presence of material of war, and the German doctors and their French confrères fraternized together for an evening's interchange of experiences. During dinner, when the talk ran naturally on 'shop,' — the effects of shell-fire, the treatment of gangrene and tetanus and so on, — it was noticed that some of the German doctors showed a singular unwillingness to be drawn into the conversation. Suspicions were aroused. One by one they were taken into an adjoining room and there submitted to an elementary cross-examination. Of the forty-eight there were eleven who knew nothing whatever of medicine. They were shot the next morning and the genuine doctors were sent on to Geneva.

A disguise frequently adopted by the Germans is that of a priest. In Brussels priests took to greeting one another in Latin in order to detect impostors. During the German retreat

from Paris, a French battalion entered a village which had recently been held by the enemy. They found for a wonder that the church and the priest's house adjoining it were still intact. The venerable curé welcomed them with open arms. He was invited to join the officers' mess and to say grace before dinner. He rose and murmured a Latin prayer that would have imposed on any layman. But, as it happened, one of the French officers was not a layman but an abbé. He listened to the curé's effort with growing astonishment and when it ended proceeded to ask him some technical questions. The man in the *soutane* could not answer them. He was a spy left behind by the Germans while they carried off the real curé as a hostage. At Malines Germans were discovered dressed as nuns. At Le Mans two of them, one robed as a priest and the other as a woman, were caught trying to blow up a railway bridge. At St. Dié four were found in the uniforms of French officers, attempting to rush through the French lines in a motor car. Five, with Red Cross badges on their arms, were arrested when on the very point of entering Paris in a car loaded with bombs and explosives. At one place they attached contact wires and batteries to a bridge, so that any one setting foot on it sent an automatic signal to the gunners three miles away. At another, foreseeing which house the approaching French would probably choose as their headquarters, they tethered a white goat on the lawn to serve for the guidance of an aviator and his bombs.

The ingenuity and audacity of these ruses, of which I have given only such instances as I have been able to verify with tolerable completeness, are self-evident. And unquestionably, as I said before, they have proved useful on occasion and have helped the Ger-

mans to score some incidental successes. But it is very doubtful if, so far as they are part and parcel of the spy system, they bring in any military return at all equal to the expenditure of thought, energy, and money. At the headquarters of the General Staff in Berlin there have been laboriously collected the *dossiers* of all the generals and most of the officers in the armies of Germany's probable enemies. They are cleverly prepared and cover not only the weak and strong points of the officer's character and personality but his financial position, his friends of both sexes, his habits and hobbies. From time to time no doubt the material thus brought together enables a clever spy to entrap and suborn some luckless or impecunious lieutenant, and very occasionally it may prove an advantage to be well informed as to the temperament of the commander who is immediately opposed to one. But even so, the direct profits of all this elaborate pigeon-holing must be ludicrously disproportionate to the care and persistence lavished upon it.

As for the residential spies and the deception practiced on the field, their value is in inverse ratio to the duration of the war. In a brief struggle, like the wars waged by Prussia against Austria in 1866 and against France in 1870, that value may be very great; and it is scarcely open to question that in the present campaign the Germans found their spies of real assistance in their advance on Paris and their operations against the Belgians. But the longer the war lasts, the more they tend to lose their efficacy. One by one the agents are discovered and shot. One by one the stratagems are found out and prepared for. A short successful campaign of quick victories and rapid advances may owe a great deal to an intelligent system of espionage; but in a drawn-out war of entrenched positions,

such as the struggle in France has become during the past four months, the value of all such accessories diminishes week by week. It is all very well once in a while for the Germans to dress up some of their men in khaki and send them toward the British lines shouting, 'Don't shoot; we are British prisoners,' while the German attack develops behind their shelter. But even with an antagonist as unwary and as unsuspecting as the average British officer, you cannot repeat a trick like that very often. The French, moreover, have succeeded by now in elaborating a system of counter-espionage through which it becomes every day more difficult to break.

In general I should judge that both the spy and the scout are relics from the days of pre-aerial warfare, have been largely superseded by aviation, and now have little more influence on the issue of large operations than the cognate fetish of 'campaign literature' has on the result of political elections; while it is doubtful if the colonies of planted secret-service agents bring in any military profit that at all makes up for the violent execration, the almost vulpine animosity, that is heaped upon their authors.

IV

In a mild form the reflex action of German espionage on the Continent has made itself felt in England. It was known five or six years ago that Germany was building up an extensive secret-service organization throughout Great Britain. The British government said nothing, but made a point of seeing everything. A Special Intelligence Department was established, to shadow the spies, and whenever any plans or documents were on the point of being sent abroad, the agent was arrested and convicted. So well had the

department done its work that within a few hours of the outbreak of war all the known spies were thrown into prison and over two hundred who were suspected of being their accomplices were interned. Germans and Austrians were cleared out of certain districts along the east coast, their letters and telegrams were opened and read, they were forbidden to have any arms, or wireless or signaling apparatus, or any carrier or homing pigeons in their possession; they were obliged to register with the police; and some nine thousand alien enemies of military age were quickly held as prisoners of war in detention camps.

The mobilization of the British Expeditionary Force proceeded without a hitch of any kind; not a solitary act of violence has yet been brought home to any German agent in Great Britain; the many vulnerable places that exist in London — vital railway bridges, for instance, and exposed or easily damaged viaducts — have been left not merely uninjured but unattacked; and it seemed that the Home Secretary had reason on his side when early in October he declared that the German spy system had been broken up.

The public mind, however, has continued to be very far from satisfied. When the big influx of Belgian and French refugees set in, its apprehensions redoubled. The press began excitedly clamoring for the internment of all alien enemies without exception, and the authorities to some extent yielded against their better judgment to the agitation. The one party to the argument could point with telling effect to the experience of Antwerp, Brussels, and northeastern France as justifying the severest precautionary measures; the other party could reply that not a single disclosure or a single crime against the State had yet been

brought home to a German spy, and that in any case it was most unlikely that a German agent four months after the war would be of German nationality. On the one side were fears, on the other, facts; and as usual the fears had rather the better of it. Perhaps only a German raid on the British coasts or a descent of Zeppelins upon London will settle which was right. Meanwhile the government has greatly increased the rigors of inspection at the chief ports, and quietly and in silence is doing far more to dam the possible sources of leakage than the public is aware. It is an extremely difficult business, and I do not think there is much doubt that signals are passing between the eastern coasts of England and Scotland and German vessels, or neutral vessels in German pay, out at sea. Nothing has yet been proved, but suspicions that seem far from baseless abound, and the anxiety and the sense of insecurity which spring from them are no greater than the situation warrants. It is there, if anywhere, that the danger lies. The mares' nests of Zeppelin bases in the Chilterns, of German factories with concrete floors for the mounting of heavy guns, of mysterious quarries and borings, have all been satisfactorily exposed. But when one reflects on the surpassing value of secrecy and surprises in naval warfare, the flash-light communications which are believed on good authority to be going on between the German fleet and German agents in Great Britain have undoubtedly a sinister and disturbing importance.

It was Wellington's opinion that 'there is a great deal of charlatanism about what is called military intelligence.' The present war has shown that to be true. With all the agents that she employs, Germany entered upon this struggle apparently in utter ignorance of the things it was most

vital for her to know. The vastness of the German spy system has been not a bit more evident than its stupidity. It is extremely effective in collecting and classifying information. It knows to a nicety how many guns are mounted on this and that fort and everything else about them. It has all the facts and details of all the armaments, defense works, equipment, and personnel of Belgium, France, Great Britain, and Russia at its finger-ends. But just as the defect of German 'culture' is that it so often mistakes facts for knowledge, so the German spy system never seems to see the wood for the trees. It has a narrow military value, but no political value at all. It misses nothing and at the same time understands nothing. It ferrets out all the little things and remains totally unconscious of the big ones. If war threatened to break out between Germany and the United States, it could supply the General Staff in Berlin with a full and accurate account of all the American naval and military preparations; but it would be quite incapable of deciding whether the United States would or would not take up arms to prevent, let us say, an infraction of the Monroe Doctrine.

In the present struggle all the multitudinous resources of German spydom were unable to inform the German rulers that Belgium would fight if her territory were invaded, that Great Britain would resist to the last any violation of Belgian neutrality, that Italy would break away from the Triple Alliance, and that both France and Russia would close up all internal divisions and face the crisis as united nations. That is why one may say of the German espionage system that it is as fundamentally stupid as it is superficially clever, and that no advantages accrue from it which are at all comparable with its vicious legacy of rankling ill-will.

A CHANT OF LOVE FOR ENGLAND¹

BY HELEN GRAY CONE

A SONG of hate is a song of Hell;
Some there be that sing it well.
Let them sing it loud and long,
We lift our hearts in a loftier song:
We lift our hearts to Heaven above,
Singing the glory of her we love, —
England!

Glory of thought and glory of deed,
Glory of Hampden and Runnymede;
Glory of ships that sought far goals,
Glory of swords and glory of souls!
Glory of songs mounting as birds,
Glory immortal of magical words;
Glory of Milton, glory of Nelson,
Tragical glory of Gordon and Scott;
Glory of Shelley, glory of Sidney,
Glory transcendent that perishes not, —
Hers is the story, hers be the glory,
England!

Shatter her beauteous breast ye may;
The Spirit of England none can slay!
Dash the bomb on the dome of Paul's, —
Deem ye the fame of the Admiral falls?
Pry the stone from the chancel floor, —
Dream ye that Shakespeare shall live no more?

¹ This 'Chant of Love' was of course suggested by Ernst Lissauer's 'Chant of Hate,' familiar through the spirited version of Mrs. Archibald Henderson. — THE EDITORS.

Where is the giant shot that kills
Wordsworth walking the old green hills?
Trample the red rose on the ground, —
Keats is Beauty while earth spins round!
Bind her, grind her, burn her with fire,
Cast her ashes into the sea, —
She shall escape, she shall aspire,
She shall arise to make men free:
She shall arise in a sacred scorn,
Lighting the lives that are yet unborn;
Spirit supernal, Splendor eternal,
ENGLAND!

THE VEXED QUESTION OF CONTRABAND

BY ARTHUR WILLERT

I

ONE of the most important questions presented to the United States by the opening phase of the war has been that of contraband and everything it implies. For some months it has been the subject of constant negotiations between London and Washington. The situation is not precisely new. The sparks of the last great European war ended by leaping across the Atlantic. The tinder of popular feeling which they touched off had been dried to burning point by years of bickering with Great Britain about the effects of her commercial blockade of Napoleonic Europe, and about the ruthlessness with which British naval officers impressed American sailors and searched American ships for British

seamen. The days of the press gang are happily over. There is no likelihood that seamen will again be filched from American ships. But in essentials the position of the United States toward Europe is much as it was from the beginning of the French Revolutionary war to Waterloo. Once more Great Britain is determined to use her sea power to bring to his knees a Continental foe; once more her policy of maintaining the rule of contraband at that high level which best enables her to starve her foe of military supplies bears heavily upon neutral nations; and of neutral nations the United States is once more, if not the worst, by all odds the most important sufferer.

It did not need many weeks of warfare to make that clear. By the end of August the export trade of this coun-

try was dislocated. In September, 1913, exports to Germany were valued at over \$34,000,000; for September, 1914, their value was scarcely over \$2,000. For the whole of Europe the corresponding figures for the same two months were respectively \$142,000,000 and \$89,000,000. Simultaneously it became clear that the rules of maritime law were still so inchoate and anarchical as to leave Great Britain legally free to adopt the most extreme contraband lists that the world has seen.

The only comprehensive international instrument governing contraband and defining the status of neutral trade in time of war is the Declaration of Paris, signed in 1856 by the United States among other powers, but never, it may be noted, ratified by the Senate. The Declaration was the outcome of the differences between British and Continental marine policy during the French war and earlier. The first clear definition of contraband was given in the Treaty of Southampton, concluded in 1625 between Charles I and the States-General of Holland. The treaty declared that all food-supplies and provisions of war carried to Spanish ports would, together with the carrier ships and their crews, be considered 'good prize.' From that and similar arrangements grew the habit of proclaiming lists of contraband at the outbreak of hostilities, a habit which has gradually acquired the force of law. The Treaty of Southampton was not, however, followed in all respects. Food-supplies were generally excluded from the lists.¹

It was not till the beginning of the French Revolutionary war that Great Britain, and incidentally France, began to take up the advanced posi-

tion which, by penalizing all neutral trade with their enemies, helped eventually to bring on the War of 1812. In 1793 both England and France made large seizures of provisions. Great Britain soon disposed of the French carrying trade, and as the French conquest of Europe proceeded, of the carrying trade of Spain, Holland, and other countries, as well. As Europe's need of imports was enhanced by war, the result was that the neutral American carrying trade began to grow by leaps and bounds. But it did not prosper for long. The naval power of England was equal to the occasion. Severe restraints were imposed upon neutrals as well as enemies. Importations into France of provisions and naval stores were prevented, and the policy was gradually adopted of seizing enemy cargoes other than contraband, even when carried in neutral vessels. Against this policy Sweden, Denmark, and the United States, the latter by an eleventh hour war, protested in vain.

Down to the Crimean War England had thus succeeded in upholding the formidable doctrine that an enemy's goods at sea are lawful prize under whatever flag they may be seized. During the Crimean War, — owing to the alliance of Great Britain with France, a naval power which, save during the abnormal era of the Revolutionary War and Napoleonic decrees, had been the chief protagonist in Europe of the doctrine of 'Free ships, free goods,' — the British doctrine remained in abeyance; and in the Declaration of Paris, immediately after the war, it was entirely abandoned, together with the right to declare 'paper blockades,' in return for the abandonment of privateering by the European powers.

The effect of the Declaration of Paris was mainly negative. Its prohibitions did not do much to clarify maritime

¹ Treaty of the Pyrenees between France and Spain, 1659; Treaty of Breda between England and Holland, 1667; Treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye between England and France, 1667.

law. They left the rules of contraband disconcertingly elastic. It remained for the maritime conference meeting in London in the winter of 1908-09 to try to produce a real code. The conference was summoned to concoct a body of 'rules of international law to govern the procedure of the International Prize Court' (that is, a court of appeal from national prize courts) suggested in one of the conventions of the Hague Conference of 1907. The resultant Declaration of London repeated what has been the rule ever since the days of Grotius, — that absolute contraband consists of articles exclusively used for war, and conditional contraband of articles susceptible of use in war as well as in peace. It broke new ground by drawing up a list of articles which in no circumstances whatever could be considered contraband. While upholding the doctrine of the continuous voyage in regard to absolute contraband, it excluded the doctrine in regard to conditional contraband, that is, it denied the right of a belligerent cruiser to seize cargoes of conditional contraband in neutral vessels bound to a neutral port on the ground that their ultimate destination was an enemy's country.

II

When the present war started, the United States, as the leading neutral, expressed the hope that, abortive as the Declaration was, the belligerents would abide by it. Judging from her initial contraband lists, Great Britain was at first inclined to accept the suggestion in spite of the fact that she had never ratified the Declaration. But she speedily found that that would be impossible. Under the Declaration, oil, copper, and rubber were not, for instance, susceptible of treatment as absolute contraband; yet it was obvious that, with its immense system of

motor transportation and its prodigious expenditure of ammunition, the German army would need above all things almost inexhaustible supplies of those commodities. Simultaneously it was discovered that oil, copper, and rubber imports to the neutral North Sea countries were increasing by leaps and bounds. The deduction seemed in London obvious: Germany was getting her supplies through her neutral neighbors. This, according to the Declaration of London, she could do without having the trade interfered with, as neither copper, oil, nor rubber appeared on the original British list of absolute contraband. Great Britain nevertheless began to seize some suspected shipments, paying, of course, the neutral merchant full prices for them. She also detained neutral vessels whose cargoes she suspected.

Her action started the present controversy. As most of the shipments were from the United States, and as American non-contraband trade suffered when it happened to be in the same hold with suspected goods, the State Department soon had to register a protest. Great Britain met the protest in the friendliest possible spirit. She had, she intimated, no wish to interfere more than was necessary with American trade; but, as she was sure the United States would understand, it was a matter of life and death to her to prevent Germany's getting military supplies. To enable her to invoke fairly the doctrine of the continuous voyage, she would put oil, rubber, copper, and some other commodities, upon her list of absolute contraband. This she has since done, thereby dealing another blow at the Declaration of London, by stretching to its limit the old rule that absolute contraband should include only commodities used exclusively in war.

The difficulty, moreover, went too

deep to be removed by revised contraband lists. The abnormal flow to neutral countries of oil, rubber, copper, and other commodities, continued, and Great Britain persisted in her practice of arresting vessels on suspicion. Deprived of their regular German markets, and with their neutral markets threatened with dislocation, American producers of copper and oil and rubber goods came running to the State Department for help. The chorus of their complaints was swollen by other traders whose shipments, although free, were delayed in the general tangle.

Nor was that all. To aid her policy of starving Germany in the military sense, Great Britain had meanwhile proclaimed an embargo upon the export from her possessions to all foreign countries of a large number of raw materials needed by Germany. Among these materials were many upon which American manufacturers are largely dependent. The State Department made further representations. In regard to the embargo it suggested that if the embargo were removed in favor of American manufacturers, it should be possible to see that Germany was not the gainer. In regard to contraband it said that, while it recognized the doctrine of the continuous voyage and the British right of search and seizure, it could not admit the justice of the British policy of detaining ships on suspicion. If, it argued in effect, a ship's papers suggested contraband traffic, well and good; if not, and the goods were consigned to a purchaser in a neutral port or even 'to order,' the United States could not take cognizance of the probability that the goods were really meant for reexportation to Germany or Austria. The question of ultimate destination lay between Great Britain and the importing nation, not between Great Britain and the United States.

III

Such, reduced to its simplest terms, is the contraband dispute of which so much has been heard. It is not a simple controversy. Both sides can make out a good case. The United States is on firm ground, so far as precedent goes, when it questions the right of Great Britain to detain on suspicion cargoes of contraband ostensibly consigned to neutral countries. British and American lawyers alike have laid it down that the continuous voyage doctrine should be invoked only when there is clear proof that the shipment in question is really destined to go through to an enemy. When in the Civil War the Washington government asserted the doctrine against cargoes destined for the Confederacy *via* Mexico and West Indian ports it had a clear case. The traffic was patent. Neutral West Indian and Mexican ports, which before the war had been negligible, suddenly became teeming *entrepôts*. While British trade was of course a sufferer from the right claimed by the United States to seize cargoes of contraband to these neutral ports, — on the ground that their ostensible destination was not their real one, — Great Britain had virtually to acquiesce in a doctrine based upon her own previous practice and upon the decisions of Lord Stowell. The present situation is different. The United States traded before the war with the neutral countries of Europe. While there may be and unquestionably has been strong general evidence of smuggling, the circumstantial evidence against any particular cargo is usually not incontrovertible.

To the indignation of certain interests the government has not officially protested against Great Britain's new list of contraband, although it has reserved the right to do so in any par-

ticular case that may arise. Were it also to accept without protest Great Britain's claim to detain promiscuously cargoes to countries convicted of reëxporting to Germany and Austria, it would be crucified for not fulfilling its obligation to pluck from the conflagration of war as much as possible of American trade with Europe.

On the other hand, the claim put forward by Great Britain that new conditions necessitate new policies cannot be brushed aside. The United States has accepted the British contraband list because it recognizes that Great Britain could not afford to follow a code of contraband drawn up by men who lacked the imagination to see that the military machine of the twentieth century had been presented by modern science with all sorts of things that were not at the disposal of Frederick the Great or even of Wilhelm I. The question of search and seizure has likewise been immensely complicated by modern trade conditions. In these days of huge steamships, freights are more mixed and perishable than they were a hundred years ago. Steamships and railways have multiplied the avenues of import open to Germany and other countries. Rotterdam is now quite as convenient to Essen, Genoa to the foundries of Silesia, as Hamburg or Königsberg was a century ago.

Another result of steam transportation has been to cosmopolitanize what used to be local processes of manufacture. It is as easy now to mine ores on one side of the Atlantic and work them on the other side as it was to carry them fifty miles in the old days.

Great Britain, in fact, can argue and does argue that not to formulate a new and advanced policy to meet these conditions would be to sacrifice the fruits of her naval supremacy and to abandon the chief principle on which that supremacy is based, namely, that

in a continental war control of the sea trade is a great part of the game. To minimize the difficulties of the situation as they appear at the time of writing would in this view be foolish. A Rip Van Winkle left over from 1814 might, on awakening to-day, imagine for one confused moment that history was about to repeat itself. There may well be unpleasant incidents and diplomatic controversies. But that there will not eventually be a satisfactory settlement is almost inconceivable. There is no true parallel between the situation now and a hundred years ago. At the time of the last great war the relations between Great Britain and the United States were excessively strained. The sores of the Revolutionary War were still open; French influences in the United States were still strong enough to make people ignore the fact that Napoleonic decrees were more arbitrary than the British Orders in Council. Great Britain, it may be recalled, never went so far as to assert, as Napoleon did, that any neutral ship submitting to search by a hostile cruiser should be liable to capture. Now American sympathy is more strongly with England than it ever was with Napoleon. Washington and London are no longer on each other's nerves. On the contrary, they are determined not to quarrel. A century ago fundamental issues were at stake,—the right of Great Britain, for instance, to take sailors and non-contraband cargoes from American ships. Now it is only a question of the adjustment to unexpected conditions of principles which both countries accept.

The State Department wished at first that all the powers should accept the Declaration of London, not because it approved of its provisions so much as because it hoped to obtain a uniform rule which all belligerents would

accept. As a matter of fact, the Declaration runs in some vital respects contrary to the traditions of Anglo-Saxon international law. It denies, for instance, the doctrine of the continuous voyage as applied to conditional contraband. That this should be the case is not surprising. The Declaration favors the interests of continental as opposed to maritime or isolated countries. This was admitted in an admirable article written some years ago, for a continental review, by one of the European delegates to the London conference. It was one of the chief reasons for the repudiation of the handiwork of the conference by the British Parliament. And if the British Parliament repudiated the Declaration, it can be argued that, by the recent withdrawal of its suggestion that the belligerents should follow the Declaration of London, the State Department also has returned to those principles of international law heretofore accepted by the United States and Great Britain. It is evident, at any rate, that a doctrine which allowed the natural ports of Germany to continue to be used for German trade simply because they happened to be in the control of neutral powers would always militate to the advantage of a continental power in a war with a maritime power.

The American doctrine of the continuous voyage was, on the other hand, based upon the common-sense view that the real character of the goods is determined by their real and not by their nominal destination. In the Civil War, the Supreme Court of the United States acknowledged the right of the Bahamas and Mexico to import what was needed for their own normal consumption, but refused to recognize their right to make money as a back door for illicit trade with the enemy.

IV

It is by the use of the same common sense that we hope the present controversy will be settled. In order to satisfy the normal wants of neutral countries and to reduce interference with neutral, and especially American, trade to a minimum, Great Britain is trying to get the neutral powers of the North Sea and the Mediterranean, which are in communication with Germany and Austria, to place an embargo upon the reexportation of contraband. Already partial embargoes are in force in the North Sea countries. The Netherlands and Sweden refuse to allow the passage of copper. Denmark, the Netherlands, Norway, and Sweden have placed an embargo upon the exportation of oil. Sweden has taken similar steps in regard to rubber. The Italian arrangement is less water-tight. Italy apparently refuses to allow the export of copper, but has not placed an embargo upon the transit of copper. For this and for other reasons the controversy cannot be deemed to be closed. One of the chief outstanding difficulties is connected with the common trade practice of consigning goods 'to order.' The practice is followed mainly for the sake of convenience in financing bills. It is evident that the absence of any specification as to the real consignee implies the possibility that a belligerent subject may acquire shipments the moment they are landed, and send them on to a hostile destination. According to the British contention, this evasion is actually being practiced in regard to contraband goods in the free port of Copenhagen.

Consequently cargoes consigned 'to order' are still being detained for investigation, and shipments of commodities not covered by the embargoes of the Northern countries are still liable to similar treatment. In spite of

the American protest, there are still lying off Gibraltar and in other harbors vessels which Great Britain has detained on suspicion. Washington is still badgered by exporters. Congressmen are waxing properly indignant on behalf of injured constituents; and German propagandists are asking why the State Department does not take as stiff a line about British high-handedness as was taken a century since.

There is also the question of deliberate smuggling, of false manifests, and matters of that sort. Some time ago, it will be remembered, the Treasury Department issued orders to the port authorities not to make public details about cargoes until a month after they had left the United States. Great Britain maintains that this order has increased her difficulties. It is asserted that cargoes of contraband are sometimes either omitted from, or falsely entered upon, ship's papers, and that there have been instances of attempts to smuggle to Germany copper packed in bales of cotton or concealed among other non-contraband commodities.

And if Great Britain feels that the United States authorities have not perhaps, as yet, taken all possible steps to make smuggling difficult, the United States has on her side the grievance of the British embargoes, which prevent her from acquiring raw materials from British possessions. The fact that Great Britain is clearly within her right does not lessen the force of the grievance. Considerable harm is undoubtedly being done to various American manufacturing industries. The rubber trade, being deprived of British colonial rubber, is confronted with the prospect of a serious shortage of raw material. The woolen interests are clamoring for Australian wool. The crucible industry cannot get on without plumbago from Ceylon, and thus many kinds of metal manufacture are

in danger of being hampered. Other metal manufactures are handicapped by shortage of manganese. The leather interests cannot get Canadian hides, and other producing businesses have been similarly cut off from part of their supplies of materials. There is a strong body of impartial feeling that Great Britain can well afford to relieve the United States from this incubus. While the government cannot, it is clear, interfere with the export trade, American manufacturers have signified their readiness to give the necessary guarantees that there shall be no reexportation to Germany. Is it, they ask, either fair or politic of Great Britain to continue to hamper them, especially as many of their number, like the woolen, rubber, and metal manufacturers, are filling large orders for the Allies? Cannot Great Britain rely upon their good faith and her control of the sea to insure that Germany will not profit from the use of British raw material?

In view of what was said above about evasion of the contraband laws, England's answer to such arguments can be imagined. It is, however, an answer that suggests a way out of both difficulties. Let the United States do what it can to insure that its exporters are *bona fide* neutral traders and the embargo might be raised.

The solution, in fact, appears to lie in the usual Anglo-Saxon compromise, which is neither entirely reasonable nor entirely legal, but eminently practical. Chief Justice Marshall laid it down that war creates two indefeasible rights — one, the right of the neutral to export contraband; the other, the right of the belligerent to seize contraband. The United States government cannot interpose to prevent its citizens from exercising the legal right of dealing in contraband; but the American who is not a dealer in contraband

has the indefeasible right of self-defense against fellow citizens who compromise the safety of his harmless shipments by placing in the same bottom clandestine shipments of contraband. The United States government can connive at, and even assist, an arrangement according to which the shipper, say of cotton, to a German port or to Germany via a neutral port shall not be imperiled. In other words, it can supervise the loading of ships and the papers of ships destined for such ports, and thus greatly increase the difficulties of contraband trade. This there is good reason to believe it is preparing to do to the satisfaction of all parties.

But speculation is futile. Much is bound to have happened before this paper can appear in print.¹ All that can be done at present is to give some sort of idea of the controversy as it stands. The thing which it seems to the writer most important to remember is that the controversy is not one of law but of adjustment. It was inevitable that in these days of cosmopolitan economics the United States should be the innocent victim of the delirium of Europe. It was perhaps inevitable also, in view of the chronic reluctance

of the Anglo-Saxon political mind to face squarely the possibility of war, that both the United States and Great Britain should have been taken off their guard and should have had to bring up to date their contraband codes amid the clash of arms.

Be that as it may, the necessity has arrived; and one cannot be too thankful that the principles of their codes are the same. Had it been otherwise; had the United States, for instance, taken the same aggrieved stand about the British invocation of the doctrine of the continuous voyage that was taken by Germany, when during the Boer War German ships carrying munitions of war to Delagoa Bay were seized on the ground that their cargoes were really meant for President Kruger's army; or had Great Britain tried to declare provisions contraband, as France did in her war with China in 1885, or provisions and even cotton and other things, as Russia did at first in her war with Japan, then indeed there would have been a large loophole for serious misunderstandings. As it is, one likes to think that only some very untoward accident or some egregious diplomatic blunder, or both, could create anything like dangerous international tension.

¹ It was received by the *Atlantic* on the 9th of December last. — THE EDITORS.

THE PRESENT MERCHANT-MARINE PROBLEM

BY WILLIAM C. REDFIELD

I

THE subject of a merchant marine, though frequently discussed, can hardly be said to have been a burning question until within a few months. It is probable that a year ago the average manufacturer and farmer of the interior would not have thought the matter one of direct interest to him. So much of the grain raised by the one or the products manufactured by the other as was sold abroad, seemed to find ready means of transportation across the sea. Those who gave the subject casual thought were wont to say that our money could be more profitably employed in other directions, and that the foreigner was a willing servant who would always put his capital in ships at our disposal, while our money was better invested elsewhere. There were those, indeed, who saw that our transportation systems ended at the sea, and that there were, so to speak, no terminal facilities for them under our own control beyond the water front. The situation was not unlike that which would have resulted had the railway companies terminating in Jersey City been obliged to reach New York by ferries and lighters under separate control, — indeed, under a control which not only was separate, but might through a difference of interest become at any time antagonistic.

It is not so many years since foreign trade was more of a name than a reality to a large portion of our people. A certain atmosphere of disapproval too was

inevitably thrown about importations by an economic cult which taught that everything imported meant an injury to American workmen; and the same theory had for its corollary the fixed belief that we could not compete with the foreigner on our own ground but needed protection against him, and by so much the more we could not compete with him on his ground or in markets where there was no preference. Hence the export trade was naturally regarded by many, so far as manufactured products were concerned, as at least as much of a dream as a reality. Even today there are manufacturers among us who are with difficulty shaken from the conviction that they cannot compete with the products of their kind made in other countries, and, since they believe that they cannot compete, seem quite unwilling to try.

It was not easy to arouse interest in a mercantile marine under the American flag in an atmosphere in which imports were thought an economic mistake and large exports of manufactures deemed impracticable. Yet as the proportion of food-products in our exports diminished and we became less and less the granary of Europe, and as exports of fully finished manufactures grew until they became the largest item of the largest export sales that we ever made, it was inevitable that there should come in time a dawning consciousness that there was a weak spot in our transit facilities. At the same time, however, that the need for transporting our manufactures to foreign markets grew,

the demand for exporting agricultural products to those same markets diminished, and thus the interest in a merchant marine was but little enlarged. It would not be right to overlook, still less to undervalue, the efforts of those who have long maintained that a merchant marine under the American flag is essential to our full commercial development. Some there are — let due honor be given them — who have raised their voices in season and out of season in this good cause. But even they will agree that until a few months ago they were as the 'voice of one crying in the wilderness.'

Long the great fabric of our commerce pursued its course, depending, almost without our thinking of it, upon the facilities for ocean transit furnished by those who were competitors in the same markets in which our goods were sold, and whose interest might at any time change them from the indifferent attitude of carriers for hire of our goods, either to a hostile point of view, or to one in which we were left out of the account.

How suddenly this all changed with the early days of August last is now history. At once, as by a revealing stroke, two great weaknesses in our foreign trade burst plainly into sight, — the financial weakness and the shipping weakness. Our foreign trade, it is true, had grown to a total of over \$4,200,000,000; and nothing speaks more strongly for the competing power of America than the fact that exports were much more than half this total, although we lacked those elements in export power which our great commercial rivals possessed in abundance. Coming last and with the poorest exporting equipment into the foreign field, we became a great power therein, — a power with which the only two who exceeded us in the competitive markets found it increasingly difficult

to deal. Yet our export trade, so necessary for the full movement of our industries, so essential to the prosperity of our farmers, lacked financial facilities abroad and transportation under our own control. And lo! in August last the crash came, and our weakness became clear to us. In the early days of that month, wheat accumulated in large quantities in Galveston, and because the mechanism of exchange had temporarily collapsed, there was for a time some fear that our exports of wheat would be seriously hampered, to the great injury of the farmers of the central West. Even after the tension respecting exchange had relaxed, the movement of wheat would then have been accelerated had there been ships under the American flag to carry it. This last is true to-day. The nations which were at once our great competitors and the carriers of our goods entered into the effort to destroy each the commerce of the other, associating with them nations of lesser, but real, industrial and commercial importance. Each began to clear the seas of the ships of the hostile powers. At once American interests went by the board.

As this is written many ships lie idle in the harbor of Hamburg. Among them are three — two British and one German — loaded with cargoes belonging to many American business houses. Months ago some, if not all, of these American concerns paid in full for the goods which are thus detained. The cargoes for which our money has thus been paid are sorely needed by their owners, but the interest of those owners is of relatively small concern to the captors. For them the primary fact naturally is that two of the vessels are under a hostile flag, and the third will not venture out to sea for fear of capture. What boots it to them that the persons who own the goods that these vessels contain are suffering for lack of them?

What is the interest of America in this matter, that they should consider it? The American consignees of these cargoes know well by now the value of an American merchant marine. If these vessels had been under our flag, the cargoes for which American money was long since paid would long since have been delivered. Since the ships are under foreign flags, the fact that their cargoes have been bought and paid for by Americans is but an incident, not of essential importance to the belligerents; and so the American firms are without their money and their goods, and will be so until such time as the belligerents shall consent to some arrangement consistent with their own interests for the release of these cargoes.

The stringency in dyestuffs and cyanides has not been wholly a matter for pleasant thought to those who have needed these materials to continue their operations. The thought of our complete dependence upon a foreign nation for the necessary supplies for industry, while we ourselves possess both the materials from which these supplies are made and the knowledge how to make them, is of itself sufficiently unpleasant to an American. The position of him who needs these materials to keep his plant from closing is far worse. In mine and mill in many parts of the country there has been a realization of what this stoppage means. Such relief as has been obtained came in the form of a consent, on the part of the German government, to permit the shipment of a small quantity of dye-stuffs and chemicals by way of Rotterdam, provided that a vessel under the American flag was sent to receive them. This arrangement still stands, with the further restriction that the American ship shall on her outward voyage carry a cargo of cotton consigned to Germany. Here is a striking case of the insistence on the part of a foreign government upon the

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use of an American merchant marine in foreign trade, shipments being forbidden unless they move in vessels under our flag.

As this is written, there lie in many harbors vessels flying belligerent flags which dare not venture from their hiding places. Coincident with this is such a demand for ocean shipping to carry grain and other exports that a leading financial journal says, —

‘The great drawback is the supply of ocean tonnage and the rates demanded. December boats are very difficult to get and January boats are scarce. As high as 21¢ per bushel has recently been paid from North Atlantic ports to Genoa, which is a record high price.’ The same issue says: ‘Tonnage on the Pacific coast is becoming very scarce. It is reported that steamer tonnage is almost impossible to obtain. Export shipments of coal to the Mediterranean have practically ceased on account of the high prices. Urgent demand for steamers for December and January loading in several of the transatlantic trades continues, particularly for grain and cotton; but the scarcity of available tonnage and the almost prohibitive rates demanded by owners greatly restrict trading.’

This is in the transatlantic trade. The writer goes on to say: ‘A fair demand continues for tonnage to the West Indies, South America, and for long-voyage accounts.’

The National City Bank of New York in its December circular says: ‘Vessels carrying the American flag are in great demand and commanding high pay, being particularly wanted for the trade to German ports, taking out cotton and bringing in dye-stuffs, potash, and sugar-beet seed.’

It is evident now to all men that we lack control beyond our own waterfront of the means of transportation upon which our agriculture and our

industries are dependent. We may not run our factories continuously on full time if our foreign trade is cut off. It is common knowledge that many which are running to-day would stop in whole or in part if transit across the sea were interrupted. That transit, however, we have not for long years controlled and do not now control.

The record shows our ability to manufacture in competition with the world in many lines; and it also shows that our farmers can, and in large part do, supply the needs of the world for food. We therefore possess the goods of both agricultural and industrial origin which the world wants and which we need to sell to the world. We possess better than any other nation the internal transportation lines which take these goods to the coast. There our advantages stop. The water lines, which form in a large sense the terminal facilities for our great railways, distributing the products carried by them from our ports all over the world, are in the hands of our competitors. They withdraw these vessels at their will, or because of their necessity, or through the act of some enemy. We suffer, but have been helpless. If a belligerent power wishes to destroy the ships needed to carry Kansas wheat, it will do so when it can, and Kansas has no redress. There are vessels of war eager to-day to get into the open sea and destroy thereon the commerce upon which we are at this hour dependent for the transportation of our great and growing export trade in manufactures and foodstuffs; and nothing we are able to do can prevent them.

All the world knows that so much American commerce is carried in British ships that this commerce is therefore necessarily largely dependent to-day upon the English and French navies for protection in the Atlantic, and upon the Japanese navy for protection

in the Pacific. A leading financial paper says, 'The British navy has saved our export business.' Our commercial fortunes are thus linked, not by our choice, with those of others, and we share against our will in their war-hazards. The course of legitimate naval warfare directed against vessels carrying our goods may, quite without intent or desire on the part of any belligerent, work us serious injury. None of the contesting powers desire this any more than we do. All are friendly to us as we are to them. All are our customers to-day.

The situation is indeed of our own making. It is the normal outcome of lack of foresight. But it cannot with safety be allowed to continue. To end it as speedily as possible is an act of true neutrality and a plain duty. In a commercial sense the risk to ships under our flag, whether privately or publicly owned, is no greater than the risk has been and may be to our goods under other flags, with the important difference that in the former case we have the conceded right to act in our own defense, whereas now we must accept our loss helplessly.

Any state of affairs which places the transportation of our commerce, during a European war, chiefly in the hands of one side in such a contest, is both humiliating and hurtful. It makes real neutrality of spirit and of practice more difficult; and it puts a belligerent who indirectly may do us harm, without so intending, in a false position, not of his fault but of our neglect. The practical importance of this matter appears when we consider that by the excess of exports over imports between September 1, 1914, and January 1, 1915, we paid in goods over \$250,000,000 of our floating debt to Europe, — a payment necessary to our recovery from the initial financial shock of the war, but dependent — in the ab-

sence of American ships — upon our use of vessels under other flags, many of them ships of belligerent powers subject to war-hazards which at times threatened to stop their movement.

The situation may be thus summed up: we have for years been depending in our foreign trade upon such coincidence between the interests of our foreign competitors and our own as to make them desire to carry the goods which we sell abroad in competition with them. They have fixed the sailings, they have arranged the routes; it has rested with them to determine the ports to which ships should or should not carry our goods direct. They have fixed the rates for freight; they have determined the extent, quality, and cost of the accommodations for passengers. It will not be pretended that they have placed at our disposal in all directions accommodations equal to those which they have themselves enjoyed. They have operated for profit: where it was more profitable to run many ships, many ships have been run; and where it was unprofitable to run any ships, no ships have been run. In all this the interests of American commerce have been incidental and those of the European-owned carrier primary. This has been the condition for years. Some have seen it; most have not; and it needed the rude shock of war to wake us up.

II

At the very time of this awakening came enlarged and unexpected opportunities. South America, which imports over nine hundred millions in value annually, and pays for it with her own products, found many of the markets in which her goods were sold closed, and many places in which she had bought no longer open. She turned to us, and through official representatives and by private efforts has sought and is still

seeking to establish closer relations with us. The currents of her commercial and financial life which have hitherto flowed to and from Europe she is willing to direct to us; but we have not yet been ready to take up the great opportunity thus laid before us. We have been a borrowing rather than a lending nation, and for the first few weeks after the war broke out we were seriously concerned with the settlement of what we ourselves owed Europe. We were then quite unable to extend the hand of financial help to our sister nations in the south. Now that our finances are in large measure adjusted, we are beginning to consider what may be done in a constructive way to build up American interests in Latin America. The problem has two phases: It is a fiscal problem and it is a shipping problem. We have not had the money to lend, nor have we had under our own control the ships with which to move our products at our will wheresoever we and we alone saw fit to have them go. The determining factor in transportation rates and movements has been, here as elsewhere, the economic interest of the European stockholders of the ocean transportation lines. Europe has both in finance and in transportation controlled the trade of South America; and when for purposes of war she relaxed much of that control for the time, we were not prepared promptly to take up the task she had laid aside.

One may regret this and wish to alter the conditions without forgetting that there have been hitherto strong reasons why these things have been so. We are as yet young as an exporter of manufactures on a large scale. We are younger still as a lender of funds abroad. We seem even at this moment to be passing from the debtor into the creditor stage, and shall have many scores of millions yet to pay ere we cease our annual tribute of interest to foreign lenders. Still,

with the nations of the world looking to us for supplies of many kinds, and with our great competitors engaged in the act of mutual destruction, American progress is in the right direction. We are saving both capital and interest. Our competitors are busy destroying both, and their human equipment and their business good-will besides; such is the economic foolishness of war. Financially, therefore, we gain ground in the sense of becoming a greater factor in the world's finance. Loans have recently been made to Sweden and to France. Our banks have established branches in South America. Direct dollar credits with foreign centres are in actual operation and the tendency is forward.

On the shipping side of the problem a good beginning, but only a beginning, has been made. Few or none deny that the problem is serious. Quite painfully rare are practical attempts at its solution.

III

Why is a merchant marine wanted? Is it an end or a means, and if the latter, a means for what? Is it a thing to be desired chiefly for itself as a naval convenience, a gainer of profits, a source of national pride and gratification; or is it a necessity, a working tool for practical purposes of peace, for needed services apart from any question of mere sea-power? Is it not essential, as we see things to-day, that we shall have this working tool and shall have it under our own control, to be used primarily for the promotion of the general interests of American commerce? Is not a merchant marine our public messenger, to be sent where and when American commerce needs it to go, to be in very truth the servant of us all, and not a thing of isolated interest, standing by itself, — a thing upon whose separate gain or loss the movements of the com-

merce of many millions is to depend? What is the work this servant of ours is expected to do? Is it not the furnishing of transportation on behalf of the American people, as, when, and how it is needed for the general interests of the American people? Take the case of wheat and cotton and apples, now retarded in their movements by high rates and the scarcity of ships, both of which are out of our own control, or if controlled by our citizens, are involved in the present partial embargo imposed on our shippers. Is our commerce in these products being satisfactorily served now? Is it not rather the fact that the goods we wish to sell, for which the nations eagerly seek, are restrained in their movements by lack of ocean transportation facilities directed and inspired by the spirit of helpfulness to America? If it is said that marine movements must be governed by economic conditions, it is pertinent to ask what and whose economic conditions. Are those of the carrier or those of the nation to rule?

Existing conditions make clear certain definite needs: transportation at sea under our own flag; secure control of it in the interest of all — not of a few; righteous rates guarded in the interest of all American commerce and not in that of relatively few investors either at home or abroad; certainty of transit as to place, rate, and security, to go where our goods are wanted, when wanted, at a reasonable cost, free from competitors' control and from their war-hazards.

Sixty car-loads of apples from one state lay in early December in a single port for lack of steamers. If further illustrations were required of the need of action, they would be afforded by the present condition concerning cotton. Cotton moves with difficulty and almost wholly in foreign ships. There is complaint about insufficient insurance,

and more complaint about excessive rates. Suppose there were insufficient foreign ships and rates were to rise to a prohibitive point, or by some chance of war the supply of foreign ships were to be cut off. We have a cotton crop of about 16,000,000 bales, of which certainly 8,000,000 bales should normally be sold abroad. If from either or both of the causes suggested we were to lose the sale of 5,000,000 bales of cotton this winter, it might well mean a loss of business amounting to \$150,000,000 in a single season. The prospect of the loss of a foreign sale of 5,000,000 bales under war conditions was recently rather less of a dream and more of a possibility than is desirable. The so-called cotton pool was a measure of self-defense against this very possible condition. True, the matter was at one time largely a question of exchange. It is not so to-day. Now it is a question of ships.

It will be said that these are temporary and unusual conditions. Unusual, truly, but real and expensive, requiring insurance against their recurrence. How temporary they are, we do not know. None rise to say how long the rather meagre facilities of to-day, with their consequent high rates, may continue. The point is that we are not and we ought to be in control of the situation. Our commerce is, and it ought not to be, in the control of those whose chief interest is not our own. There are those whose national duty would compel them to destroy the vessels on which our cotton exports now depend. Were these ships under our flag, that duty and danger would not exist. These difficulties come at a time when it is of peculiar public importance that the stream of our commerce should flow smoothly and in the largest possible volume. To argue that these are passing conditions on which action cannot be predicated, is like telling a man not to

take out insurance for the future because his house has just been burned.

How great the confusion of tongues, however, when any practical remedy is suggested! The laws of economics and the experience of men are alike summoned to help prevent the accomplishment of anything effective. The multitude of voices confuses counsel. Most of the voices are of a purely negative character. They are against something. No proposal but raises a host of voluble enemies. The tangled skein of conditions that has throttled our marine progress is not easily or rapidly unraveled. Almost the one thing on which all agree is that matters are wrong. But every attempt to unwind a thread in the skein makes a row. The builders are adverse to one proposal; the owners object to another; shippers protest against another; here officers cry out in alarm; there seamen say they are injured. Every immediate and relatively small interest in the matter is loud in dispraise, and only the chief party concerned — the men of farm, factory, and mine, whose interest vastly outweighs all others — gets little or no hearing. Amid the outcries of the interested no solution is offered. Each looks at the problem on his own little side and wants nothing done which, however otherwise desirable, is inconvenient to himself.

Private interests, indeed, propose in some measure to supply the facilities our commerce needs, but none have yet come forward with definite specifications showing how this is to be fully done. It seems necessary that private capital should in this matter look at portions of the problem from a point of view opposite to that which is required for its solution. The impetus behind the private investment is the reasonable hope of profit, and this is conceded to be normal and necessary. The interest behind the need for an American merchant marine is a far larger thing

than that. It is the necessity for transportation facilities for the commerce of the United States, irrespective of the immediate profit or loss on the use of those facilities themselves. It is to provide an outlet through which our commerce shall freely flow, and which shall give to us, under our own control and in our own behalf, facilities equal to those which our competitors have and separate entirely from the risks to which others are necessarily exposed. It would seem to be in the nature of things that something like a compromise should take place here. There may be places in which private capital can and will supply the means required for transit. These should be under our flag and under definite public control as to facilities and rates. The needs, even when proper needs, of private capital, should, however, not be permitted to withhold facilities which the country requires, or to impose excessive rates to make good deficiencies in earnings. The essential thing is to have our commerce flow whither and when it will. So far as private capital provides for this, it will be welcome to do so and will find only support and good-will in so doing. It seems equally evident, however, that there will be places toward which American commerce will seek to flow at such times and in such quantities as to make it impracticable for private capital to operate at a profit. What then is to be done? Is our commerce to have the facilities withheld? To put it practically, is Europe to have three or four ships a week in cases of this kind, and America to have none under her own control, simply because the trade already exists toward Europe and not toward America? Private capital can hardly be expected to undertake to promote American commerce under such conditions; but is American commerce, therefore, not to be promoted?

Here comes in the illustration of the

Pacific railways. Because private capital could not afford to build them and take the risk of no profits for long years, were they not to be built at all? Shall we now leave Alaska undeveloped, save only so far as private capital can see an immediate profit to be made by developing just so much of it as will soon pay dividends? In the case, however, of the Pacific railways and of Alaska, there was lacking an element which is present in the matter of ocean transportation, — namely, that we have in the latter case powerful rivals who have been willing and able, and will again prove to be able, to look sharply after the matter themselves.

The pending shipping bill has the merit that it proposes definitely and practically to get something done. Under it, in any event, vessels under our flag will sail where now they vex not the seas. Under it shippers will receive a means of transportation under friendly control, operated in their interest and in the general interest, where now few or no such facilities exist. Through it many matters alleged to inhibit an American marine can be tested by experience. Now we have but a small merchant marine. The hundred or more ships transferred to our flag under recent legislation are but a part of those which American capital owns, but which, as it shows by withholding them from transfer, it either cannot or will not place primarily at the service of American commerce. It is not necessary to criticize such a policy adversely. The managers of these ships are forced, in the nature of things, to think of the interest of their owners; and this interest must be to them supreme.

IV

So here we have defined the two major elements of the whole problem: the interest on one side of American com-

merce as a whole, and the interest on the other side of the relatively few interested as ship-owners, ship-builders, officers, and sailors. The American people will never consent to the lowering of the standards they have set for working conditions at sea. Then, we are told, vessels cannot be operated profitably under the American flag. That means that profit requires them to take such risks as we now see very plainly are involved in sailing under a foreign flag. It means that, at such time as the present, the interests of American commerce must be subordinated to the risks involved in the foreign registry. It means that to-day the need of profits requires them to accept a chance of capture or destruction at the hands of a hostile cruiser. Two American-owned ships which were on their way to be transferred to our flag have been sunk by cruisers hostile to the flag they carried. It means that Americans possibly are owners to-day of the very vessels under a belligerent flag held up in a foreign port while containing American cargoes. The private ownership by Americans of vessels under a foreign flag, kept under it for reasons of private profit, involves these chances; and this means that the interests of American commerce may in the nature of things be subordinated, in times when those interests cry out in greatest need, to other considerations which, however important, are less vital to the American people. This is the case to-day.

If then the conditions under which our ships are to be operated cannot be changed; and if, with the conditions unchanged, American owners of vessels under the foreign flag cannot transfer them to our flag and operate them successfully; and if it is true that until we build standardized ships in considerable quantities, we cannot build them as cheaply as they are built abroad, what then is to be done? These things,

however true they may be, do not alter the fact that the American people require that their goods shall be carried on the seas by vessels under their own control where and when they wish them to go, at competitive rates, and with service competitive with that provided by the commerce of other nations.

The skein of which we have spoken appears to be so tangled that it can be unraveled only by being cut. How shall we cut it? Three major proposals are made. One has the benefit of historical precedent in our policy and of recent enactment into law. It is that of differentiating duties. The present statute permitting these is now in litigation and likely so to be for some time to come. It affords therefore no immediate promise of relief. It is doubtful, too, whether in its present form it is sufficient; for there are those who think that a differential of five per cent from existing duties would have to be supplemented, in order to be effectual, by the imposition of a corresponding duty on goods in foreign bottoms which would otherwise be free. It is not a powerful argument against this proposal that our foreign competitors might take similar action, or at least action calculated to promote their own maritime interests. Such action they are, of course, free to take, and have indeed taken in times past. It could hardly be called retaliation. It would rather be a normal watchfulness in their own behalf such as they exhibit in many other respects. It would not be a matter at which we could take just offense; and it is difficult to see how any action they might take would be effectual against the advantage to our own shipping which the differential duties would secure.

A second proposal is that the government should guarantee bonds whose proceeds should be invested in American shipping. This would undoubtedly lead capital to look with more friendly

eyes upon investments in vessels than has hitherto been the case in this country; and it is probable that this could be so arranged that the government guaranty would be not only without risk, but possibly even with some indirect profit. The suggestion, of course, implies that the guaranty should be available on equal terms to all entitled to it, and that a distinct limit should be placed upon the extent of the obligation assumed by the nation. It is suggested that, subject to the supervision of a central board, the mortgage securing the bonds should be guaranteed by the government, and a percentage of the interest be retained to compensate for the guaranty, — thus providing an attractive security with a limited liability on the part of the government, whose supervising central board would possess broad powers. There seems no reciprocal guaranty under this plan that the ships will be obtained to operate in accordance with the needs of American commerce. Private capital would still be the largest factor in interest. Something would be done, indeed, because the ships would naturally be favorable to American producers and would be free from the risks of foreign complications from which we now suffer. Yet there seems to be lacking that assurance that a working tool suitable for all the purposes of our commerce will be created; and this seems to be an essential factor in the problem.

The third pending proposition is that the government shall become a majority owner in a corporation to purchase, lease, or build ships to be operated under the American flag wholly in the interests of American commerce. It is not proposed that this shall necessarily be a permanent thing. It is on the contrary distinctly stated that under certain conditions it shall be a temporary thing. The plan, however, does propose, and so far as appears is the only one which

proposes, to operate primarily in the interest of American commerce and only secondarily in any other interest. It is free from all the risks involved under foreign flags. It involves no greater necessary risk either to ships or to government than is incurred by vessels doing a transoceanic business under the American flag. The flag itself is the emblem of our national protection, and it protects all alike, whether the owner be an individual, or a corporation privately owned, or one in which the government is the chief owner. There is no obligation of protection which the government owes to itself in a ship of the latter kind, that it would not owe to a ship owned by a private citizen. It is assumed, of course, that just as the individual or the privately owned corporation would exercise reasonable care to comply with national and international law in purchasing, building or operating ships, so the government-owned corporation would be similarly sensible. There does not seem to be involved in this proposal the entry into the marine field of a cutthroat competitor. The purpose of the government-owned corporation would be to render service to the whole American people. It would be very harmful to some of them, and to those whom it distinctly wishes to encourage and over whom it extends its protection, if it so operated its portion of the marine as to injure or destroy another portion of its own merchant marine. That is purely a matter of sensible administration; its administration must be carried on in the light, for all men to see and criticize. On the other hand, it certainly would not be the purpose of the government-owned corporation to advance its rates with every stringency in ships, so as to secure an extra profit at the public cost, when this would be inconsistent with its conception of service to American commerce. It is the fundamental concep-

tion of this plan that American business needs an outlet which in all its forms private capital cannot supply, and should not be expected to supply so fully and promptly as the needs of the country require; that there is but one way in which this outlet can be supplied quickly and effectively enough to prevent continued loss of opportunity and consequent injury to American business; that the government may properly perform a portion of its work of promoting commerce by providing these facilities, — until such time only as private capital may be able to undertake the task on the only basis upon which it can be expected to undertake it, namely, the reasonable hope of a reasonable profit. At such a time the government would expect to withdraw, retaining probably through some instrumentality a general supervision in behalf of the party chiefly interested — the American people.

One fails to see why one of these plans should not be carried out and why the others should be left unfulfilled. In the proposed law providing for the government-owned corporation there is involved no repeal of the principle or the statute concerning the discriminating duty in favor of American ships. No more is there involved any antagonism to the development by American capital of privately owned vessels. Indeed, the contrary is true. One thing may be said with assurance — that it will be the purpose of the government to enhance, by every means which it shall discover to be available and proper, the establishment, as promptly and fully as possible, of a marine which shall give to American farmers, manufacturers, and merchants facilities for the transportation of their goods at sea under the protection of our flag, free from the interruptions of wars and rumors of wars among foreign powers.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ENTER — THE WOMAN

'WHAT do you propose to write about?' asked Max.

'I am going to write,' I answered, 'about the two great traditions of womanhood which have dominated the past. Each of these conceptions has moulded millions of women into a certain image. Each of them has presented a masculine ideal which women have embodied, shaping their actions, their speech, and their very thought to its contours. And men have pointed to the women they have made and said, "Behold! this is woman." Until we un-

derstand the origin and the force of these great traditions of womanhood—'

'What traditions are you talking about?' asked Max.

'I am talking about the Oriental and the mediæval traditions of womanhood. Each of them represents a way of thinking about women. It represents an attitude toward womanhood. It represents a masculine ideal. It does not represent a feminine fact. When you see the women behind the lattices of the harem — or rather, when you don't see them — it tells you nothing about what women are. The woman of the harem, who lives her life apart from

the world, content with the constant companionship of her own sex and an occasional visit from her master, believing that her highest function is to bear sons, and wishing to know nothing of the life into which she is to send them — that woman is not real; she is a figment of the masculine imagination; she is a social work of art — and as a work of art she has a certain dignity and beauty; but —'

'I fail,' said Max, 'to see any dignity in the Mohammedan tradition of womanhood.'

'You may fail,' I replied, 'to see dignity in a Chinese play; but it is there for those who made it. And this Turkish tableau has its dignity too. For is not the whole Oriental system designed in a spirit of reverence to woman as the mother? Because women are the sacred vessels of life, they must be set apart from the profane uses of the world. They must be housed by themselves, in a quiet to which the din of commerce and politics may not penetrate. And when their master comes to them after the sordid business of the day, he must not bring to them his tired thoughts, the stale echoes of his day's work, but only a tender and passionate appreciation of their loveliness. Such, I am assured by the authorities, is the real spirit of the male Turk. It is for her sake that she is confined in the harem, and made to veil her face when she walks abroad. For he knows the effect of her loveliness upon men's minds, and he wishes to shield her from the unlawful thoughts of men.'

'The theory does n't seem to work very well,' said Max. 'I have read Burton's *Arabian Nights*.'

'It works about as well as any of the masculine theories about women. It works as well as the mediæval theory did. It is founded, at least, on fact — the fact that a woman is a woman. It is true that in his reverence for her fe-

male attributes, the Turk loses sight of the fact that she is a human being. But the troubadour starts out with the assumption that she is not a human being at all, but an angel. Women have a certain aptitude which enables them to masquerade as merely females. But they must have had a hard time play-acting at being angels.'

'Don't you suppose the men knew it was all play-acting?' suggested Max.

'No, I don't. It seems to me they took the play pretty seriously when they rode and reeled in clanging lists to prove their belief in woman's angelicalness. No, a man might be subject to ordinary human motives and impulses, but she—at least his own bright particular she—was more than human. Other women might be as wicked as any dame in the *Decameron*, but she was so coldly chaste that she could walk unscathed over hot ploughshares to prove it if it became necessary.'

'Don't mention it,' said Max with a shiver. 'I remember a horribly realistic poem about that by John Davidson. His heroine walked over hot ploughshares, but not — not unscathed —'

'She *was* human after all.'

'Don't talk about it,' said Max. 'Let's agree that the chivalric attitude toward women is crueller than the Turkish, and get on to something else. Where does the modern attitude toward woman come in?'

'She brings it with her,' I replied. 'That is the difference. The modern man does not have to invent something for the modern woman to be. She is what she is, and we adjust ourselves to her as well as we can —'

At this moment the door of the office burst open, and an impetuous young woman entered.

'Hello!' she said. 'Tell me, you two, what I'm to do. I've gone and made two different dinner dates for to-night!'

We put feminism from our mind and begged her to give us more data.

'One is with the Browns,' she said. 'There will be some interesting men there, and after dinner they will go off to the smoking-room and talk about all sorts of interesting things, leaving us women to ourselves. So I don't want to go.'

Involuntarily I thought of the harem, that secluded world of women into which no breath of the interests of the larger world could penetrate, and I smiled at what seemed a quaint survival of the Mohammedan tradition. That pleasant parlor of the Browns', with its group of laughing women waiting for their lords, changed subtly as I thought of it into the still precincts of the harem — fled from whence, and standing in trepidation upon our doorstep, was this defiant *désenchantée*.

The girl was speaking again. 'The other engagement,' she said, 'is with a young man who has attached himself to me, and wants to take me to see *The Merchant of Venice* — which I have seen at frequent intervals ever since I was eight years old. He insists that none of the other plays in town are "nice."' She smiled. 'He has seen them all, and he knows.'

'He's such a funny boy,' she continued. 'He does n't seem to realize that I'm free, white, and twenty-one. He's getting to be an awful nuisance with his notions of how I ought to behave. And see!' — she held out a pair of gloved hands — 'I've had to buy me a new pair of gloves: he took one home with him the other night, and would n't give it back.'

There came to me a sudden vision of the lists, and of a proud young knight who carried triumphant through its dust and blood Her glove upon his helm. For Her he rode and reeled — for Her and for the ideal of feminine angelicalness. And then the scene faded and

changed and I saw what sickened my mind — the red-hot ploughshares waiting for her feet.

'Well,' Max asked the girl, 'what do you want to do?'

She took another step forward into the room. 'I'll tell you,' she said seriously. 'I want to stay here with you boys and talk about Mrs. Pankhurst, and the Calumet strike, and a book by Havelock Ellis that I've just been reading; and after dinner I want to look over that feminist article you're writing and tell you what's wrong with it, and then copy it out for you on the typewriter.'

I looked at Max. Max turned to the girl.

'Sit down,' he said gravely, 'and have a cigarette. We will all collaborate on an article entitled "The Modern Idea of Woman."'

A BRIEF FOR THE HAT

I entered the crowded railway car and walked slowly up the aisle, examining people's backs to see which looked most inviting as a seat-mate. Ah! Slim pretty shoulders, and a head beautifully poised! I paused: — 'Is this seat taken?'

'No, indeed,' a sweet voice answered. 'Oh! How do you do? Is n't this pleasant?'

Pleasant indeed. I sat down happily, and as I turned to look in my friend's face I had an added thrill of pleasure. There was something a-little-more-than-usual about it. I considered — Yes! the hat! It had a little pinch in the brim, just in front, making a sort of gable-end, below which the face looked out at me with added piquancy. Silly idea — that pinch! Yet I was grateful to it for something it did to the always lovely face beneath it.

The incident set me thinking. I have always been one to scoff at the vagaries

of fashion. They have all seemed about equally absurd to me. But now I am growing more tolerant, especially in regard to hats. I am, in fact, evolving a philosophy of hats.

It is based on a fundamental and familiar trait of human nature. What we see constantly we cease to see vividly. The faces we notice least are those we know — and perhaps really love — best; our eyes are a bit jaded by following the familiar lines. The same is true of pure color. Water and sky are beautiful, and you may suppose that you are duly appreciative of them; but lie on the deck of a cat-boat and look at them with your head in an unaccustomed position — sideways or upside down — and note how the colors flare out upon your vision. Or stay indoors for a few weeks, in a room where you do not get much outlook, and then go out. You will be blinded by the glory of the world. But not for long. The glory, alas, fades quickly, and habit settles upon you once more.

With our friends' faces somewhat the same thing happens. When we first meet them they pique us pleasantly with their unfamiliar line and color. Gradually we grow wonted to them. The first vision has passed. What then? Must we turn upside down to look at them? Or perhaps turn them upside down? Or mew ourselves up — socially speaking — in dim back bedrooms, in order to regain that coveted first impression?

Not at all. Fashion has found a way. It claps a new hat on our friend's head — a hat with a funny nip in it, or a queer wiggle of the brim, or a long, soft droop, or a dashing tilt, or a jaunty up-fling, or any kind of line whatever, that has distinctive meaning and is not the kind of line we have been used to.

What happens? First of all, we are interested, our eyes are challenged anew. Then the interest and the challenge

give us a fresh interpretation. We see the familiar face as though it were a stranger's, and we find in it things we have never noticed. The funny pinch in the brim may bring out all its gayety, the long, soft droop may accentuate its pathos, the jaunty up-fling of the side may give it a sudden brave note. I have seen a pretty, refined New England face turned suddenly, by a sweep of brim and a green feather, into the face — pretty and refined still — of one who breaks bonds, blood-sister to Robin Hood.

Passing strange, this witchery of line! Not always working altogether for good. For if there are hats that we 'like' on our friends, there are also hats that we 'don't like.' Naturally. Since a line can evoke good points, it can also evoke bad ones, and the wrong line may accentuate in a face, not its bravery but its coarseness, not its prettiness but its pettiness, not its pathos but its heaviness.

Yet even with this danger, one must welcome the change, merely as change. For the rest of us, from the neck down, fashion provides some possibility of this change that we seem so to need. The waist-line may be 'worn high' one year, and 'low' the next. Now and then it may even chance — I noted this carefully in a good journal a while ago — that the waist-line will for a short season be 'at the waist.' Shoulders and hips may be made to seem broader or narrower, neck shorter or longer, by means best known to those who use them. But features cannot be so easily manipulated. At least, if they can, the methods are not, on the whole, regarded as altogether desirable or reputable. Fashion does not quite dare say, 'Noses are this winter being worn retroussé, but next spring the tips will drop a little, and by summer there is a chance that the aquiline line will come in again.' Or, 'Eyes are to be large and

round this fall, but smaller and narrower toward winter.' Or, 'Lips are fuller than they were in July, while chins promise to be longer and upper lips shorter than for several years.'

No, this is not yet done. But instead, a way has been found to get some of the same effects of change. By its means faces seem longer or shorter, noses appear to raise or lower their little tips, eyes seem to grow large or small, slanting or straight, and all by the magic of a line, a shift of mass, a flare of color. The hat! The hat's the thing!

CATACAUSTIC REFLECTIONS

Before going to bed I had read Balzac's story, 'A Passion in the Desert.' It tells, as you may remember, of a Frenchman lost in the desert, who went to sleep in a cave. 'In the middle of the night his slumber was disturbed by a peculiar noise. He sat up, and the profound silence which prevailed enabled him to distinguish a breathing whose savage energy could not belong to a human being. . . . By dint of straining his eyes, he perceived in the darkness two faint amber lights. . . . Soon, the brilliancy of the night assisting him little by little to distinguish the objects in the cavern, he discovered a huge beast lying within two yards of him. Was it a lion? Was it a tiger? Was it a crocodile?'

His was a terrible fear, increased by the dark, the silence, and the bewilderment of the first waking moments. But consider me, a domesticated person, and my fear. I too was awakened in the middle of the night, not by a mere noise, but by the actual physical contact of a body moving along my bed, carelessly rubbing my legs as I lay in my first stupor of the night. I cannot convey my impressions with the skill of a Balzac, but think of my predicament, of my suspicions. Was it a snake? No!

Preposterously, no; not in a Connecticut farmhouse. Was it Tiger? Was it Nigger? Was it Buff? Was it Snow? Was it Katurai? These were the questions I asked myself as I lay there unable to move. I had not enough education to know which of our five cats my companion was; but my curiosity, my state of mind, was the more violent when the body curled itself with the gravity of five cats squarely across my feet.

The Frenchman in the desert cave endured the fiendish tortures of 'listening, of noticing the irregularities of that breathing, without losing a sound, and without daring to make the slightest motion. An odor as pungent as that given forth by foxes, but more penetrating, more weighty, so to speak, filled the cave; and when the Provençal smelled it, his terror reached its height. . . . Soon the reflection of the moon, which was sinking rapidly toward the horizon, lighted up the den, and little by little illuminated the spotted skin of a panther. . . . Its muzzle was stained with blood. It was a female; the hair on the stomach and thighs was of a dazzling white. A number of little spots, like velvet, formed dainty bracelets around her paws. The muscular tail was white also, but ended in black rings. . . . That placid but formidable hostess lay snoring in an attitude as graceful as that of a cat lying on the cushion of an ottoman.'

His companion was his hostess, mine — an intruder. How much more reason, then, had I to be afraid! Nor did my visitor betray himself or herself in any way. It lay there heavy as a cannon ball, silent as a crouching assassin. Nor did it snore, which is perhaps the one sign of domestic felicity which falls most gratefully upon the ear of domesticated man. Prostrated, I lay there under the direct rays of the moon. I lay there with that body on my feet, all

through the night, waiting for the dawn.

When the sun appeared in Balzac's story, 'The panther suddenly opened her eyes; then she stretched her paws, as if to limber them, and to rid herself of the cramp; finally she yawned, showing her terrifying arsenal of teeth, and her cloven tongue, hard as a file.' By so much was the Frenchman entertained, while I was not even in a position to see what had taken possession of my bed! "She is like a dainty woman!" thought the Frenchman as he watched her roll about and go through the prettiest and most coquettish movements. . . . She licked off the blood which stained her paws and nose, and scratched her head again and again.'

When the sun appeared in *my* bedroom, the intruder suddenly stuck its claws into my feet, waking me from my last stupor of the night. I screamed in silent rage and beheld Nigger, the black cat, curving his back on high and yawning from the foot of the bed and displaying his full arsenal of teeth. Then he closed his mouth with a vicious snap, wrinkling his nose at me contemptuously, if I mistake not. Then he jumped off the bed and disappeared.

'It is a distinctly masculine performance,' I said to myself as he left me. But I was relieved, nevertheless. My horrible experience was at an end, I thought, only to be reminded that we have five cats in our house to the one panther which the Frenchman faced in the extensive desert. I do not wish to exaggerate a single detail of my experience. But how much more terrible my life must be than that episode of his, since I have not only five times as many felines to contend with, but this force is concentrated to the degree that our farmhouse is smaller than the desert of Sahara.

I dressed and descended to breakfast, where five cats were concentrated

in the dining-room itself. Tiger, Nigger, Buff, Snow, and Katurai, the mother, all regarded me with steely eyes. I thought of the Provençal upon whom the panther had gazed steadfastly without moving. The rigidity of her steely eyes, and their unendurable brilliancy, made him shudder, especially when the beast walked toward him; 'but he gazed at her with a caressing expression, and smiling at her as if to magnetize her, allowed her to come close to him; then, with a touch as gentle and loving as if he were caressing the fairest of women, he passed his hand over her whole body from head to tail, scratching with his nails the flexible vertebræ which formed the panther's yellow back. The animal stiffened her tail with pleasure, her eyes became softer; she began to purr, as cats do to express pleasure; but the sound came forth from a throat so deep and so powerful that it rang through the grotto like the last notes of an organ through a church.'

Such was the music which he heard, 'like the last notes of an organ through a church.' How truly glorious — for him! But for me, — ah, pity me, to whom the last notes of an organ ringing through a church would have been like manna to one in the wilderness. There was I huddled in a chair, grasping the table with both elbows for support, and listening to the purring of five cats. Five cats of all colors and temperaments, five cats purring in the confines of the dining-room, their combined purrs like the first notes of a buzz-saw beginning a day's work. And Buff, the tawny head of the family, — see him approach me as I put fork into wheat-cakes and cream! With veiled insistence, he raises his huge body on his hind legs and leans on my left leg. Tiger sits in waiting on my right. I tremble, swallowing cakes and cream. In less time than it takes to mention it,

Buff inserts two pairs of claws, ten pointed reminders, into the flesh of my thigh. What Provençal in the desert ever endured such agony as I? Would he not have thrown pieces of cake to the four corners of the room in such a crisis?

It is said of the panther in the desert that her face was distinguished by 'an expression of extraordinary shrewdness; the unfeeling cruelty of the tiger was predominant therein, but there was also a vague resemblance to the face of an artful woman. At that moment, that solitary queen's features disclosed a sort of merriment like that of Nero in his cups.'

Let me emphasize here the fact that no one of our cats looks like Nero in his cups, or ever did look like him; no, not one. They are deadly serious cats, all of them, which makes life all the more frightful for me. They are as serious in temper as Jesuits or Puritans, civil war veterans, militant suffragettes, or Presidential candidates. Nor is there anything vague about their looks or what they do. From the unfeeling cruelty of Tiger to the extraordinary shrewdness of Nigger, their expressions bode no good to me.

I know not how it will end. Am I to spend my life shut in with five hungry cats striking claws into my thighs? Is there no protective association that domesticated man may join to put down strikes? How to end it all I cannot think. The lady of the house has forbidden me to make surreptitious journeys to the mill-pond with a sack. I have no dagger as the Frenchman had with which he tickled the skull of his panther, watching for an opportunity. I watch and watch, but no opportunity is vouchsafed. These cats climb over me at all hours of the day and night; they pursue me about the yard, and rub their bodies against my legs, leaving superfluous hair behind. But there

is never that 'vague expression of kindness' with which the panther regarded her companion in the desert. None of the cats examines me with the 'prudent scrutiny of a tradesman.' Theirs is rather the scrutiny of the villain in melodrama approaching the lonely heroine.

But I would not have you think me a ridiculous coward. I do force myself to play with a cat occasionally, with Snow especially. Like the Provençal, I too neglect no method of taming her and winning her good graces. I have had with Snow, as he with his panther lady, the indescribable joy of seeing her move her tail with an almost imperceptible movement. I too have patted her paws and her nose, twisted her ears, thrown her over on her back, and scratched roughly her soft, warm flanks. For this I have been scratched as the Frenchman was never scratched by the Damascus blades of his panther playmate. He and Balzac did not know what comparative good-fortune was his.

How I long for the final moment that came to him in the desert! You may remember how their passion ended, as Balzac says all great passions do, by a misunderstanding. The Provençal did not know how he hurt her, but she turned as if she had gone mad, and wounded his thigh with her sharp teeth — a slight wound. 'I, thinking that she meant to devour me, plunged my dagger into her throat.' Would that Snow or Tiger or Buff or Nigger or Katurai would give me such an opportunity. I would put an end to one clawing mass of feminism after another. How I should relish the moment when I could do something without offending the lady of the house! But alas, think, reader, and commiserate me! Though I kill one farmhouse feline as the Frenchman killed his panther in the desert, I have still four lives, sixteen

paws, innumerable claws, contiguous to my feet in bed, and, as you have seen, close to my person when I eat, which form of amusement, common to mortals, I persist in at the risk of my life, my cakes, my cream, and all the meat that cats fall heir to, myself included.

ON SWAPPING VACATIONS

Swapping tales of holiday experiences is a popular pastime. School themes by the score bear the title, 'A Vacation Adventure,' and magazine articles by the hundred the more modest heading, 'How I Spent My Vacation.' I was reading one of the latter the other day, when I fell to pondering upon our propensity to accept our adventures, especially our holiday adventures, at second hand. We keep up forever this exchange of yarns and stories. Why do we not instead swap the very concrete paraphernalia of vacations, the daily routine, the food, the acquaintanceship, the scenery of vacation experiences? If we could only trade off our vacations instead of buying them, how much expense we should save, how much adventure we should gain!

And the more I think over the idea

of exchanging vacations, the more I like it. Why cannot I find a lighthouse keeper who will spend two weeks in my comfortable vine-covered cottage, while I live in his spotless white lighthouse and fish for flounders off his front door-step? I am sure his wife would enjoy my vegetable garden, potato bugs and all, for a brief two weeks. Why cannot a hard-working logger's wife swap two weeks of camp-life, gunning, and mountain scenery, for the sophisticated comfort of a small suburban house? Why cannot a farmer, whose eighteen-year-old daughter has never seen a city, swap two weeks of snow-drifts, wood-fires, and the best of winter sports, for a fortnight in somebody's city flat? Why — but the possibilities are endless!

We need a bureau, a vacation exchange bureau. Its motto should be the old one, 'Variety is the spice of life.' It could not fail to arouse deep interest, even enthusiasm. It would do many things. It would offer the virtuous man all the excitements of gambling without its dangers. Surely such a bureau would find me my lighthouse keeper. And ah, how well weeded would his careful wife find my garden!